# SONGS OF THE WESTERN COLLEGES

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31-33-35 West 15th Street. New York City

# SONGS

OF THE

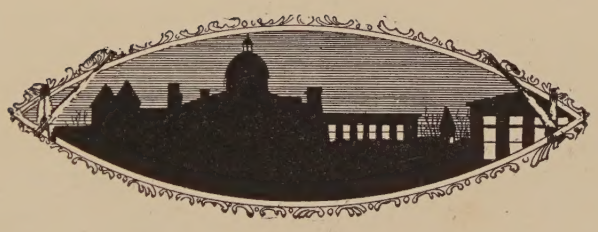
# WESTERN COLLEGES

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

HORACE GILLETTE LOZIER
(University of Chicago)

AND

RICHARD WALTON TULLY
(University of California)



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# INTRODUCTION.

THIS work may be looked upon as a composite of that unusual stripling — Western College Traditions.

No less remarkable than the rush to maturity of so many western institutions of learning is the abnormal growth of traditions in western colleges, and a phenomenal phase of this growth is that it has come from a soil assumed to be almost sterile.

Although primitive conditions have attended the birth of college traditions in the West, nevertheless the traditions themselves are strong and lusty, and are proving themselves to be very desirable companions in the campus life.

For many years the western colleges have been singing their college songs unnoticed. The compilers have endeavored to secure all of these songs and place them in a book which would not only reveal these native western songs to the East, but give to the western colleges a book containing all the songs familiar to their alumni as well as to the undergraduates.

It will be noted that many of the old favorites have been included. This has been done at the special request of very many alumni and alumnæ, who wish to have some means of living over again, in the old familiar songs, the old happy days, with their sweet memories of Alma Mater.

It is hoped that the editors have succeeded in giving western college men a collection of those songs which they have been in the habit of singing both in and out of college, — a collection which through its cherished and familiar melodies will link in spirit the "old grad" and the freshman, though they be half the globe and a half century apart.

HORACE GILLETTE LOZIER (*University of Chicago*).
RICHARD WALTON TULLY (*University of California*).

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# SONGS OF THE WESTERN COLLEGES.

## MABEL'S COMING HOME FROM COLLEGE.

Music by Walter Howe Jones.

Moderato.
mf
1. Ma-bel's com-ing home from col-lege, With the "sheepskin" that she's won;
2. Won-der if Miss Mab's for-got-ten, Ere she con-ju-gat-ed Greek,
3. Won-der if she still re-mem-bers All the mer-ry win-ter nights,
4. Ma-bel's com-ing home from col-lege, Ma-bel's com-ing home to-night;
I sup-pose she's gained a knowl-edge Of all things be-neath the sun. I shall
How we roamed be-neath the cot-ton-Woods that bent a-bove the creek? Wandered
Chest-nuts roast-ed in the em-bers, Coast-ing par-ties on the heights? Won-der—
Strange, but something in the knowl-edge, Makes the cloud-y day grow bright! It's ab-

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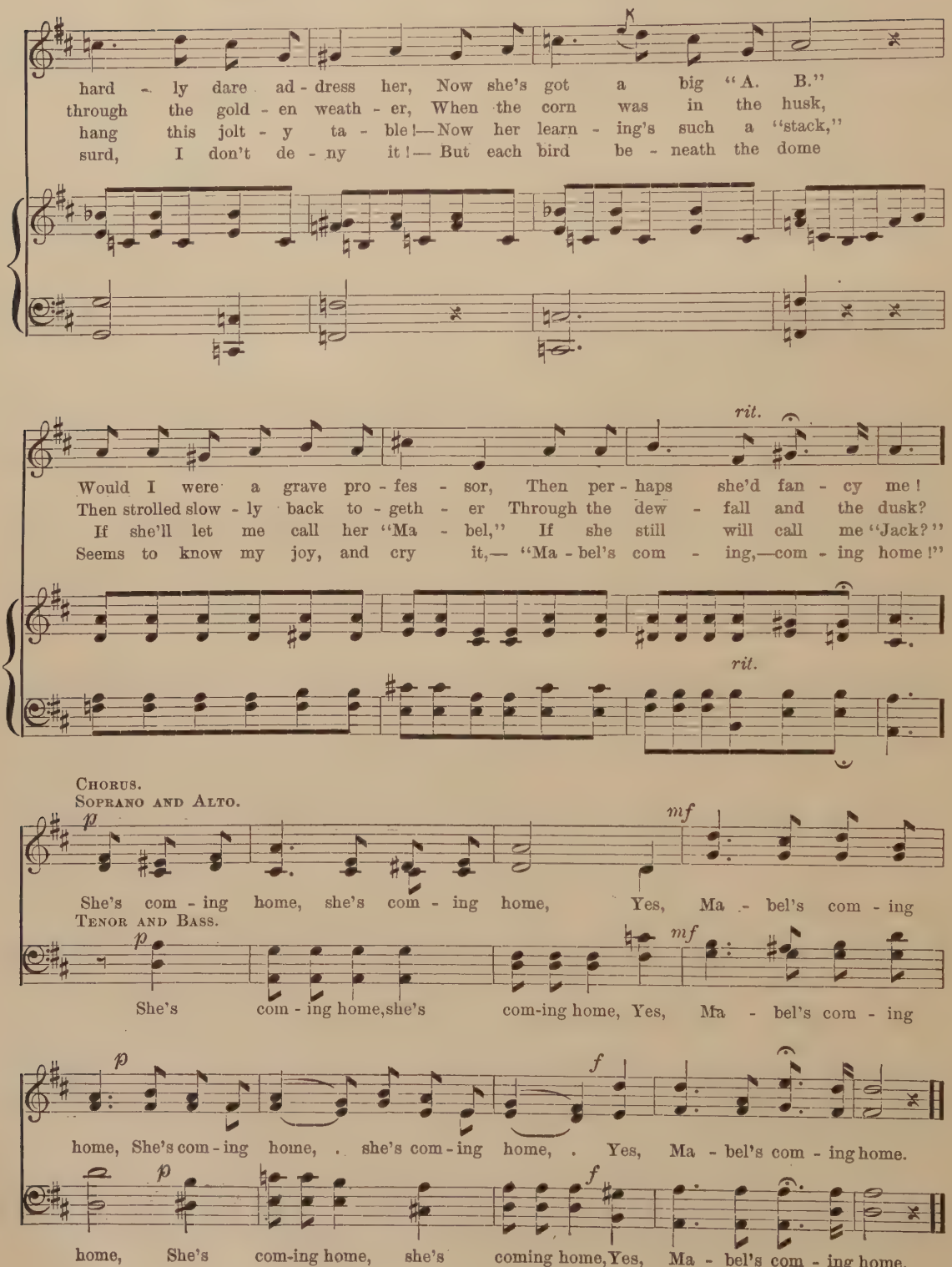
# MABEL'S COMING HOME FROM COLLEGE.


hard - ly dare ad - dress her, Now she's got a big "A. B."
through the gold - en weath - er, When the corn was in the husk,
hang this jolt - y ta - ble!—Now her learn - ing's such a "stack,"
surd, I don't de - ny it!— But each bird be - neath the dome
rit.
Would I were a grave pro - fes - sor, Then per - haps she'd fan - cy me!
Then strolled slow - ly back to - geth - er Through the dew - fall and the dusk?
If she'll let me call her "Ma - bel," If she still will call me "Jack?"
Seems to know my joy, and cry it,— "Ma - bel's com - ing,—com - ing home!"
rit.
Chorus.
Soprano and Alto.
p
mf
She's com - ing home, she's com - ing home, Yes, Ma - bel's com - ing
Tenor and Bass.
p
mf
She's com - ing home, she's com-ing home, Yes, Ma - bel's com - ing
p
f
home, She's com - ing home, she's com - ing home, Yes, Ma - bel's com - ing home.
p
f
home, She's com-ing home, she's coming home, Yes, Ma - bel's com - ing home.

# THE POLYGLOT'S WOOING.

*Distinctly.*

Music by Horace Lozier.

1. In tem - pus old a he - ro lived Who loved pu - el - las deux. He
2. "A - man - da ha - bet ar - gent coin, And Kate hat au - reas curls, And
3. Pro - ceed - ing thence to Kate's do - mo Il trouve A - man - da there, Kai
4. But, glanc - ing ev - er and a - non At fair A - man - da's eyes, They

non pou - vait pas quite to say Which one a - ma - bat mieux. . . Said
both sunt ver - y a - ga - thai And quite for - mo - sae girls." . . En -
quite for - got his late re - solves Both sunt so good - ly fair. . . . So,
non po - te - rant di - ce - re Pro which he meant his sighs. . . Each,

he lui - meme, one beau ma - tin, "Non pos - sum both a - voir For
fin, this youth - ful an - thro - pos Phi - loun the du - o maids, Re -
smil - ing on the new ta - pis Be - tween pu - el - las twain, Cœ -
there - fore, heard his de - mi - vows With cheeks as rouge as wine, And

if J'ad - dress A - man - da Ann Then Kate and I have war.
solved pro - po - ne - re ad Kate Be - fore the eve - ning's shades.
pit to tell his love to Kate Dans en po - e - tique strain.
of - f'ring him their milk - white hands Both whis - pered: "Ich bin dein."

* "Ich bin dein" may be sung *falsetto*, an octave above.

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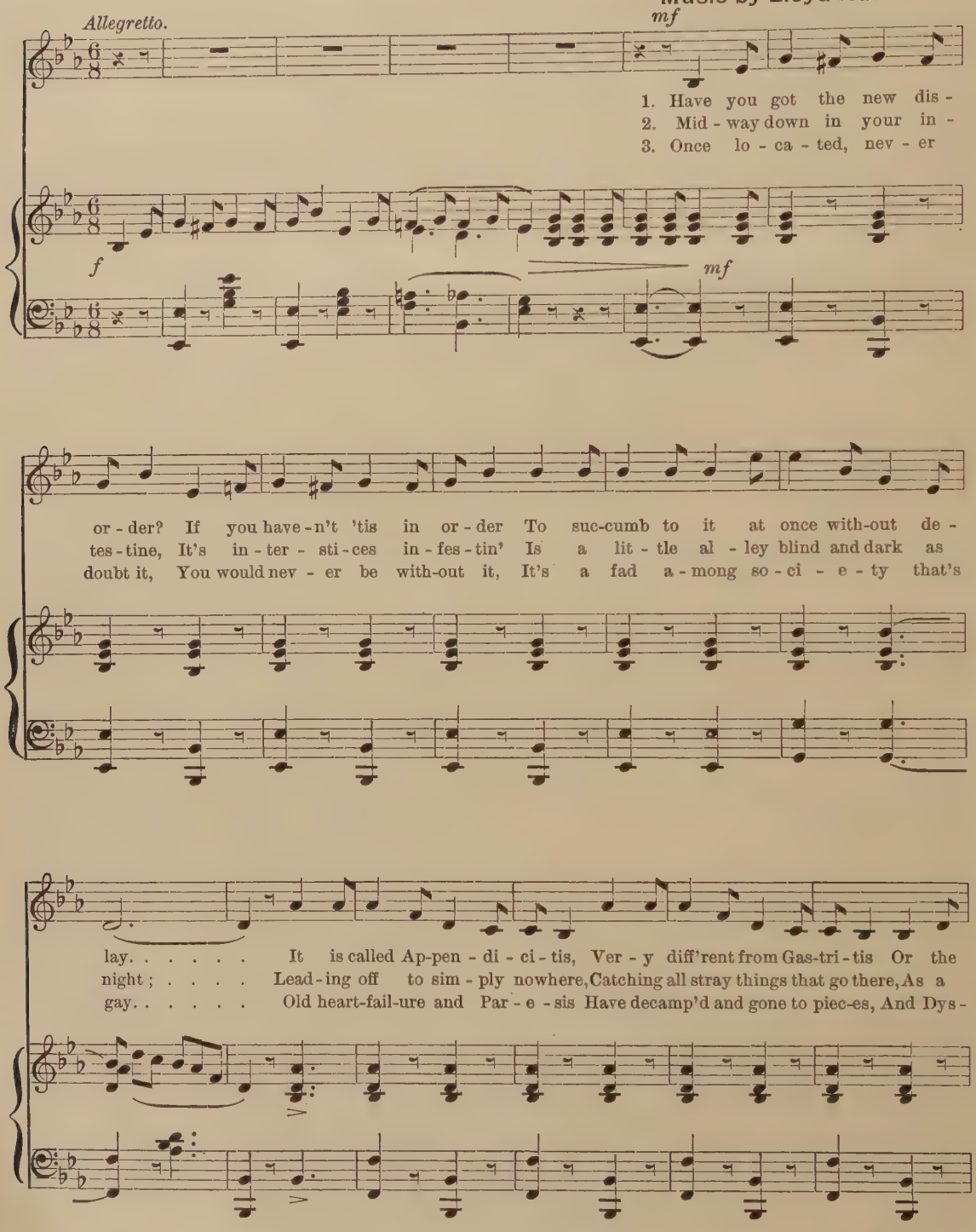
# HAVE YOU GOT THE NEW DISORDER?

Music by Lloyd Adams.


Allegretto.
mf
1. Have you got the new dis-
2. Mid-way down in your in-
3. Once lo-ca-ted, nev-er
f
mf
or-der? If you have-n't 'tis in or-der To suc-cumb to it at once with-out de-
tes-tine, It's in-ter-sti-ces in-fes-tin' Is a lit-tle al-ley blind and dark as
doubt it, You would nev-er be with-out it, It's a fad a-mong so-ci-e-ty that's
lay. . . . . It is called Ap-pen-di-ci-tis, Ver-y diff'rent from Gas-tri-tis Or the
night; . . . . . Lead-ing off to sim-ply nowhere, Catching all stray things that go there, As a
gay. . . . . Old heart-fail-ure and Par-e-sis Have decamp'd and gone to piec-es, And Dys-

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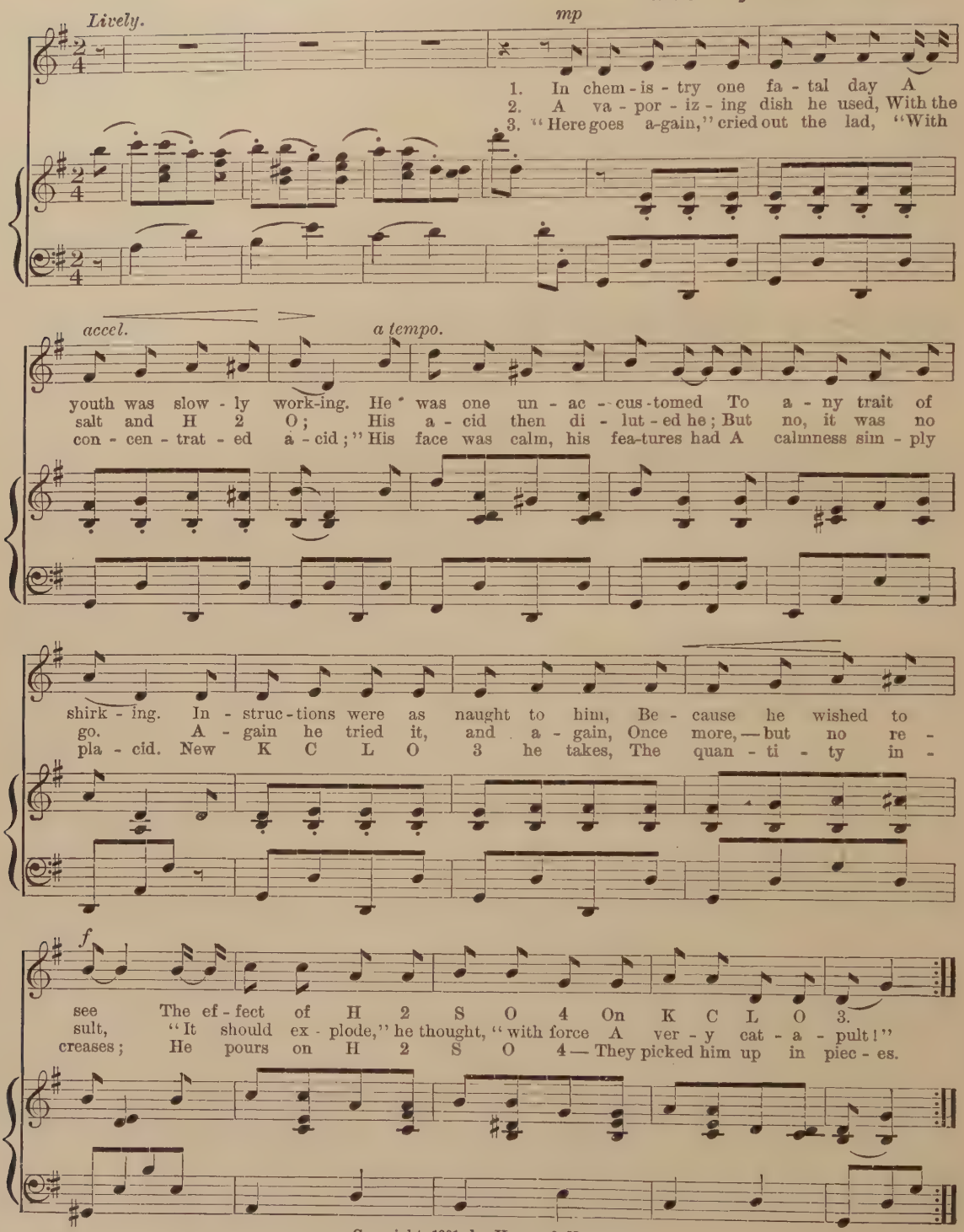
# HAVE YOU GOT THE NEW DISORDER?

com - mon trash dis - eas - es of the day. . . . . It cre - ates a hap - py
pock - et it is sim - ply out of sight. . . . . It is prone to stop and
pep - si - a has fall - en by the way. . . . . Then stand back, Con - junc - ti -
frol - ic, Some-thing like the win - ter col - ic, That has of - ten jarred our in - ner or - gans
grap - ple With the seed of grape and ap - ple, Or a sol - dier but - ton swal-lowed with your
vi - tis, For here comes Ap - pen - di - ci - tis, With a brood of mi - nor trou - bles on the
some. . . . . On - ly wres - tles with the wealth-y, And the oth - er - wise most
pie. . . . . Hav - ing lev - ied on these chat - tels, Then be - gin in - ter - nal
wing. . . . . Here's to Ver - mi - form, and hop - ing You'll with-stand all dras - tic
cres.
health-y; Hav - ing got it, then you're nigh to King - dom come. . . . . .
bat - tles That are apt to end in man - sions in the sky. . . . . .
dop - ing, And . . earn the ap - pel - la - tion, "Un - crowned King." . . . . .
cres.

# $H_2SO_4$ ON $KCLO_3$.

Music by Ernest Carter.


Lively.
mp
1. In chem - is - try one fa - tal day A
2. A va - por - iz - ing dish he used, With the
3. "Here goes a-gain," cried out the lad, "With
accel.
a tempo.
youth was slow - ly work-ing. He was one un - ac - cus-tomed To a - ny trait of
salt and H 2 O; His a - cid then di - lut - ed he; But no, it was no
con - cen - trat - ed a - cid;" His face was calm, his fea-tures had A calmness sim - ply
shirk - ing. In - struc-tions were as naught to him, Be - cause he wished to
go. A - gain he tried it, and a - gain, Once more, — but no re -
pla - cid. New K C L O 3 he takes, The quan - ti - ty in -
f
see The ef - fect of H 2 S O 4 On K C L O 3.
sult, "It should ex - plode," he thought, "with force A ver - y cat - a - pult!"
creases; He pours on H 2 S O 4 — They picked him up in piec - es.

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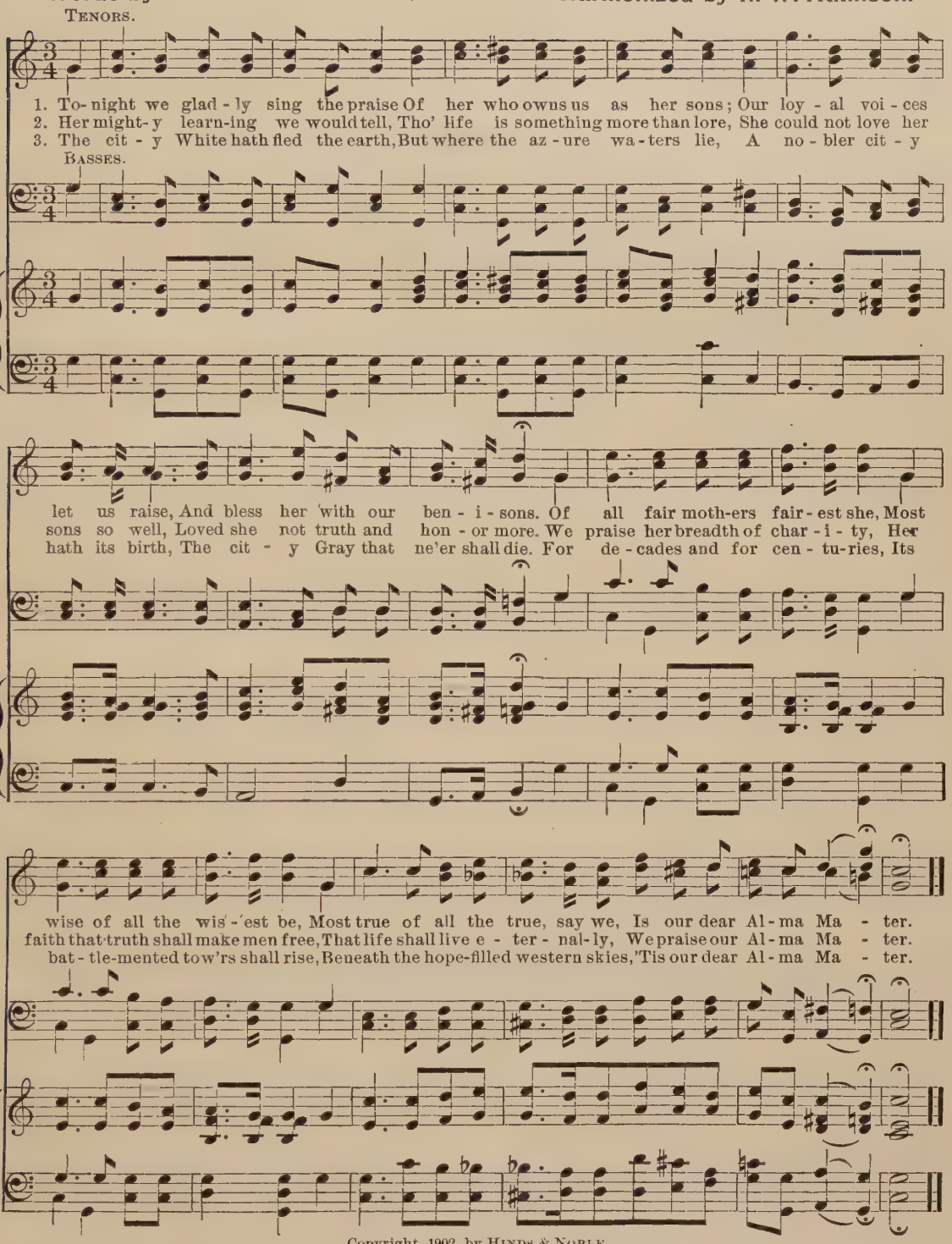
# ALMA MATER.—UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

Words by Prof. Edwin H. Lewis. Harmonized by R. W. Atkinson.


TENORS.
1. To-night we glad-ly sing the praise Of her who owns us as her sons; Our loy-al voi-ces
2. Her might-y learn-ing we would tell, Tho' life is something more than lore, She could not love her
3. The cit-y White hath fled the earth, But where the az-ure wa-ters lie, A no-bler cit-y
BASSES.
let us raise, And bless her with our ben-i-sons. Of all fair moth-ers fair-est she, Most
sons so well, Loved she not truth and hon-or more. We praise her breadth of char-i-ty, Her
hath its birth, The cit-y Gray that ne'er shall die. For de-cades and for cen-tu-ries, Its
wise of all the wis-est be, Most true of all the true, say we, Is our dear Al-ma Ma-ter.
faith that truth shall make men free, That life shall live e-ter-nal-ly, We praise our Al-ma Ma-ter.
bat-tle-mented tow'rs shall rise, Beneath the hope-filled western skies, 'Tis our dear Al-ma Ma-ter.

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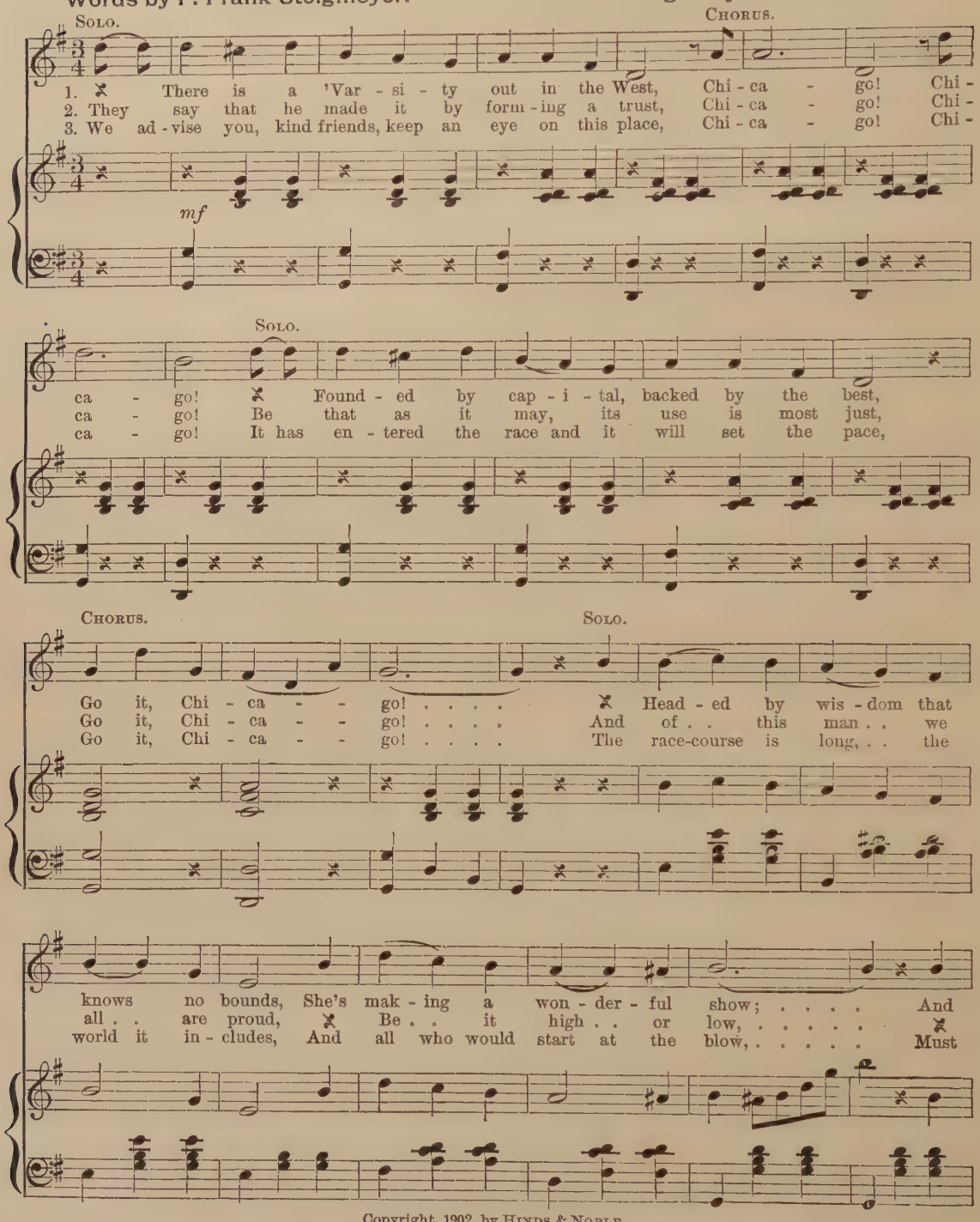
# JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

## UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

Words by F. Frank Steigmeyer. Arranged by James Kendrick.


Solo.
Chorus.
1. There is a 'Var - si - ty out in the West, Chi - ca - go! Chi -
2. They say that he made it by form - ing a trust, Chi - ca - go! Chi -
3. We ad - vise you, kind friends, keep an eye on this place, Chi - ca - go! Chi -
mf
Solo.
ca - go! Found - ed by cap - i - tal, backed by the best,
ca - go! Be that as it may, its use is most just,
ca - go! It has en - tered the race and it will set the pace,
Chorus.
Solo.
Go it, Chi - ca - - go! . . . . Head - ed by wis - dom that
Go it, Chi - ca - - go! . . . . And of . . this man . . we
Go it, Chi - ca - - go! . . . . The race-course is long, . . the
knows no bounds, She's mak - ing a won - der - ful show; . . . . And
all . . are proud, Be . . it high . . or low, . . . . .
world it in - cludes, And all who would start at the blow, . . . . . Must

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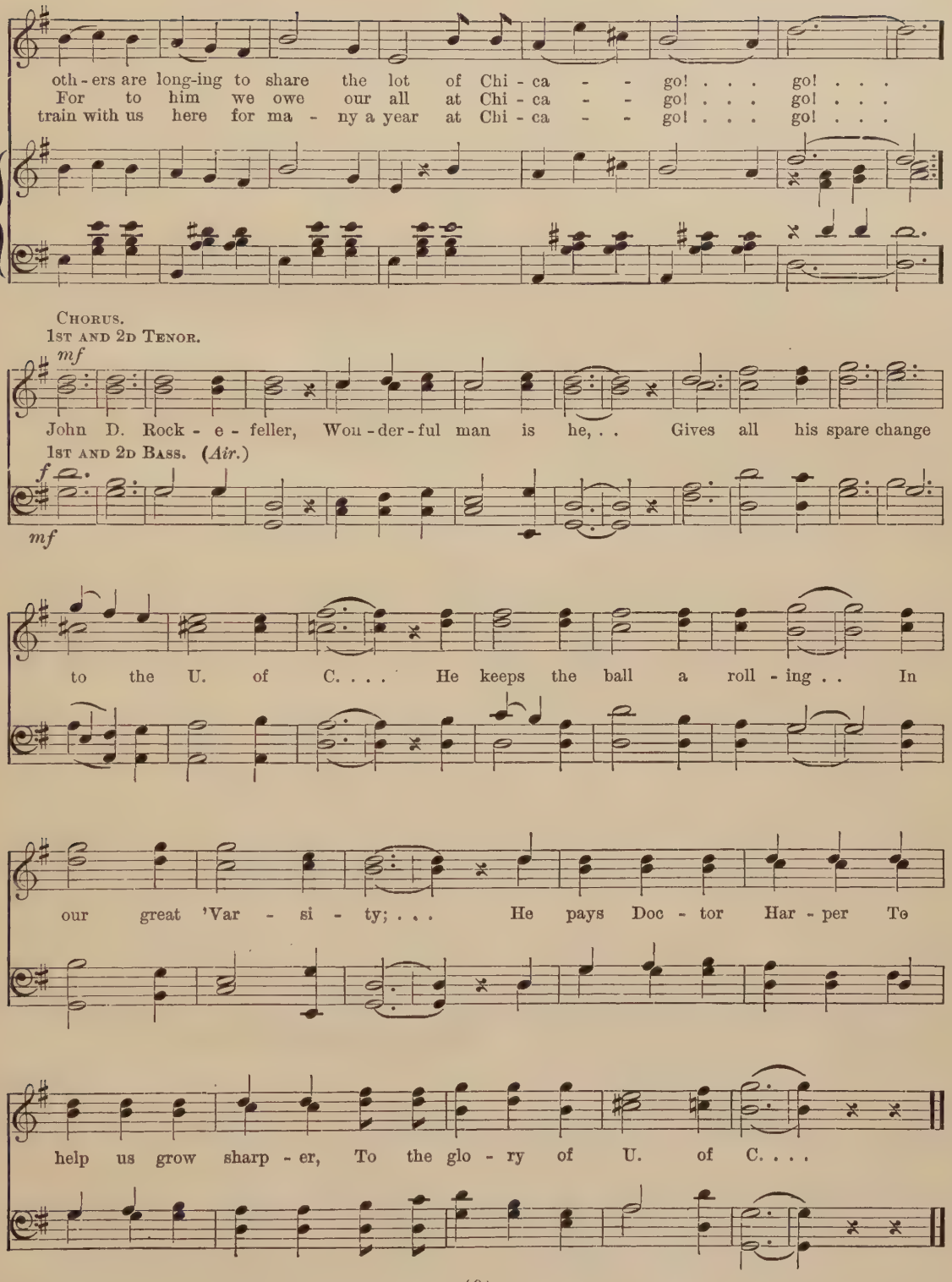
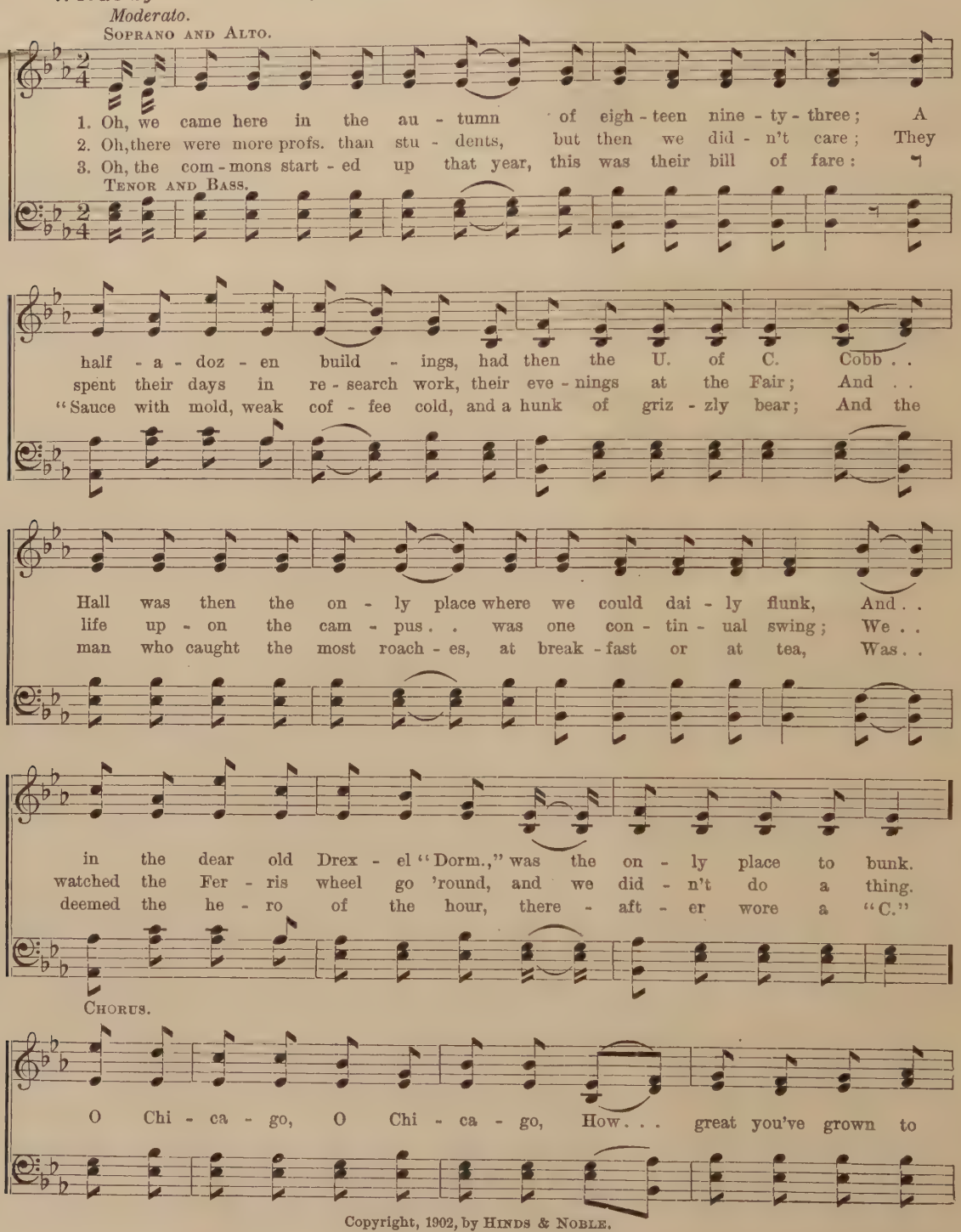
# JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.


oth - ers are long-ing to share the lot of Chi - ca - - go! . . . go! . . .
For to him we owe our all at Chi - ca - - go! . . . go! . . .
train with us here for ma - ny a year at Chi - ca - - go! . . . go! . . .
Chorus.
1st and 2d Tenor.
mf
John D. Rock - e - feller, Won - der - ful man is he, . . Gives all his spare change
1st and 2d Bass. (Air.)
f
mf
to the U. of C. . . . He keeps the ball a roll - ing . . In
our great 'Var - si - ty; . . . He pays Doc - tor Har - per To
help us grow sharp - er, To the glo - ry of U. of C. . . .

# 1893.

## UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

Words by F. Frank Steigmeyer. Arranged by R. W. Atkinson.


Moderato.
Soprano and Alto.
1. Oh, we came here in the au - tumn of eigh - teen nine - ty - three; A
2. Oh, there were more profs. than stu - dents, but then we did - n't care; They
3. Oh, the com - mons start - ed up that year, this was their bill of fare: "
Tenor and Bass.
half - a - doz - en build - ings, had then the U. of C. Cobb . .
spent their days in re - search work, their eve - nings at the Fair; And . .
"Sauce with mold, weak cof - fee cold, and a hunk of griz - zly bear; And the
Hall was then the on - ly place where we could dai - ly flunk, And . .
life up - on the cam - pus . . was one con - tin - ual swing; We . .
man who caught the most roach - es, at break - fast or at tea, Was . .
in the dear old Drex - el "Dorm.," was the on - ly place to bunk.
watched the Fer - ris wheel go 'round, and we did - n't do a thing.
deemed the he - ro of the hour, there - aft - er wore a "C."
Chorus.
O Chi - ca - go, O Chi - ca - go, How . . . great you've grown to

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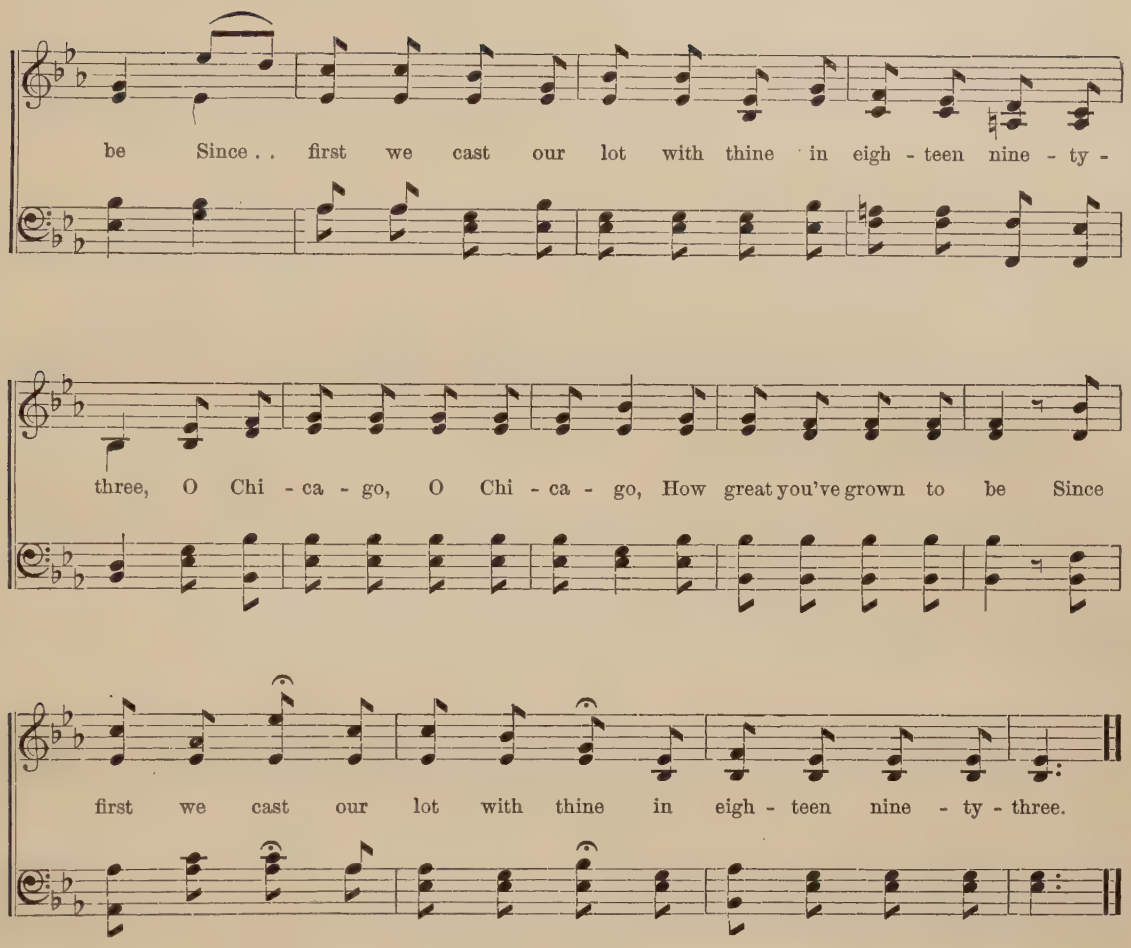

be Since . . first we cast our lot with thine in eigh - teen nine - ty -
three, O Chi - ca - go, O Chi - ca - go, How great you've grown to be Since
first we cast our lot with thine in eigh - teen nine - ty - three.

4 Oh, the girls were mostly twenty-eight, and after "Ph. D's."
They took four hours in those old days; there were no extra fees;
And the men were mostly married, which proved a great hoo-doo
To all society events; what could the poor girls do?

5 The base-ball and the foot-ball teams were poor when at their best,
But now they're great, defying fate as champions of the west;
To Morgan Park was quite a trip for teams when we first came,
But now we go from coast to coast and seldom lose a game.

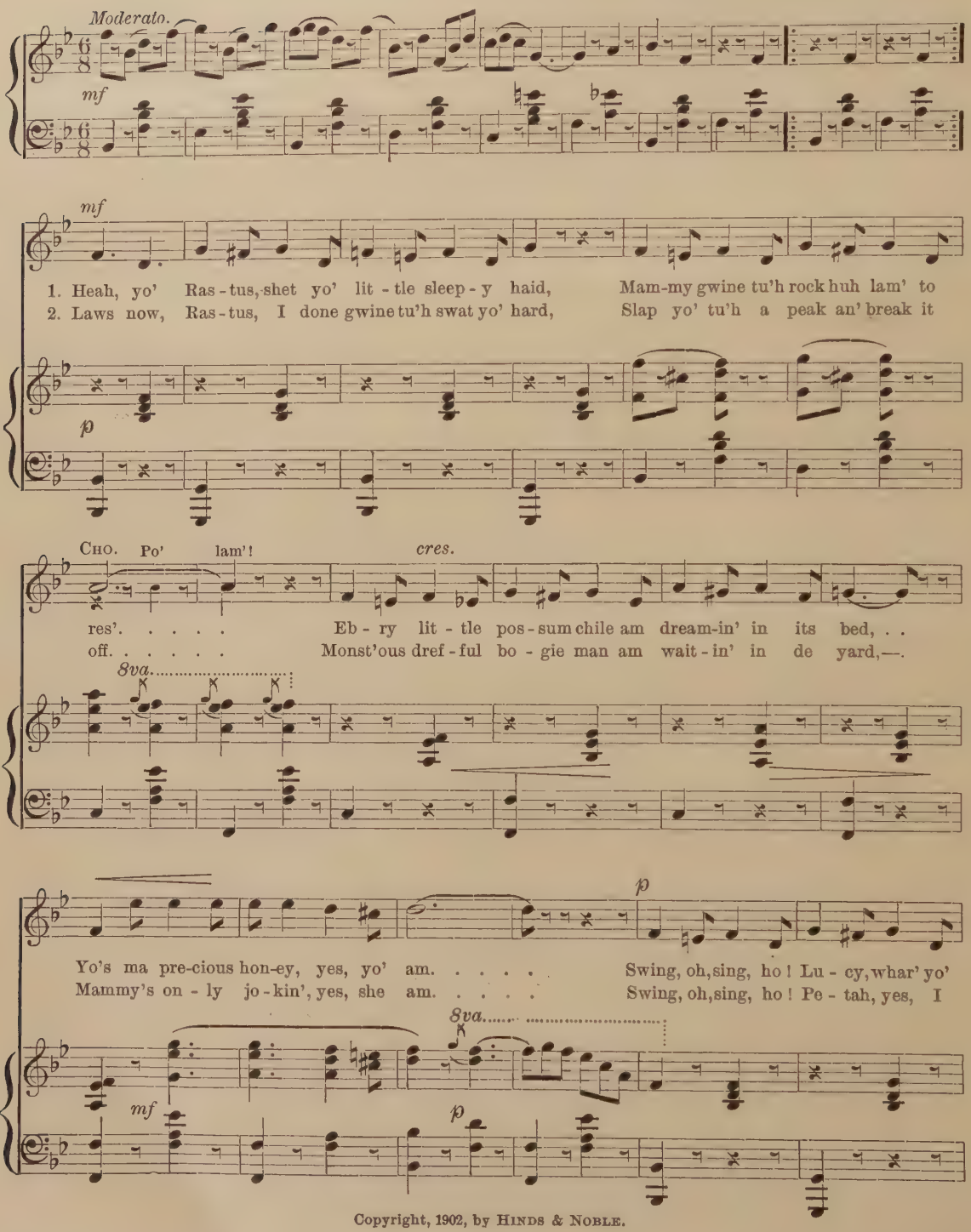
6 Then Stagg was catcher, pitcher, coach, shortstop, and halfback, too,
For in those days of "auld lang syne" our athletes were few;
But now three men with brawn and brain are trying for each place,
And these three persons with A. Stagg, decide the pennant race.

7 Oh, the Glee Club took a trip that year, they made it in a day;
The second stop was Downer's Grove, the first was Aurora;
But now we feast and dance and sing; through distance fast we're whirled,
And when the Glee Club's air-ship's done, we'll tour around the world.

# MONST'OUS DREFFUL BOGIE MAN.

## MAMMY'S LULLABY.

Music by Kingsley Kendrick Lloyd.


Moderato.
mf
mf
1. Heah, yo' Ras-tus, shet yo' lit-tle sleep-y haid, Mam-my gwine tu'h rock huh lam' to
2. Laws now, Ras-tus, I done gwine tu'h swat yo' hard, Slap yo' tu'h a peak an' break it
p
Cho. Po' lam'!
cres.
res'. . . . . Eb-ry lit-tle pos-sum chile am dream-in' in its bed, . .
off. . . . . Monst'ous dref-ful bo-gie man am wait-in' in de yard,—.
8va.
p
Yo's ma pre-cious hon-ey, yes, yo' am. . . . . Swing, oh, sing, ho! Lu-cy, whar' yo'
Mammy's on-ly jo-kin', yes, she am. . . . . Swing, oh, sing, ho! Pe-tah, yes, I
8va.
mf
p

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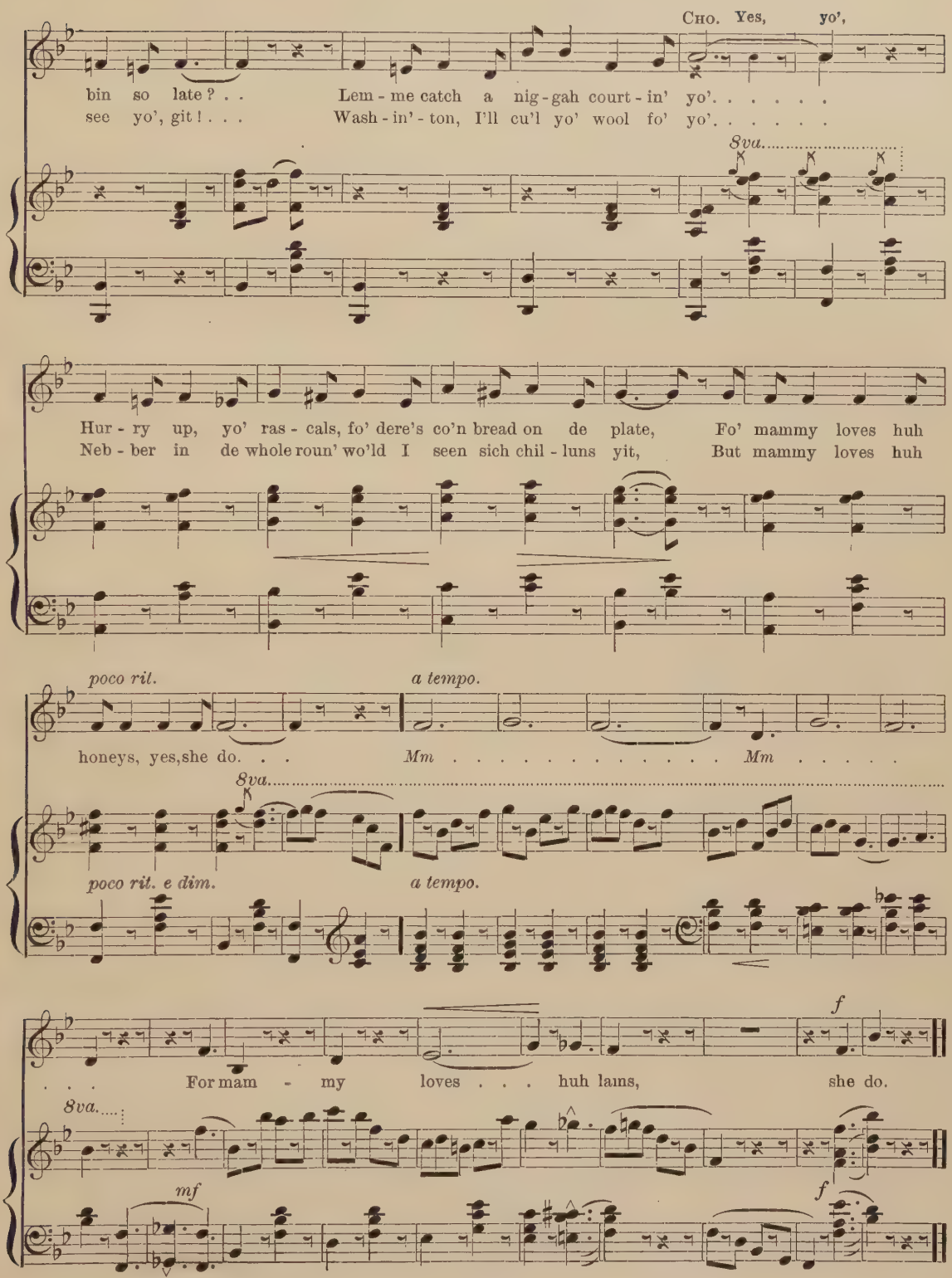
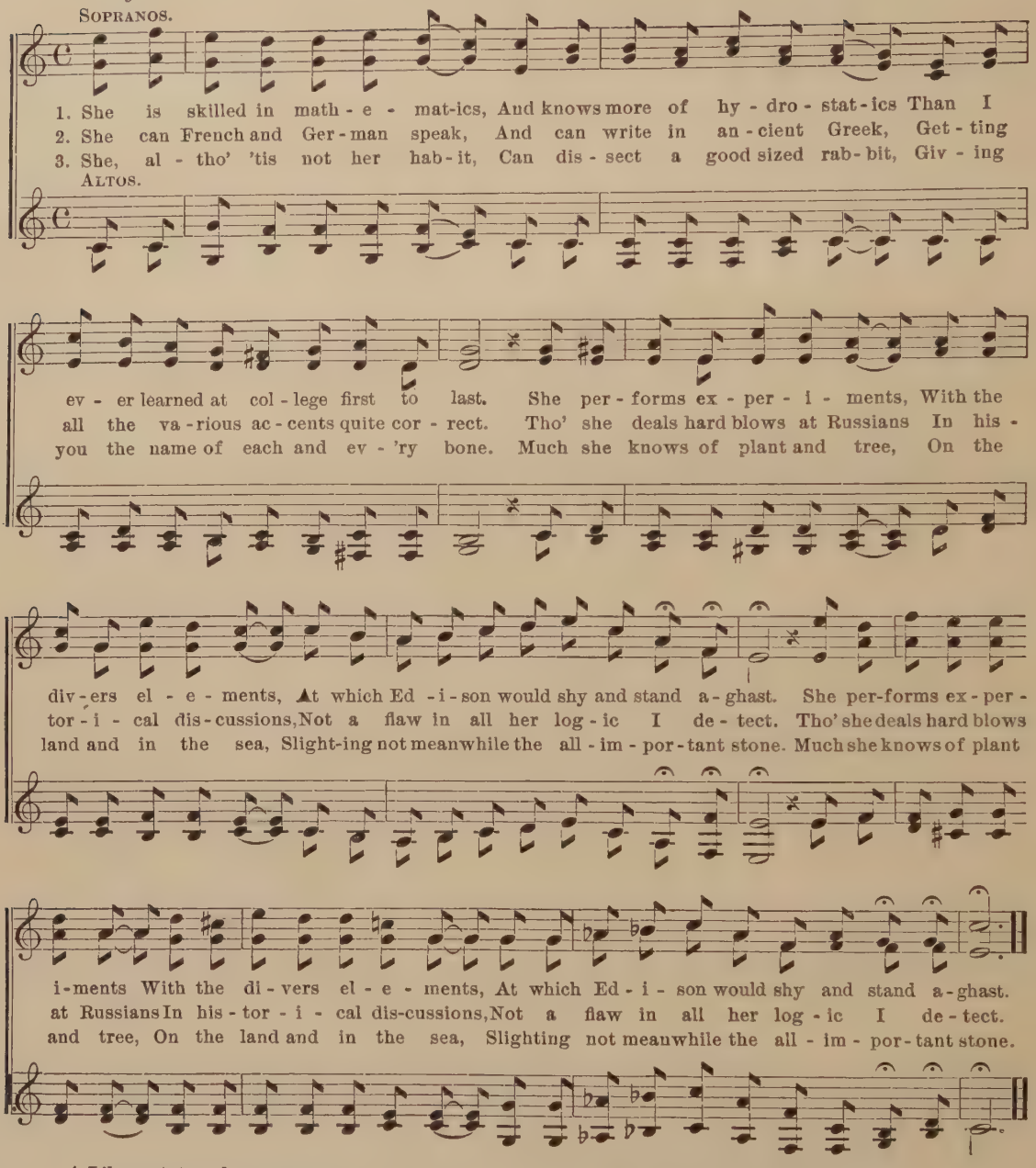

Cho. Yes, yo',
bin so late? . . Lem - me catch a nig - gah court - in' yo'. . . . . .
see yo', git! . . . Wash - in' - ton, I'll cu'l yo' wool fo' yo'. . . . . .
8va.
Hur - ry up, yo' ras - cals, fo' dere's co'n bread on de plate, Fo' mammy loves huh
Neb - ber in de whole roun' wo'ld I seen sich chil - luns yit, But mammy loves huh
poco rit.
a tempo.
honeys, yes, she do. . . Mm . . . . . Mm . . . . .
8va.
poco rit. e dim.
a tempo.
f
. . . For mam - my loves . . . huh lams, she do.
8va.
mf
f

# MY COLLEGE GIRL.

Alice W. Kellogg. Junius W. Hill.

*Lively.*


Sopranos.
1. She is skilled in math - e - mat-ics, And knows more of hy - dro - stat-ics Than I
2. She can French and Ger-man speak, And can write in an-cient Greek, Get-ting
3. She, al - tho' 'tis not her hab-it, Can dis - sect a good sized rab-bit, Giv - ing
Altos.
ev - er learned at col-lege first to last. She per-forms ex - per - i - ments, With the
all the va-rious ac-cents quite cor - rect. Tho' she deals hard blows at Russians In his -
you the name of each and ev - 'ry bone. Much she knows of plant and tree, On the
div-ers el - e - ments, At which Ed - i - son would shy and stand a-ghast. She per-forms ex-per -
tor - i - cal dis-cussions, Not a flaw in all her log - ic I de - tect. Tho' she deals hard blows
land and in the sea, Slight-ing not meanwhile the all - im - por-tant stone. Much she knows of plant
i-ments With the di - vers el - e - ments, At which Ed - i - son would shy and stand a-ghast.
at Russians In his - tor - i - cal dis-cussions, Not a flaw in all her log - ic I de - tect.
and tree, On the land and in the sea, Slighting not meanwhile the all - im - por-tant stone.

4 Like a statue she can pose,
And interpret learned prose,
In a way that makes my pulses wildly beat.
She has studied poetry lyric,
Epic also and satiric,
Till her diction and her style are quite complete.

5 More than all, the little sinner,
She can cook as good a dinner
As a hungry man would ever wish to spy;
And I challenge the world over
If two folks they can discover
Quite so happy as my college girl and I.

By permission.

# ALL FOR THE SAKE OF CALIFORNIA.

Words by M. H. Schwartz and R. W. Tully. Music by Richard Walton Tully.

Introduction.
Till ready.
f
Solo. mf
1. Come, all ye Ca - li - for - nia men, we'll raise a song All for the sake of Ca - li -
2. For man - y years we wait-ed for a President to ap - pear, All for the sake of Ca - li -
3. For years we have been working in our buildings old and gray, All for the sake of Ca - li -
mf
for - nia, A jol - ly cho - rus, fel - lows, and we'll sing it loud and long,
for - nia, To lead us on - ward hand in hand to tri - umphs that were near,
for - nia, But now at last we know that they will not be there to stay,
All for the sake of Ca - li - for - nia. Be - neath the oaks that crown the hills be -
All for the sake of Ca - li - for - nia. At last one came. A no - ble friend and
All for the sake of Ca - li - for - nia. A no - ble wo - man saw our need and

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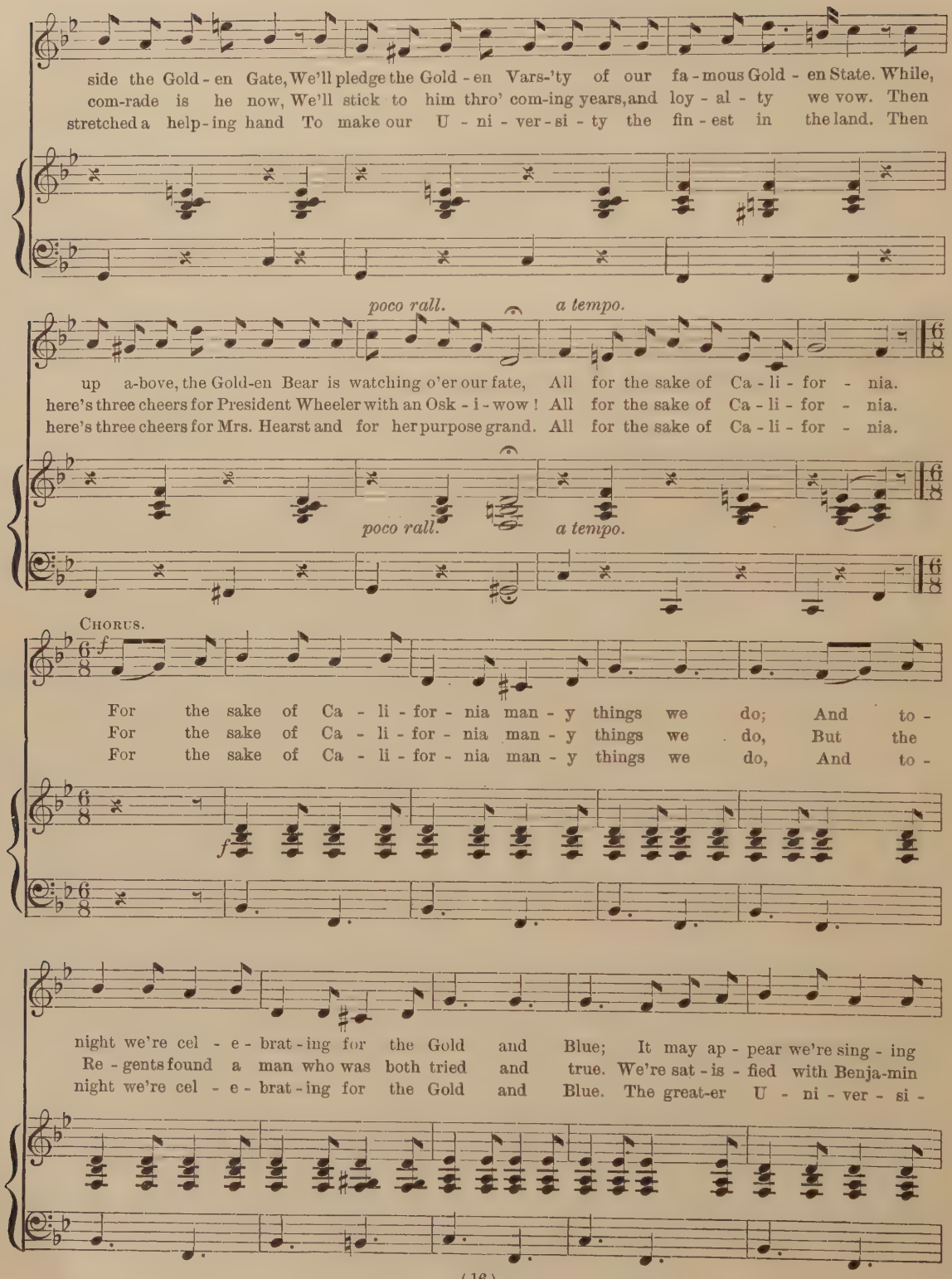
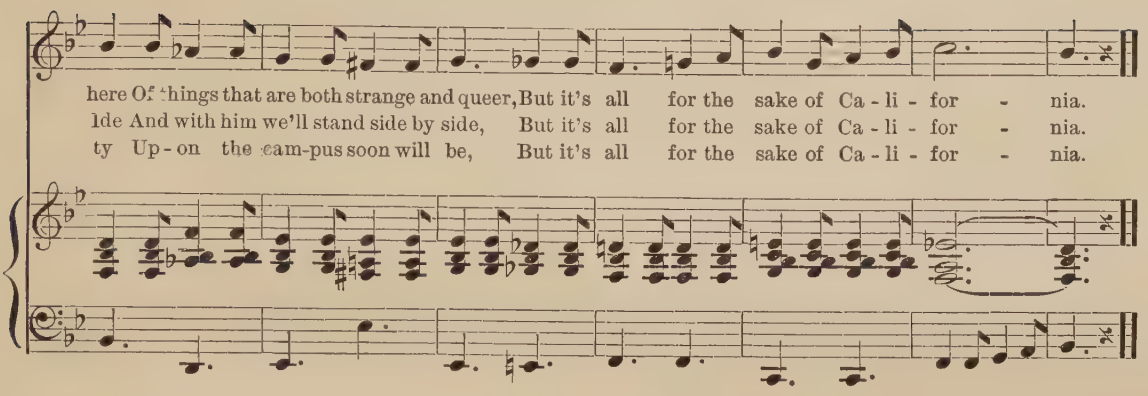
# ALL FOR THE SAKE OF CALIFORNIA.

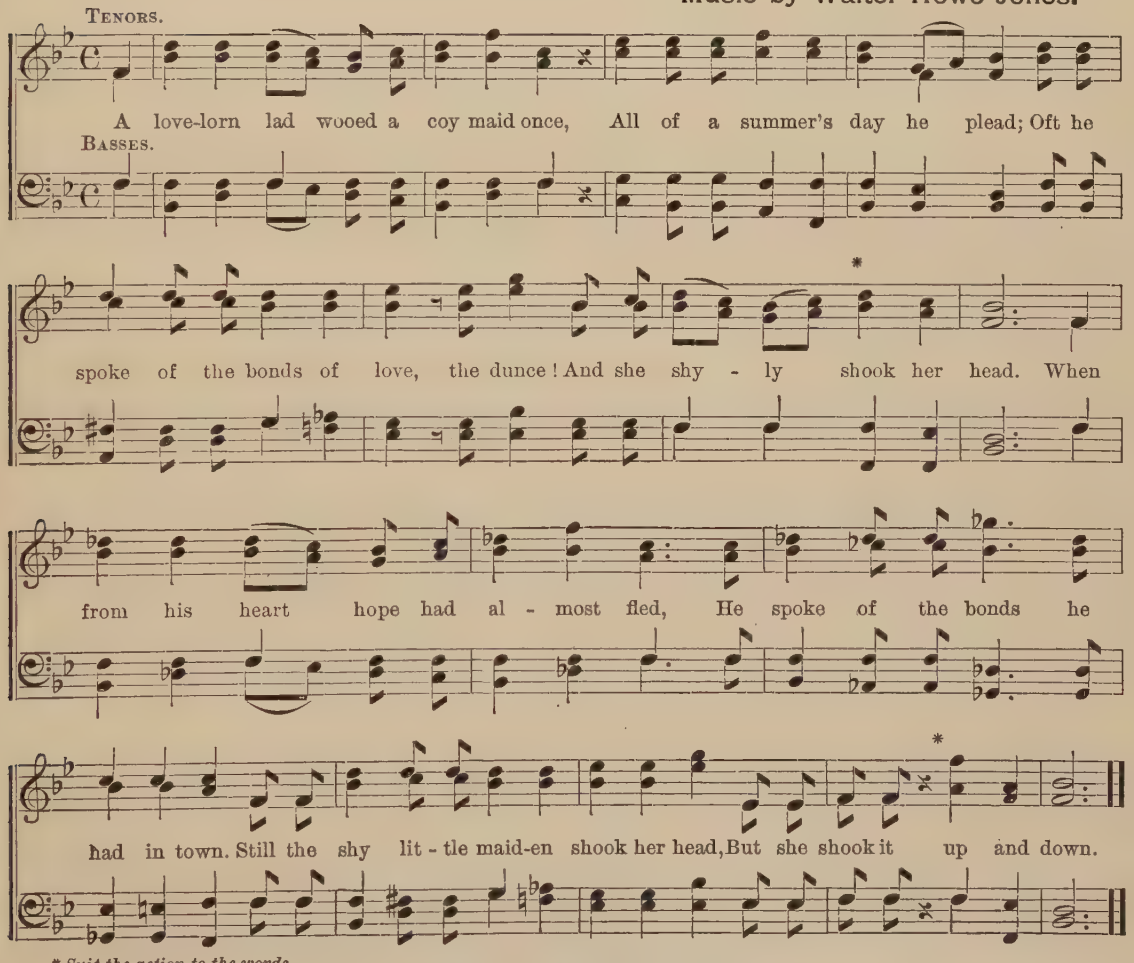

side the Gold - en Gate, We'll pledge the Gold - en Vars-'ty of our fa - mous Gold - en State. While,
com-rade is he now, We'll stick to him thro' com-ing years, and loy - al - ty we vow. Then
stretched a help-ing hand To make our U - ni - ver - si - ty the fin - est in the land. Then
poco rall.
a tempo.
up a-bove, the Gold-en Bear is watching o'er our fate, All for the sake of Ca - li - for - nia.
here's three cheers for President Wheeler with an Osk - i - wow ! All for the sake of Ca - li - for - nia.
here's three cheers for Mrs. Hearst and for her purpose grand. All for the sake of Ca - li - for - nia.
poco rall.
a tempo.
Chorus.
f
For the sake of Ca - li - for - nia man - y things we do; And to -
For the sake of Ca - li - for - nia man - y things we do, But the
For the sake of Ca - li - for - nia man - y things we do, And to -
f
night we're cel - e - brat - ing for the Gold and Blue; It may ap - pear we're sing - ing
Re - gents found a man who was both tried and true. We're sat - is - fied with Benja-min
night we're cel - e - brat - ing for the Gold and Blue. The great-er U - ni - ver - si -

## ALL FOR THE SAKE OF CALIFORNIA.


here Of things that are both strange and queer, But it's all for the sake of Ca - li - for - nia.
lde And with him we'll stand side by side, But it's all for the sake of Ca - li - for - nia.
ty Up - on the cam-pus soon will be, But it's all for the sake of Ca - li - for - nia.

# THE BONDS OF LOVE.

Music by Walter Howe Jones.


Tenors.
A love-lorn lad wooed a coy maid once, All of a summer's day he plead; Oft he
Basses.
spoke of the bonds of love, the dunce! And she shy - ly shook her head. When
from his heart hope had al - most fled, He spoke of the bonds he
had in town. Still the shy lit - tle maid-en shook her head, But she shook it up and down.

* *Suit the action to the words.*

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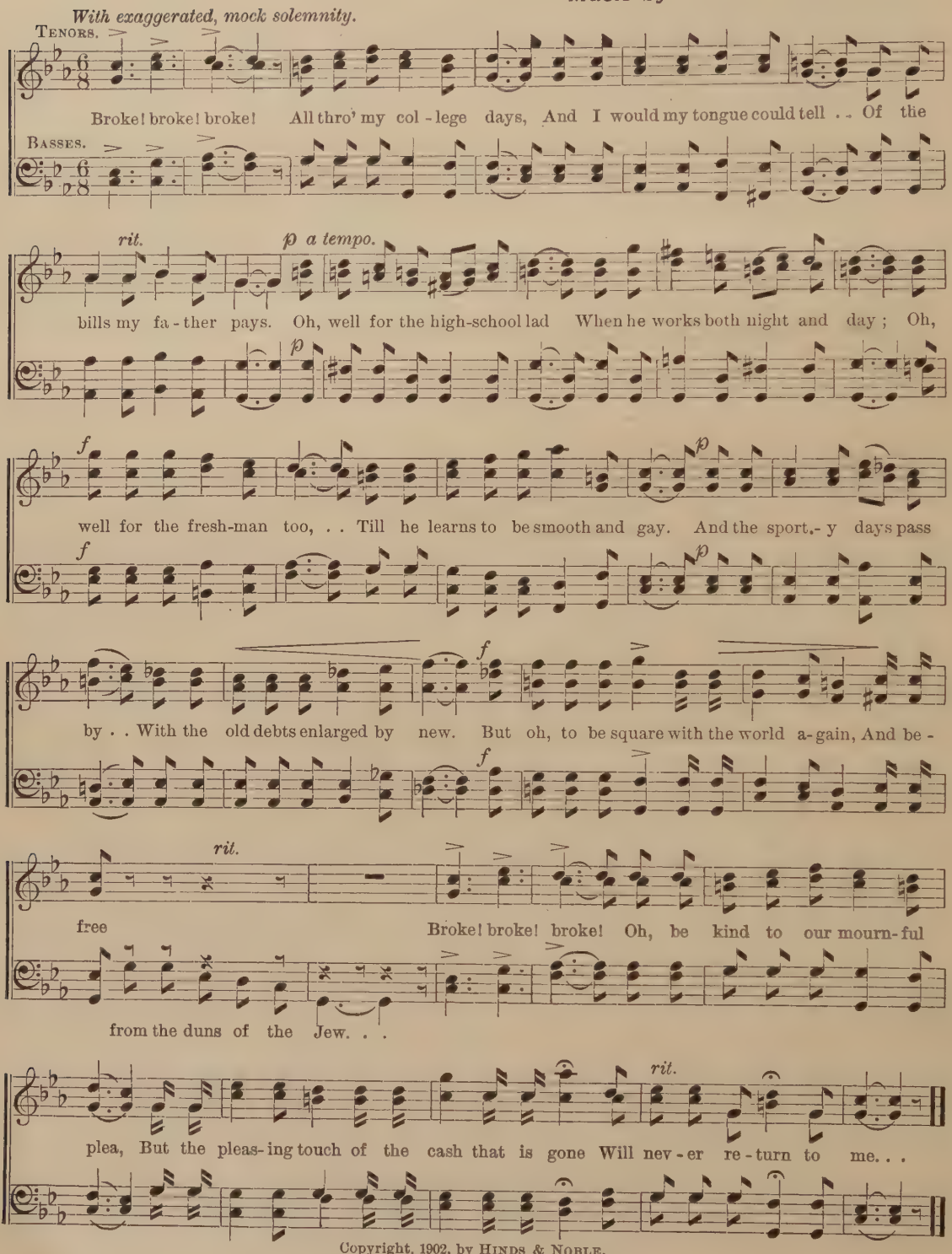
# BROKE! BROKE! BROKE!

Music by Walter Howe Jones.


With exaggerated, mock solemnity.
Tenors.
Broke! broke! broke! All thro' my col - lege days, And I would my tongue could tell . . Of the
Basses.
rit.
p a tempo.
bills my fa - ther pays. Oh, well for the high-school lad When he works both night and day ; Oh,
f
p
well for the fresh-man too, . . Till he learns to be smooth and gay. And the sport.- y days pass
by . . With the old debts enlarged by new. But oh, to be square with the world a-gain, And be -
rit.
free
Broke! broke! broke! Oh, be kind to our mourn-ful
from the duns of the Jew. . .
rit.
plea, But the pleas-ing touch of the cash that is gone Will nev - er re - turn to me. . .

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# THE GOLDEN BEAR.

## UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

Words by C. M. Gayley. Arranged by James Kendrick.

*Allegro.* TENORS.

1. Oh, have you seen the heav - ens blue, heav - ens blue, When just
2. And oh, that Bear's a gold - en sight, gold - en sight, A - -
3. He has a ve - ry pa - tient air, pa - tient air, He . .
4. Oh, have you seen our ban - ner blue, ban - ner blue? The . .

BASSES.

Right o - ver - head, a
And once you've seen him
He's cen - ter - rush in
A Cal - i - for - nian

sev - en stars are danc - ing through, danc - ing thro', Right o - ver-head, a jo - vial
circ - ling round the pole all night, pole all night, And once you've seen him you're all
grows a Pad - e - rew - ski hair, Paderewski hair, He's cen - ter rush in th' heav'ns, I
Gold - en Bear is on it, too, on it, too, A Cal - i - for - nian, through and

Right o - ver-head, a
And once you've seen him
He's cen - ter rush in
A Cal - i - for - nian

jo - vial crew?
you're all right,
th' heav'ns, I swear,
through and through,

crew? . . . They're join - ing hands to make the Bear. Right o - ver -
right— . . . You've seen our Cal - i - for - nia Bear. And once you've
swear, . . . Our si - lent, stur - dy Gold - en Bear. He's cen - ter -
through, . . Our to - tem he, the Gold - en Bear. A Cal - i -

jo - vial crew?
you're all right.
th' heav'ns, I swear,
through and through,

Right o - ver - head, a jo - vial crew?
And once you've seen him you're all right,
He's cen - ter - rush in th' heav'ns, I swear,
A Cal - i - for - nian through and through,

head, a jo - vial crew? . . . They're join - ing hands to make th Bear.
seen him you're all right, . . . You've seen our Cal - i - for - nia Bear.
rush in th' heav'ns, I swear, . . . Our si - lent, stur - dy Gold - en Bear.
for - nian through and through, . . Our to - tem he, the Gold - en Bear.

Right o - ver - head, a jo - vial crew?
And once you've seen him you're all right,
He's cen - ter - rush in th' heavn's, I swear,
A Cal - i - for - nian through and through,

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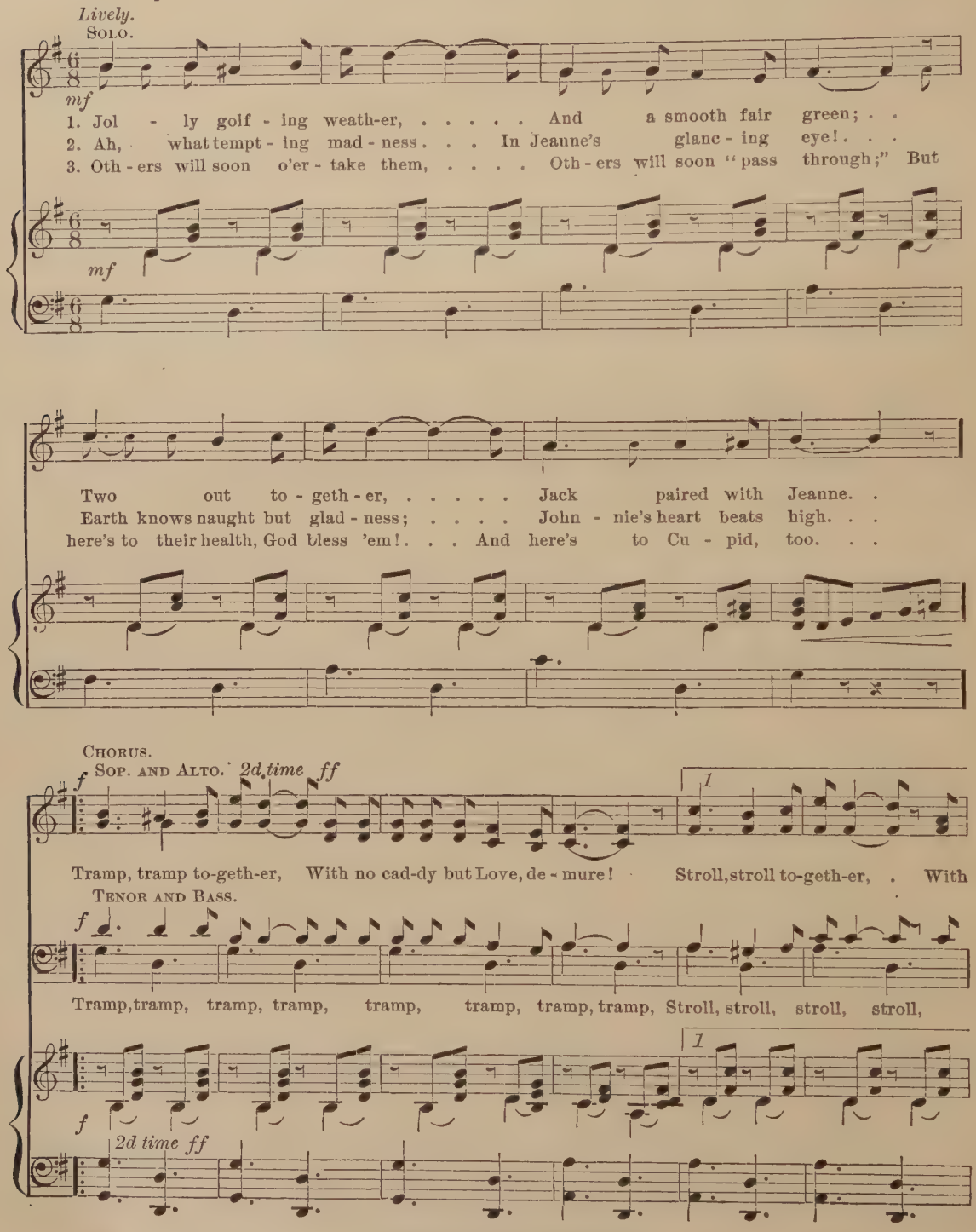
# JOLLY GOLFING WEATHER.

Words by Clarence Arthur. Music by Lloyd Adams.


Lively.
Solo.
mf
1. Jol - ly golf - ing weath-er, . . . . . And a smooth fair green; . .
2. Ah, what tempt - ing mad - ness . . . In Jeanne's glanc - ing eye! . . .
3. Oth - ers will soon o'er - take them, . . . . Oth - ers will soon "pass through;" But
Two out to - geth - er, . . . . . Jack paired with Jeanne. .
Earth knows naught but glad - ness; . . . . John - nie's heart beats high. . .
here's to their health, God bless 'em! . . . And here's to Cu - pid, too. . .
Chorus.
Sop. and Alto.
2d time
ff
Tramp, tramp to-geth-er, With no cad-dy but Love, de - mure! Stroll, stroll to-geth-er, . With
Tenor and Bass.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, Stroll, stroll, stroll, stroll,

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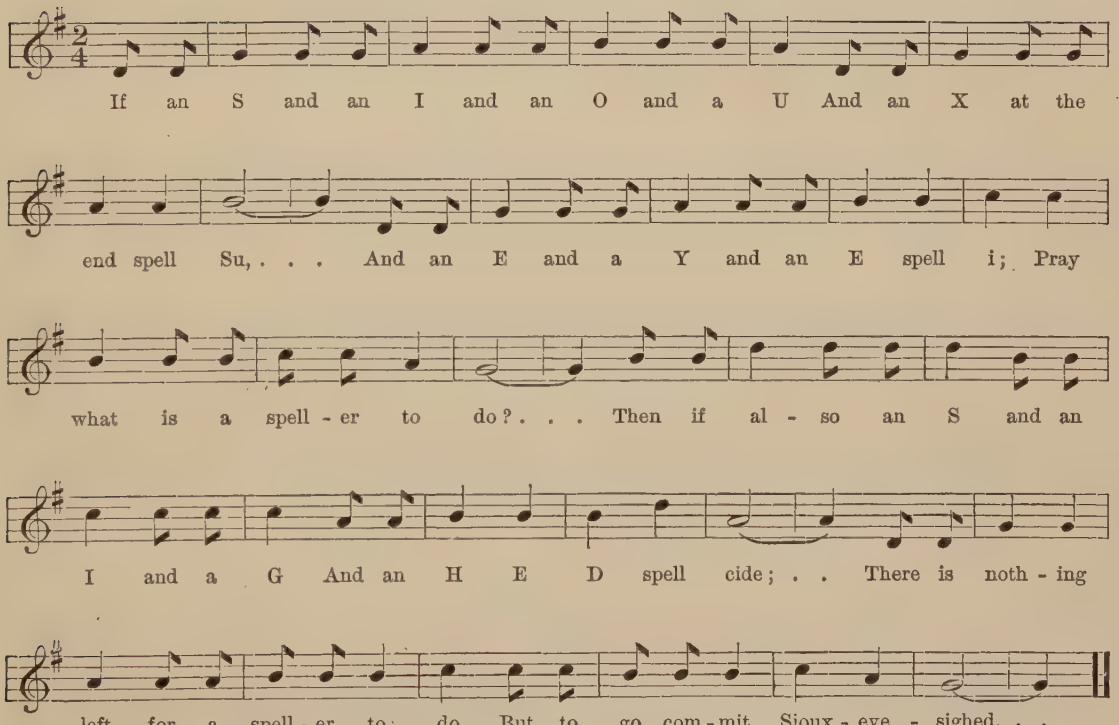
## JOLLY GOLFING WEATHER.

Cu-pid discreet-ly "fore." Stroll, stroll to-geth-er, . With Cu-pid dis-creet-ly "fore."
stroll, stroll, stroll, . Stroll, stroll, stroll, stroll, stroll, stroll, stroll. .

## THE SPELLER'S FATE.


If an S and an I and an O and a U And an X at the
end spell Su, . . . And an E and a Y and an E spell i; Pray
what is a spell-er to do? . . . Then if al-so an S and an
I and a G And an H E D spell cide; . . There is noth-ing
left for a spell-er to do, But to go com-mit Sioux-eye-sighed. . .

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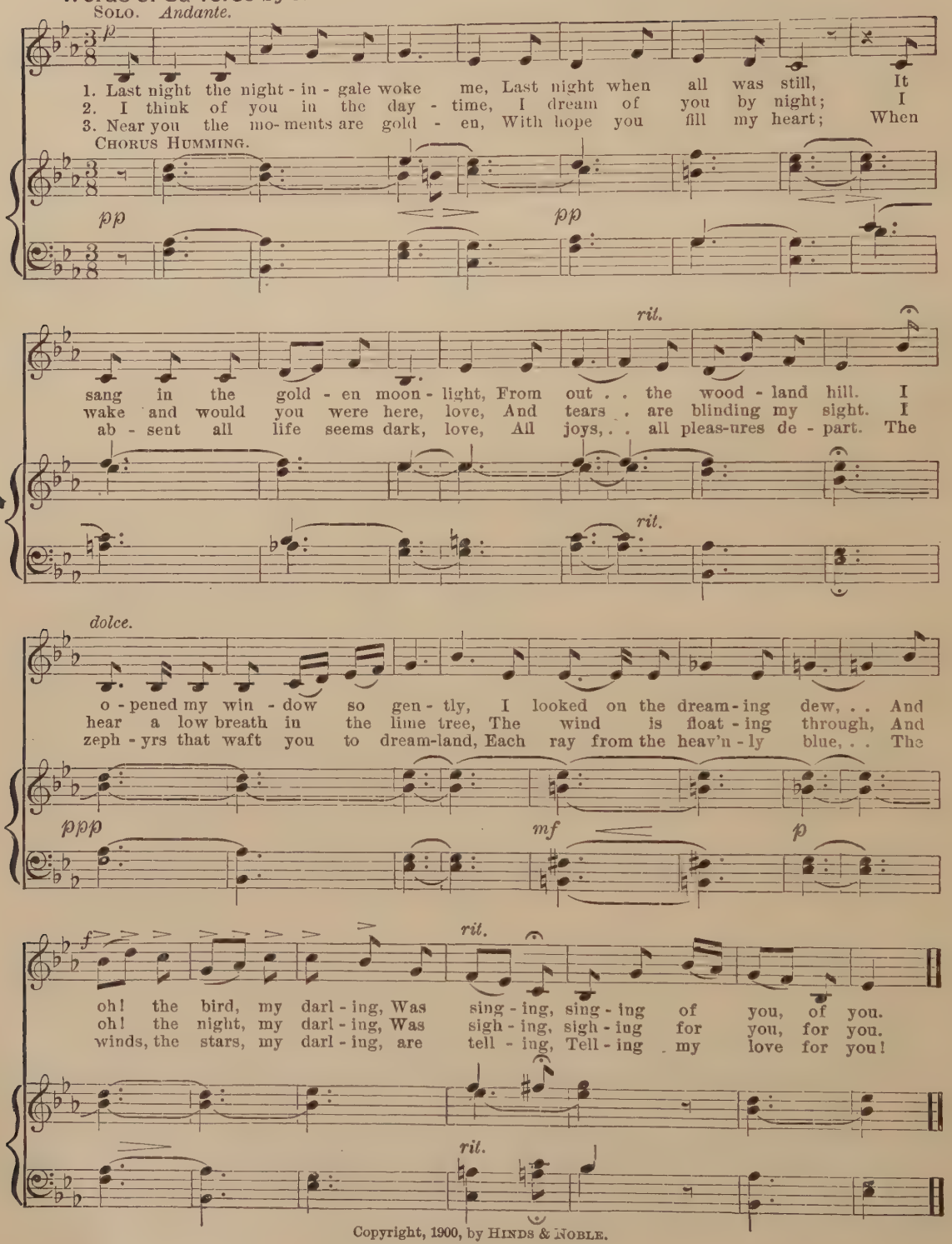
# LAST NIGHT.

Words of 3d verse by Arthur Nash.

Halfdan Kjerulf.


Solo. Andante.
p
1. Last night the night - in - gale woke me, Last night when all was still, It
2. I think of you in the day - time, I dream of you by night; I
3. Near you the mo- ments are gold - en, With hope you fill my heart; When
Chorus Humming.
pp
pp
ril.
sang in the gold - en moon - light, From out . . the wood - land hill. I
wake and would you were here, love, And tears . are blinding my sight. I
ab - sent all life seems dark, love, All joys, . . all pleas-ures de - part. The
ril.
dolce.
o - pened my win - dow so gen - tly, I looked on the dream - ing dew, . . And
hear a low breath in the lime tree, The wind is float - ing through, And
zeph - yrs that waft you to dream-land, Each ray from the heav'n - ly blue, . . The
ppp
mf
p
f
ril.
oh! the bird, my darl - ing, Was sing - ing, sing - ing of you, of you.
oh! the night, my darl - ing, Was sigh - ing, sigh - ing for you, for you.
winds, the stars, my darl - ing, are tell - ing, Tell - ing my love for you!
ril.

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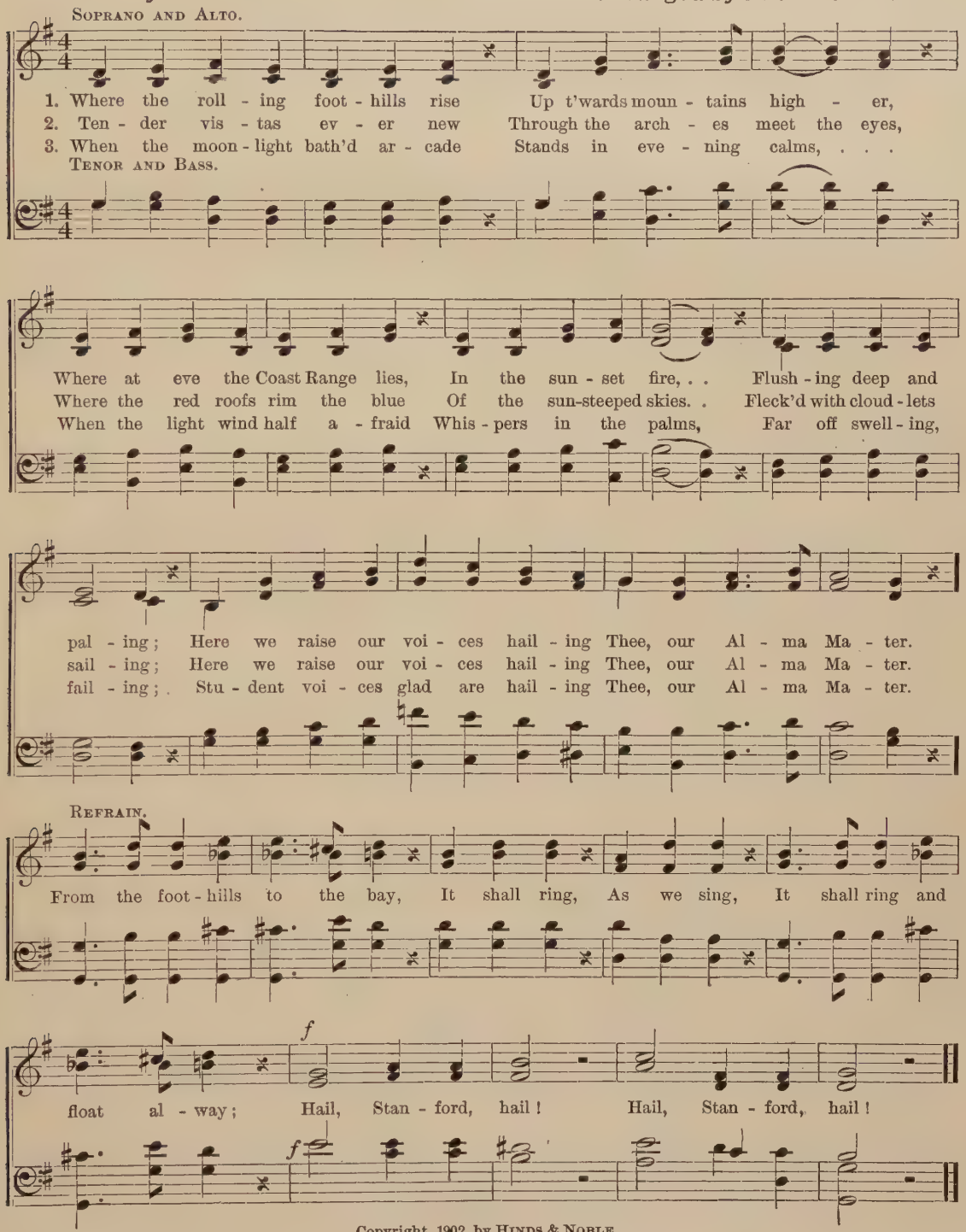
# HAIL, STANFORD, HAIL!

## LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY.

Words by A. W. Smith. Arranged by R. W. Atkinson.


Soprano and Alto.
1. Where the roll - ing foot - hills rise Up t'wards moun - tains high - er,
2. Ten - der vis - tas ev - er new Through the arch - es meet the eyes,
3. When the moon - light bath'd ar - cade Stands in eve - ning calms, . . .
Tenor and Bass.
Where at eve the Coast Range lies, In the sun - set fire, . . Flush - ing deep and
Where the red roofs rim the blue Of the sun-steeped skies. . Fleck'd with cloud - lets
When the light wind half a - fraid Whis - pers in the palms, Far off swell - ing,
pal - ing; Here we raise our voi - ces hail - ing Thee, our Al - ma Ma - ter.
sail - ing; Here we raise our voi - ces hail - ing Thee, our Al - ma Ma - ter.
fail - ing; Stu - dent voi - ces glad are hail - ing Thee, our Al - ma Ma - ter.
Refrain.
From the foot - hills to the bay, It shall ring, As we sing, It shall ring and
f
float al - way; Hail, Stan - ford, hail! Hail, Stan - ford, hail!
f

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# A FOOT BALL SONG.

## LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY.

QUARTET. SOPRANO AND ALTO.

Air, "Marching Through Georgia."

mf
1. Our boys are on the foot - ball field, They've gath - ered for the fray; The
2. Our play - ers ev - 'ry one are made Of mind and mus - cle tough; The
3. Hear our half - backs mut - ter, As they stand there firm and true, "Up,
TENOR AND BASS.
mf
* Stan - ford yell is in the air, We've come to win the day. We'll teach the game of
com - bi - na - tion al - ways works, For they are up to snuff; They'll show the Berke-ley
up with grand old car - di - nal, And down with gold and blue." Lau - rel crowns a -
foot - ball To our friends a - cross the bay, While we are shout - ing for Stan - ford.
fel - lows That they're dia-monds in the rough, While we are shout - ing for Stan - ford.
wait them both, Old Jule and Rey - nolds, too, While we are shout - ing for Stan - ford.
CHORUS.
f
Then rush! oh, rush! We'll rush the ball a - long; A kick, a shove, We'll send it through the throng. No
f
line can stop our fel - lows In their rush - es fierce and strong, While we are shout-ing for Stan-ford.

4 Just watch our Cochran take the ball—
This time we'll see some fun;
The Berkeley boys are rattled,
And he'll score another run;
Like lightning through the line he goes—
The victory is won—
While we are shouting for Stanford.—CHO.

5 Then shout the grand old Stanford yell,
We've sent her through the goal;
The Berkeley line looked solid,
But our full back found the hole;
See the rush, the scrimmage,
Then the tackle and the roll,
While we are shouting for Stanford.—CHO.

Melody used by permission of THE S. BRAINARD'S SONS COMPANY.

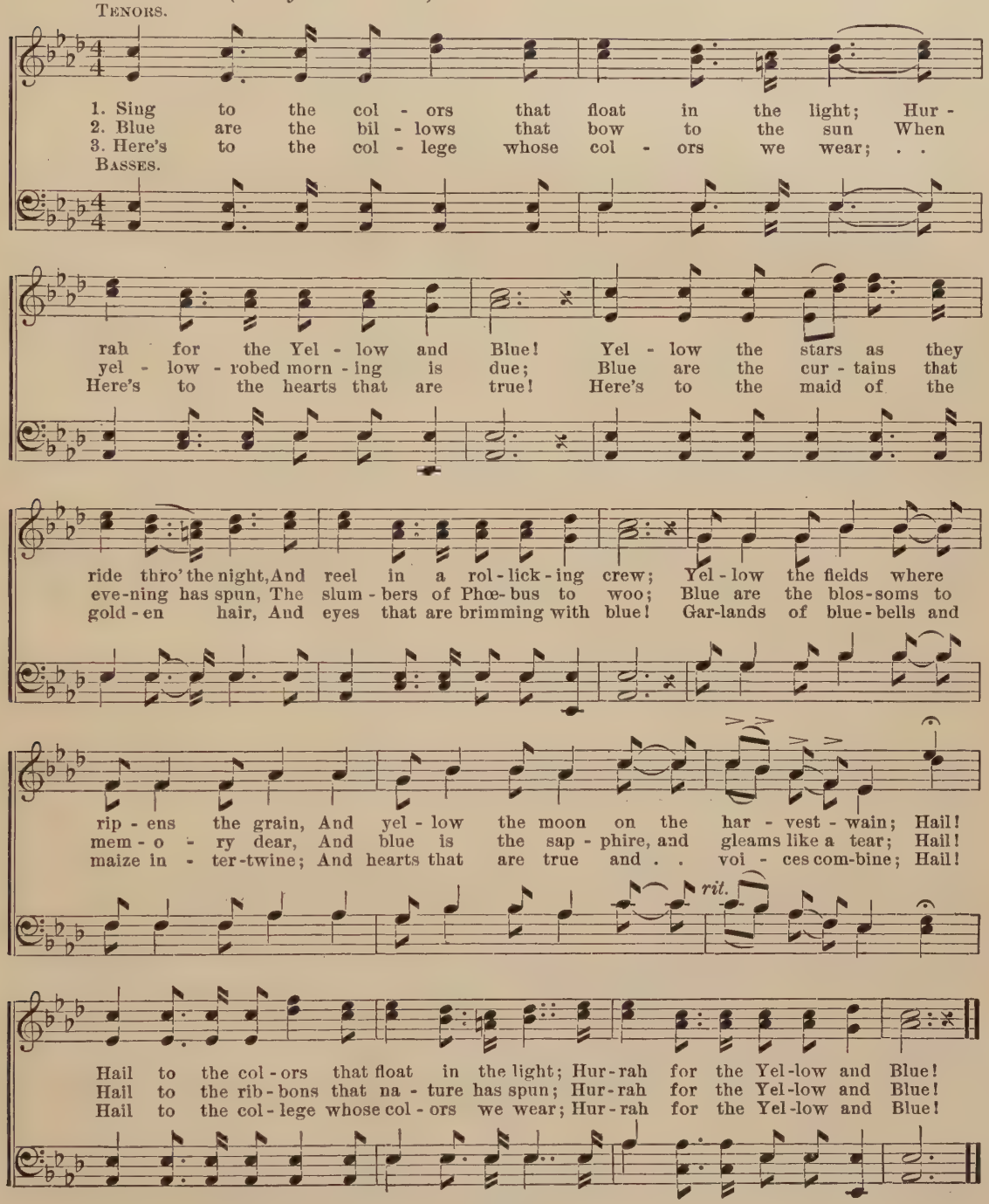
* The names of any other college and players may be substituted.

# THE YELLOW AND BLUE.

## UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

**Words by Charles Gayley.** **Music by Balfe.**

*With animation.* (*Melody in 2d Tenor.*)


TENORS.
1. Sing to the col - ors that float in the light; Hur -
2. Blue are the bil - lows that bow to the sun When
3. Here's to the col - lege whose col - ors we wear; . .
BASSES.
rah for the Yel - low and Blue! Yel - low the stars as they
yel - low - robed morn - ing is due; Blue are the cur - tains that
Here's to the hearts that are true! Here's to the maid of the
ride thro' the night, And reel in a rol - lick - ing crew; Yel - low the fields where
eve-ning has spun, The slum - bers of Phœ-bus to woo; Blue are the blos-soms to
gold - en hair, And eyes that are brimming with blue! Gar-lands of blue - bells and
rip - ens the grain, And yel - low the moon on the har - vest - wain; Hail!
mem - o - ry dear, And blue is the sap - phire, and gleams like a tear; Hail!
maize in - ter-twine; And hearts that are true and . . voi - ces com-bine; Hail!
rit.
Hail to the col - ors that float in the light; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!
Hail to the rib - bons that na - ture has spun; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!
Hail to the col - lege whose col - ors we wear; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!

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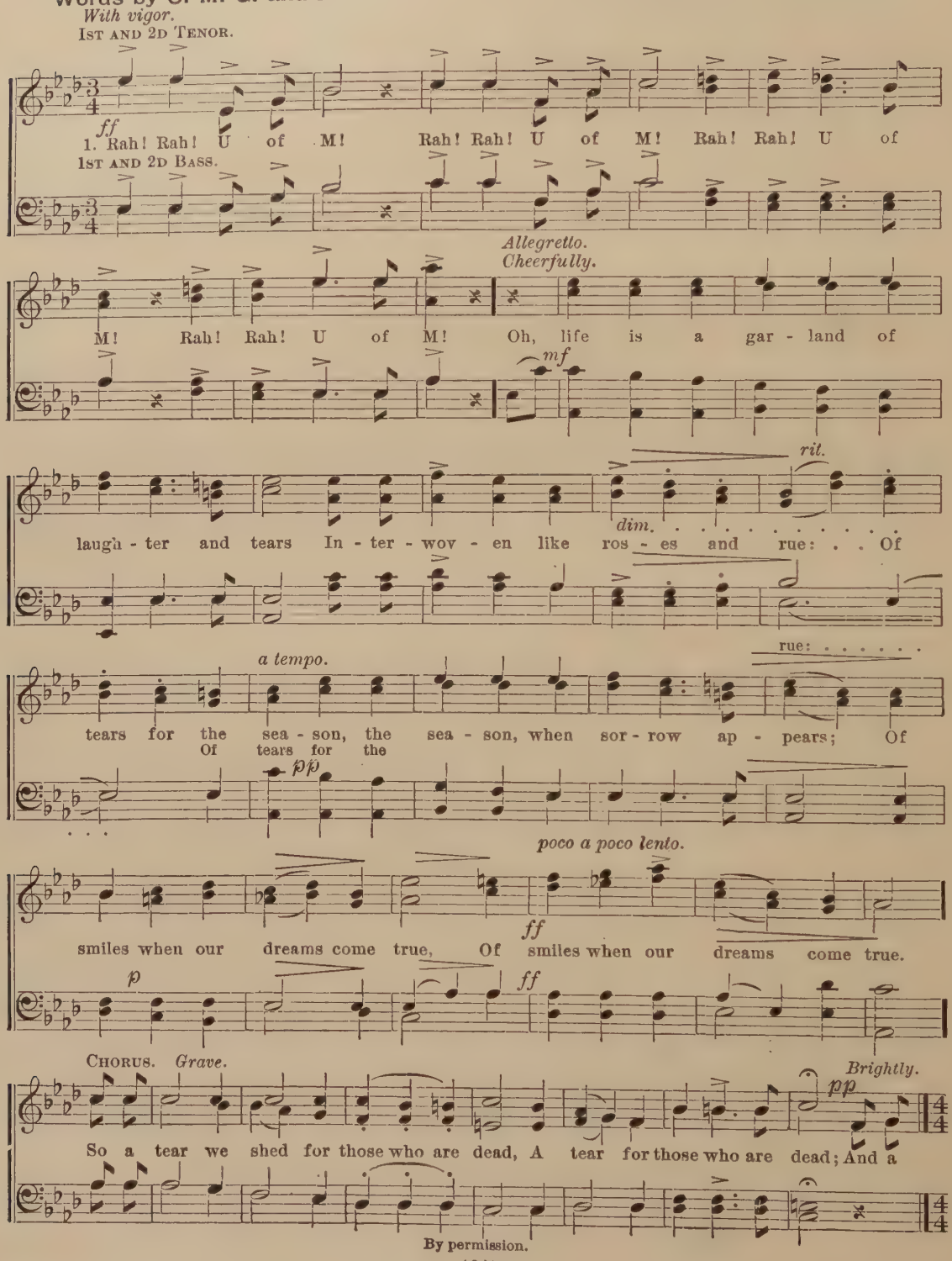
# RAH! RAH!

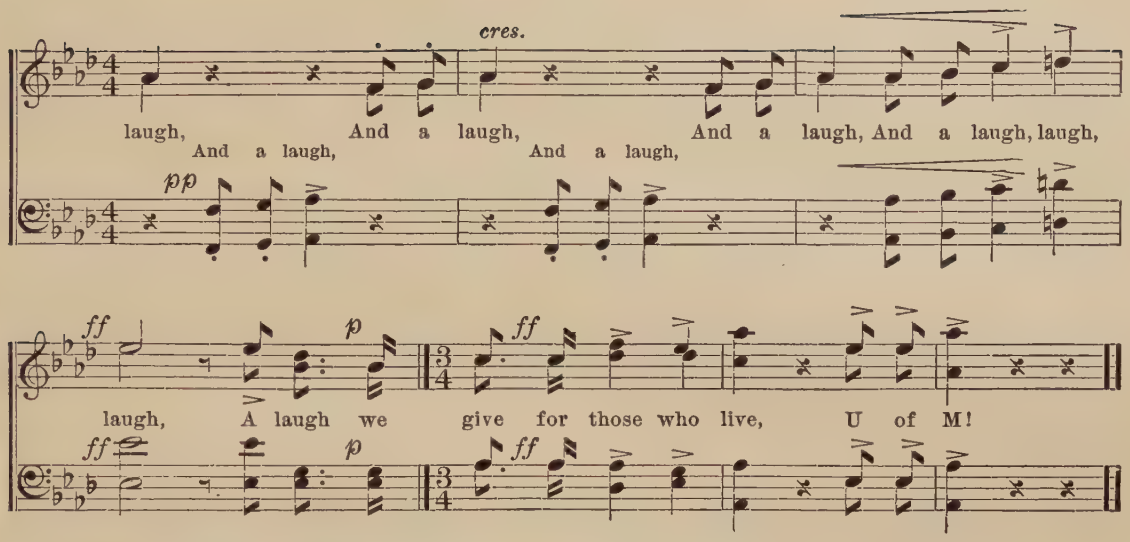
## UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

Words by C. M. G. and F. N. S. Music by A. A. Stanley.


With vigor.
1st and 2d Tenor.
ff
1. Rah! Rah! U of M! Rah! Rah! U of M! Rah! Rah! U of
1st and 2d Bass.
Allegretto.
Cheerfully.
M! Rah! Rah! U of M! Oh, life is a gar - land of
mf
rit.
laugh - ter and tears In - ter - wov - en like ros - es and rue: . . Of
dim.
a tempo.
rue: . . . . . .
tears for the sea - son, the sea - son, when sor - row ap - pears; Of
Of tears for the
pp
poco a poco lento.
ff
smiles when our dreams come true, Of smiles when our dreams come true.
p
ff
Chorus. Grave.
Brightly.
pp
So a tear we shed for those who are dead, A tear for those who are dead; And a

By permission.

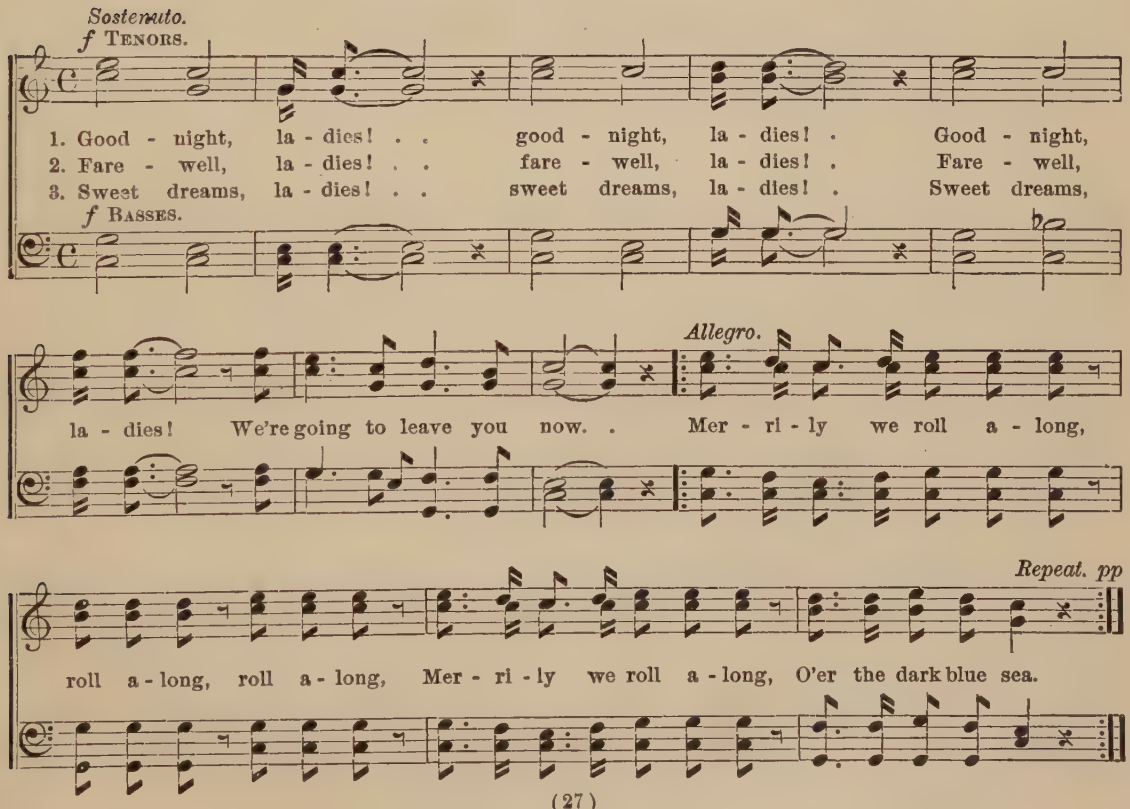
## RAH! RAH!


cres.
laugh, And a laugh, And a laugh, And a laugh, And a laugh, laugh,
And a laugh, And a laugh,
pp
ff
p
laugh, A laugh we give for those who live, U of M!

2 Oh, life is a beaker of laughter and tears,
That has stolen the autumn leaf's glow;
We blow off the foam in our earliest years,
Then quaff the dark liquid below.

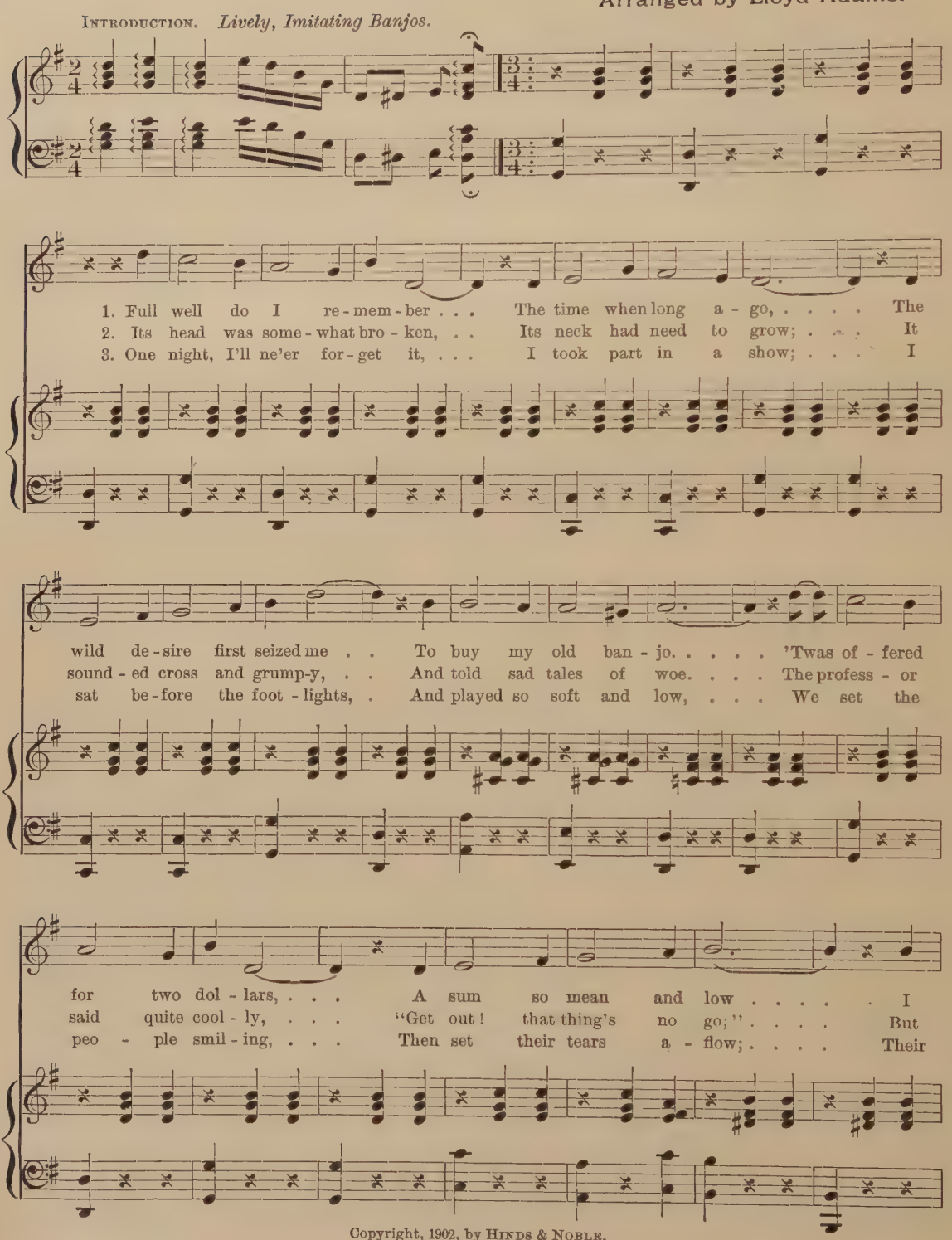
3 Oh, life is a maiden all laughter and tears,
With kisses for lips that are young;
With frowns for the craven that falters and fears,
With sighs for the songs that are sung.

## GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES!


Sostenuto.
f Tenors.
1. Good - night, la - dies! . . good - night, la - dies! . Good - night,
2. Fare - well, la - dies! . . fare - well, la - dies! . Fare - well,
3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! . . sweet dreams, la - dies! . Sweet dreams,
f Basses.
Allegro.
la - dies! We're going to leave you now. . Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,
Repeat. pp
roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.

# MY OLD BANJO.

Arranged by Lloyd Adams.


Introduction. *Lively, Imitating Banjos.*
1. Full well do I re-mem-ber . . . The time when long a-go, . . . . The
2. Its head was some-what bro-ken, . . Its neck had need to grow; . . . It
3. One night, I'll ne'er for-get it, . . . I took part in a show; . . . I
wild de-sire first seized me . . To buy my old ban-jo. . . . . 'Twas of-fered
sound-ed cross and grump-y, . . And told sad tales of woe. . . . The profess-or
sat be-fore the foot-lights, . And played so soft and low, . . . We set the
for two dol-lars, . . . A sum so mean and low . . . . . I
said quite cool-ly, . . . "Get out! that thing's no go;" . . . . But
peo-ple smil-ing, . . . Then set their tears a-flow; . . . . Their

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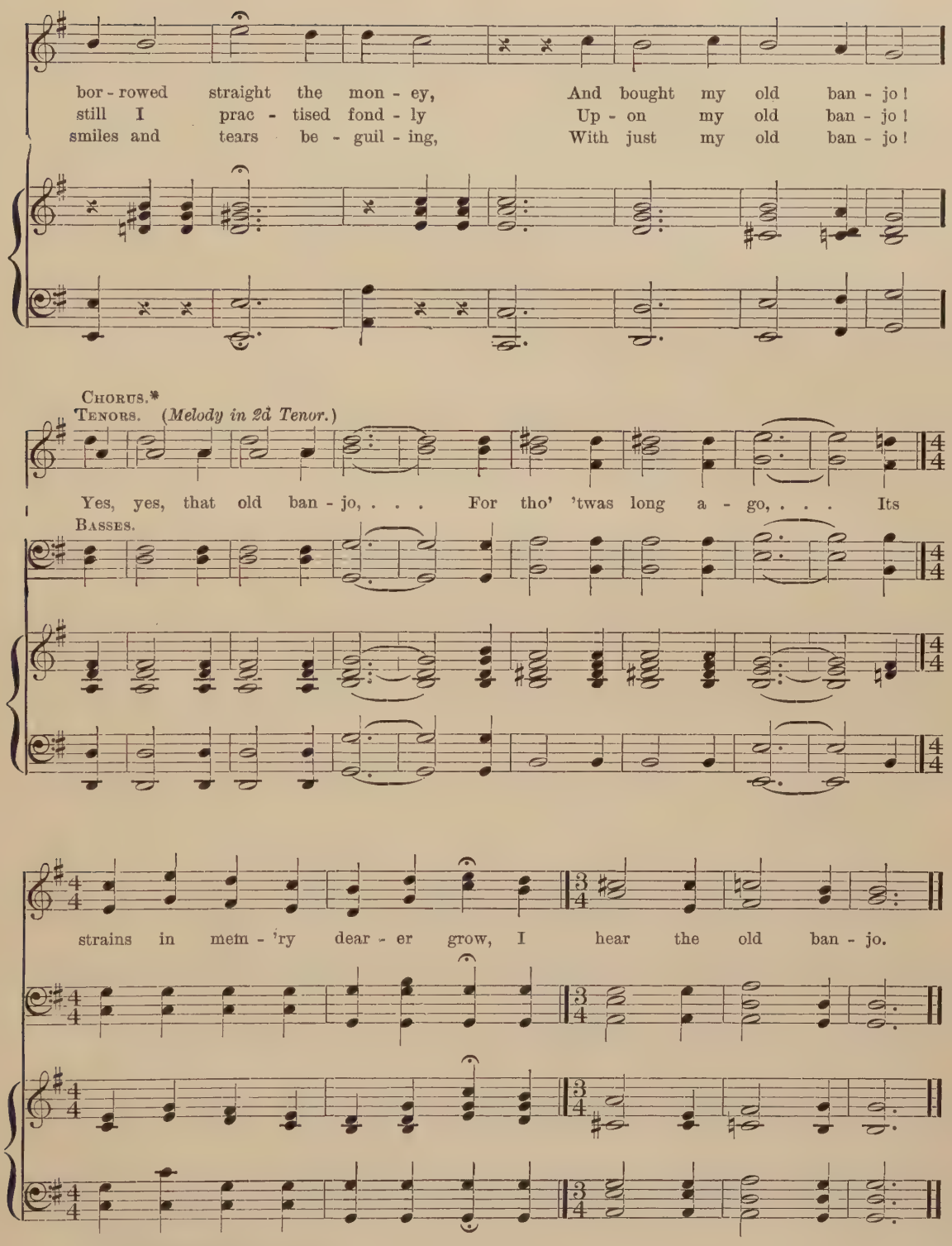
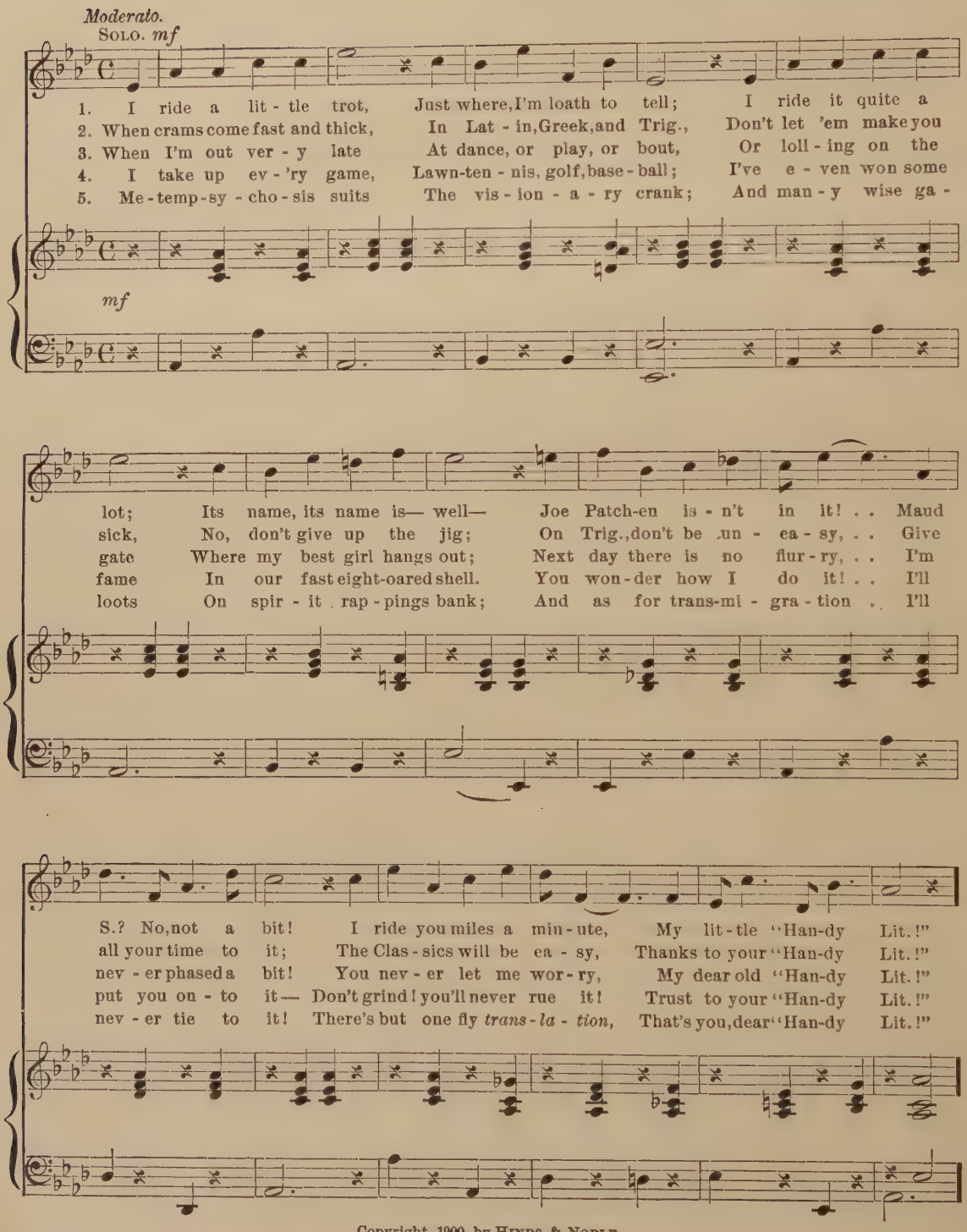
# MY OLD BANJO.


bor - rowed straight the mon - ey, And bought my old ban - jo!
still I prac - tised fond - ly Up - on my old ban - jo!
smiles and tears be - guil - ing, With just my old ban - jo!
Chorus.*
Tenors. (Melody in 2d Tenor.)
Yes, yes, that old ban - jo, . . . For tho' 'twas long a - go, . . . Its
Basses.
strains in mem - 'ry dear - er grow, I hear the old ban - jo.

* Chorus repeated *pp* after last verse.

# MY TRUSTY TROT.

Words and music by Clarence Arthur.


Moderato.
Solo. mf
1. I ride a lit - tle trot, Just where, I'm loath to tell; I ride it quite a
2. When crams come fast and thick, In Lat - in, Greek, and Trig., Don't let 'em make you
3. When I'm out ver - y late At dance, or play, or bout, Or loll - ing on the
4. I take up ev - 'ry game, Lawn-ten - nis, golf, base - ball; I've e - ven won some
5. Me - temp - sy - cho - sis suits The vis - ion - a - ry crank; And man - y wise ga -
mf
lot; Its name, its name is— well— Joe Patch-en is - n't in it! . . Maud
sick, No, don't give up the jig; On Trig., don't be un - ea - sy, . . Give
gate Where my best girl hangs out; Next day there is no flur - ry, . . I'm
fame In our fast eight-oared shell. You won - der how I do it! . . I'll
loots On spir - it rap - pings bank; And as for trans-mi - gra - tion . . I'll
S.? No, not a bit! I ride you miles a min - ute, My lit - tle "Han-dy Lit.!"
all your time to it; The Clas - sics will be ea - sy, Thanks to your "Han-dy Lit.!"
nev - er phased a bit! You nev - er let me wor - ry, My dear old "Han-dy Lit.!"
put you on - to it— Don't grind! you'll never rue it! Trust to your "Han-dy Lit.!"
nev - er tie to it! There's but one fly *trans - la - tion*, That's you, dear "Han-dy Lit.!"

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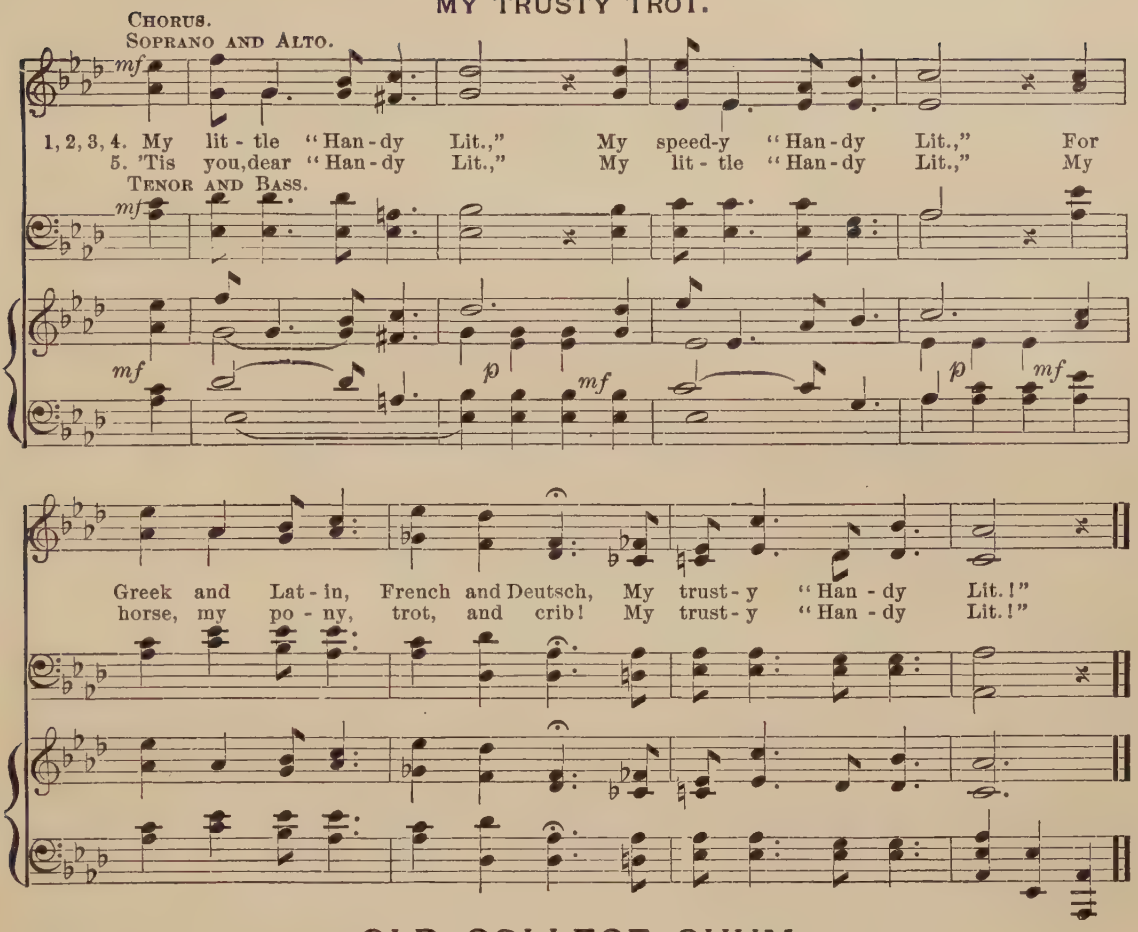
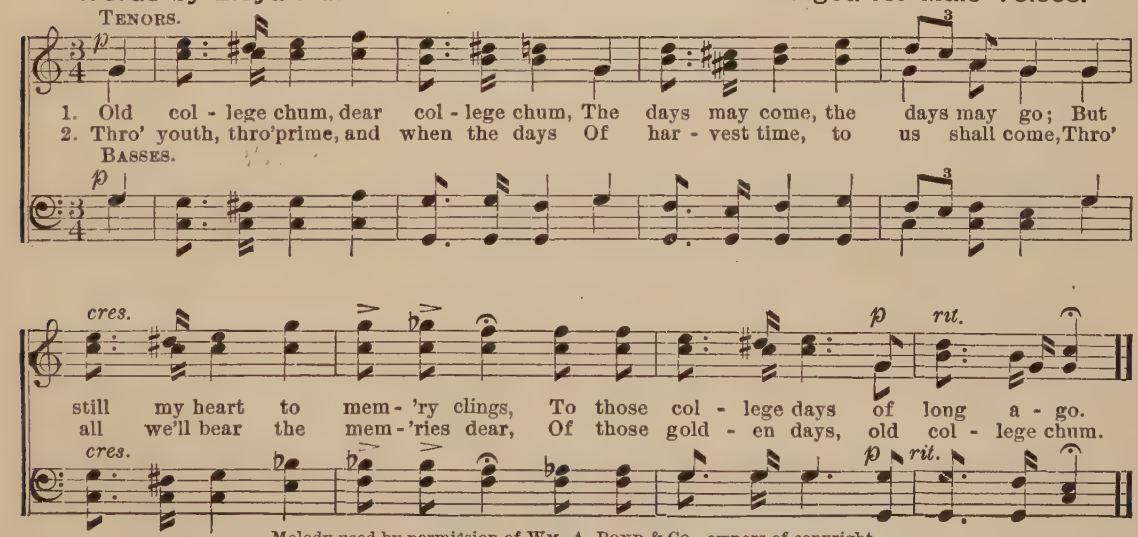
## MY TRUSTY TROT.


Chorus.
Soprano and Alto.
1, 2, 3, 4. My lit - tle "Han - dy Lit.," My speed-y "Han - dy Lit.," For
5. 'Tis you, dear "Han - dy Lit.," My lit - tle "Han - dy Lit.," My
Tenor and Bass.
Greek and Lat - in, French and Deutsch, My trust - y "Han - dy Lit.!"
horse, my po - ny, trot, and crib! My trust - y "Han - dy Lit.!"

## OLD COLLEGE CHUM.

Words by Lloyd Adams. Arranged for Male Voices.


Tenors.
1. Old col - lege chum, dear col - lege chum, The days may come, the days may go; But
2. Thro' youth, thro' prime, and when the days Of har - vest time, to us shall come, Thro'
Basses.
still my heart to mem - 'ry clings, To those col - lege days of long a - go.
all we'll bear the mem - 'ries dear, Of those gold - en days, old col - lege chum.

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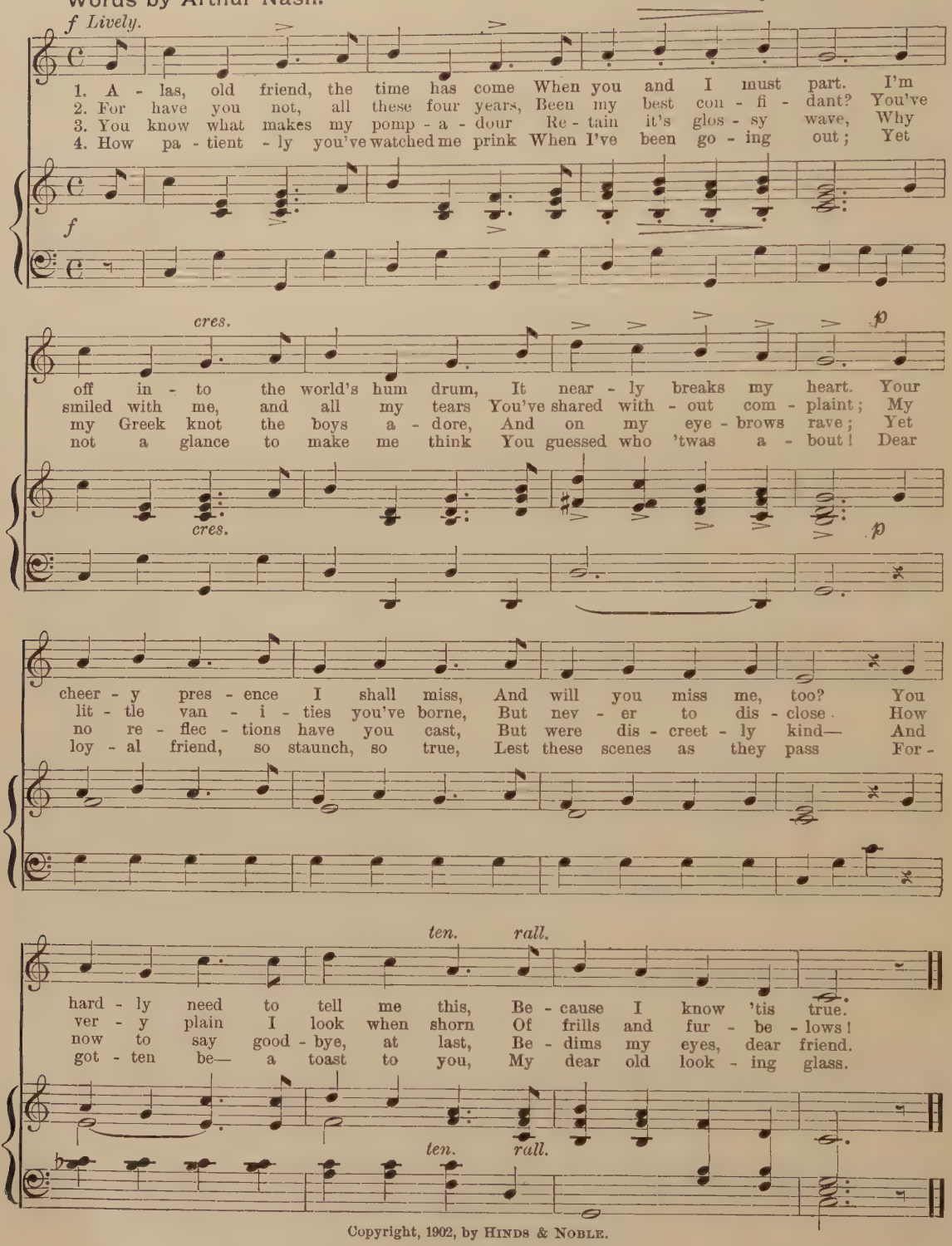
# MY DEAR OLD LOOKING-GLASS.

Words by Arthur Nash. Music by Horace Lozier.


f Lively.
1. A - las, old friend, the time has come When you and I must part. I'm
2. For have you not, all these four years, Been my best con - fi - dant? You've
3. You know what makes my pomp - a - dour Re - tain it's glos - sy wave, Why
4. How pa - tient - ly you've watched me prink When I've been go - ing out; Yet
f
cres.
off in - to the world's hum drum, It near - ly breaks my heart. Your
smiled with me, and all my tears You've shared with - out com - plaint; My
my Greek knot the boys a - dore, And on my eye - brows rave; Yet
not a glance to make me think You guessed who 'twas a - bout! Dear
cres.
p
p
cheer - y pres - ence I shall miss, And will you miss me, too? You
lit - tle van - i - ties you've borne, But nev - er to dis - close How
no re - flec - tions have you cast, But were dis - creet - ly kind— And
loy - al friend, so staunch, so true, Lest these scenes as they pass For -
ten. rall.
hard - ly need to tell me this, Be - cause I know 'tis true.
ver - y plain I look when shorn Of frills and fur - be - lows!
now to say good - bye, at last, Be - dims my eyes, dear friend.
got - ten be— a toast to you, My dear old look - ing glass.
ten. rall.

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# ALMA MATER.—UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

Words by W. T. Arndt.

Tenors.
1. En - throned be - tween two spark - ling lakes Our Al - ma Ma - ter lies;
2. These halls where once our fa - thers trod, Still ech - o to the tread
3. The friend - ships formed with - in these walls So bright and fresh to - day,
Basses.
And knowl - edge to the thirst - y world, From wis - dom's fount sup - plies.
Of men who heard their coun - try's call, And for their coun - try bled;
Though years may come and years may go, Will nev - er fade a - way.
She knows no col - or, race, or sect, But stand - eth in the van
And if a - gain the na - tion calls, On land or on the sea,
E'en though the storm - clouds roll - ing on Shall cov - er up the skies,
Of those who claim in Free - dom's name That ev - 'ry man's a man.
Wher - ev - er hot - test is the strife, Wis - con - sin's sons shall be.
The dark - ness drear will be dis - pelled When - e'er these vis - ions rise.

4 And when in after years we roam
Far from these vine-clad hills,
We'll bless the one that thoughts of them
From mem'ry's past recalls.
Then let our hearts responsive be,
And ready be our hand;
Our watch-cry for Wisconsin,
For our God and native land.

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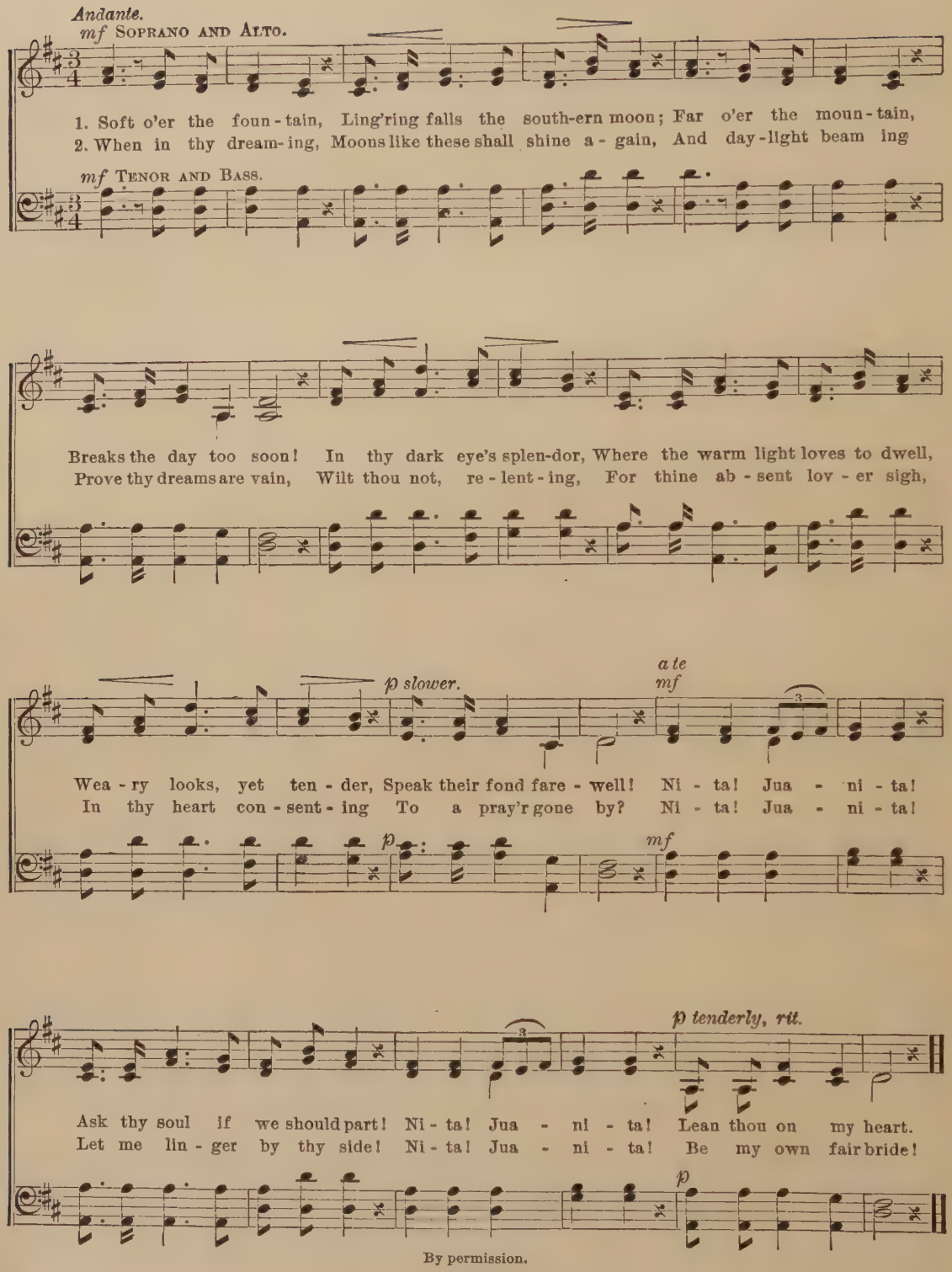
# JUANITA.


Andante.
mf Soprano and Alto.
1. Soft o'er the foun - tain, Ling'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun - tain,
2. When in thy dream - ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day - light beam ing
mf Tenor and Bass.
Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh,
p slower.
a te
mf
Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!
In thy heart con - sent - ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!
p
mf
p tenderly, rit.
Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!
p

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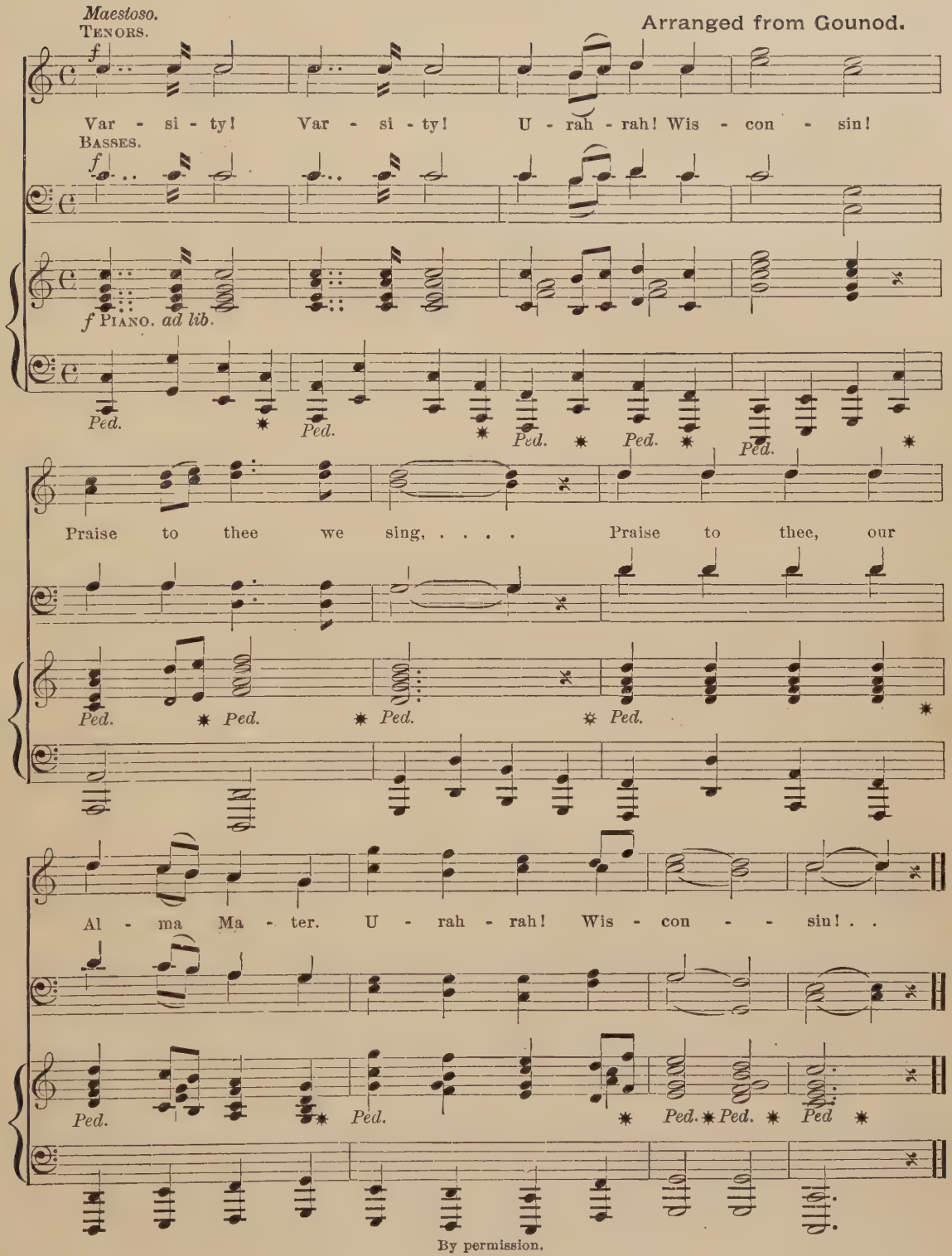
# TOAST TO WISCONSIN.


Maestoso.
TENORS.
Arranged from Gounod.
Var - si - ty! Var - si - ty! U - rah - rah! Wis - con - sin!
BASSES.
f PIANO. ad lib.
Ped.
Praise to thee we sing, . . . . Praise to thee, our
Al - ma Ma - ter. U - rah - rah! Wis - con - - sin! . .

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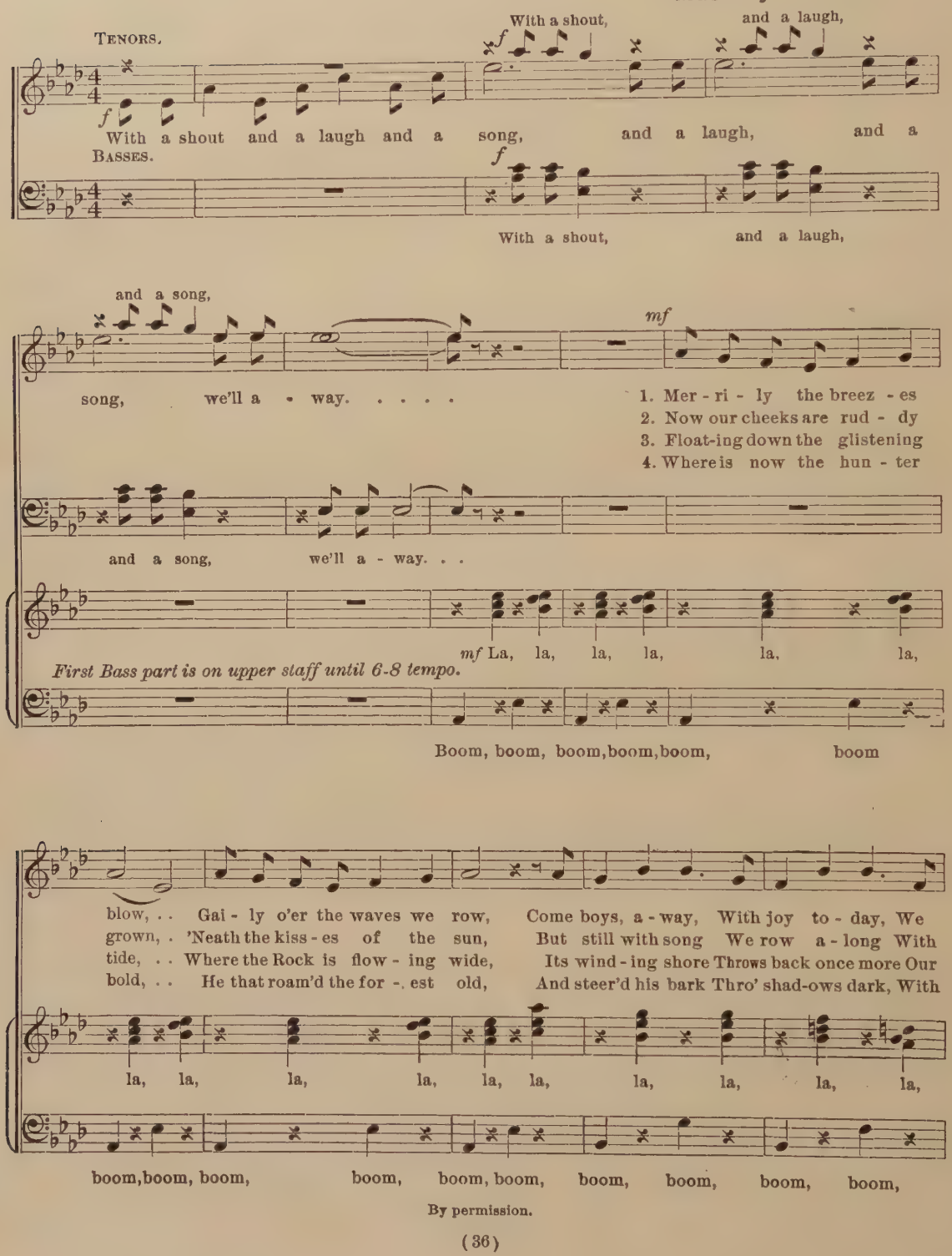
# A WESTERN COLLEGE BOATING SONG.

Music by W. B. Olds.


TENORS.
With a shout,
and a laugh,
f
With a shout and a laugh and a song, and a laugh, and a
BASSES.
With a shout, and a laugh,
and a song,
mf
song, we'll a - way. . . . .
1. Mer - ri - ly the breez - es
2. Now our cheeks are rud - dy
3. Float-ing down the glistening
4. Where is now the hun - ter
and a song, we'll a - way. . .
mf La, la, la, la, la, la,
First Bass part is on upper staff until 6-8 tempo.
Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom
blow, . . Gai - ly o'er the waves we row, Come boys, a - way, With joy to - day, We
grown, . 'Neath the kiss - es of the sun, But still with song We row a - long With
tide, . . Where the Rock is flow - ing wide, Its wind - ing shore Throws back once more Our
bold, . . He that roam'd the for - est old, And steer'd his bark Thro' shad-ows dark, With
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom,

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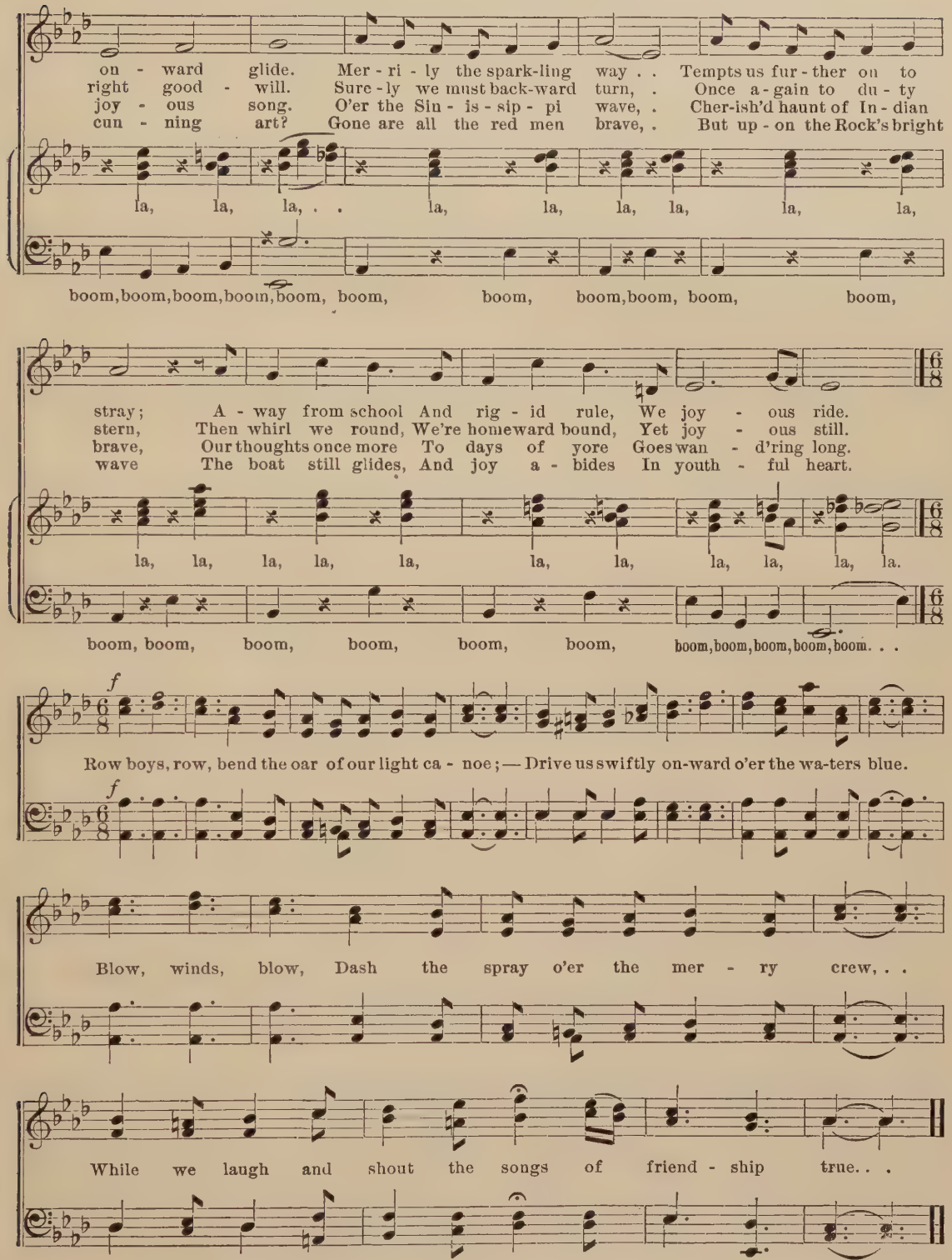
# A WESTERN COLLEGE BOATING SONG.


on - ward glide. Mer - ri - ly the spark-ling way . . Tempts us fur - ther on to
right good - will. Sure - ly we must back-ward turn, . Once a - gain to du - ty
joy - ous song. O'er the Sin - is - sip - pi wave, . Cher-ish'd haunt of In - dian
cun - ning art? Gone are all the red men brave, . But up - on the Rock's bright
la, la, la, . . la, la, la, la, la, la,
boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom,
stray; A - way from school And rig - id rule, We joy - ous ride.
stern, Then whirl we round, We're homeward bound, Yet joy - ous still.
brave, Our thoughts once more To days of yore Goes wan - d'ring long.
wave The boat still glides, And joy a - bides In youth - ful heart.
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom. . .
f
Row boys, row, bend the oar of our light ca - noe; — Drive us swiftly on-ward o'er the wa-ters blue.
f
Blow, winds, blow, Dash the spray o'er the mer - ry crew, . .
While we laugh and shout the songs of friend - ship true. . .

# MY MOUSTACHE.

Words of 2d and 3d verses by Arthur Nash.

Allegretto.
Tenors.
mp
1. My mous - tache is grow - ing, its gen - ial warmth be - stow - ing, Its
2. At morn and night I've nursed it; And night and morn I've cursed it! I
3. The maid-ens will be hy - ing, And with each oth - er vy - ing, A -
Basses.
mp
beau - ty charms the eye of all Broad-way. Come forth like a fai - ry So
swear it seemed as slow as slow can be! Nev-er more de - ri - sion! Oh,
dor - a - ble, each peach - y, dain - ty miss! Hop-ing each to cap - ture, The
light and so air - y And ram - ble o'er my up - per lip so gay.
love-ly hir - sute vis - ion Your curl - ing tips a silk - en ver - i - ty!
bliss! ah, the rap - ture! My first mag - net - ic cap - il - la - ry kiss!
ff Chorus.
p
Come! come! moustache, come! Come e'er the dye on thee fades; Come forth like a fair-y, So
ff
p
cres.
light and so air - y, And ram - ble o'er my up - per lip so gay.
cres.

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# LAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY SONG.

## LAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY.

Words by A. W. Doran.

Tenors. (Melody in 2d Tenor.)
1. Lake For - est dear, our Al - ma Ma - ter, Thy praise we sing with heart and
2. Be - neath thy for - est shades re - clin - ing, We gath - er knowledge at thy
Basses.
voice; Thy red and black float proud-ly o'er us, And in thy glo - ry we re -
feet, The hap - py days pass all too quick - ly With friend - ships bright and pleas-ures
joice. As stand thy brave old trees a - bout thee, Strong as thy lake's fierce waves in
meet. And when, in af - ter years, life's striv - ing Shall turn our joys to care and
storm, So stand thy chil-dren to de - fend thee, While love in ev - 'ry heart beats warm.
pain, The loves and friends of Al - ma Ma - ter, Our rich - est treas-ure shall re - main.

3 Lake Forest, when farewell we bid thee,
And from thy College halls depart,
As when, by land or sea divided
The love of country fills the heart;
When courage fails, our hopes are dying,
Our thoughts shall ever turn to thee,
Our watchword be, till time is ended,
"For God, Lake Forest, Victory!"

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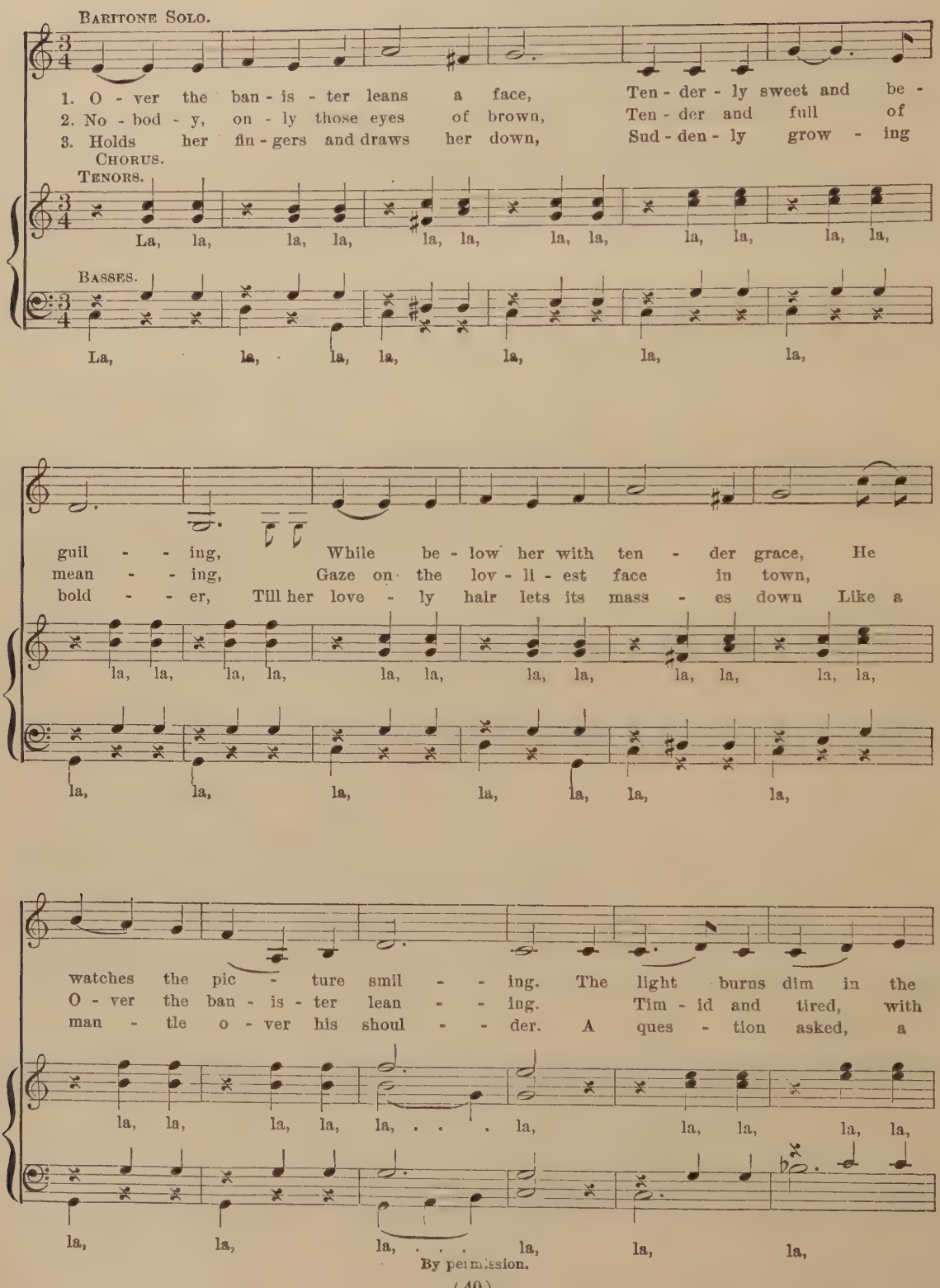
# OVER THE BANISTER.


Baritone Solo.
1. O - ver the ban - is - ter leans a face, Ten - der - ly sweet and be -
2. No - bod - y, on - ly those eyes of brown, Ten - der and full of
3. Holds her fin - gers and draws her down, Sud - den - ly grow - ing
Chorus.
Tenors.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Basses.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la,
guil - - ing, While be - low her with ten - der grace, He
mean - - ing, Gaze on the lov - li - est face in town,
bold - - er, Till her love - ly hair lets its mass - es down Like a
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
watches the pic - ture smil - - ing. The light burns dim in the
O - ver the ban - is - ter lean - - ing. Tim - id and tired, with
man - tle o - ver his shoul - - der. A ques - tion asked, a
la, la, la, la, la, . . . la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, . . . la, la, la,

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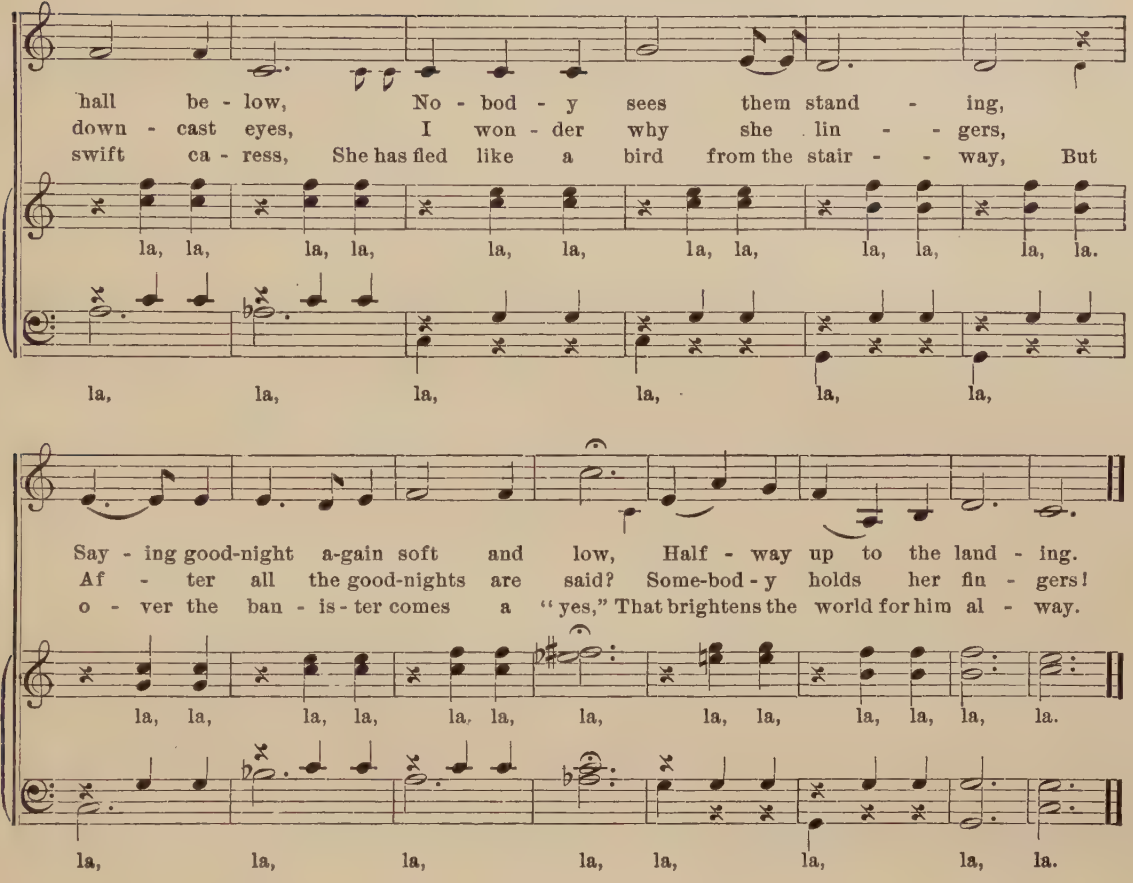
## OVER THE BANISTER.

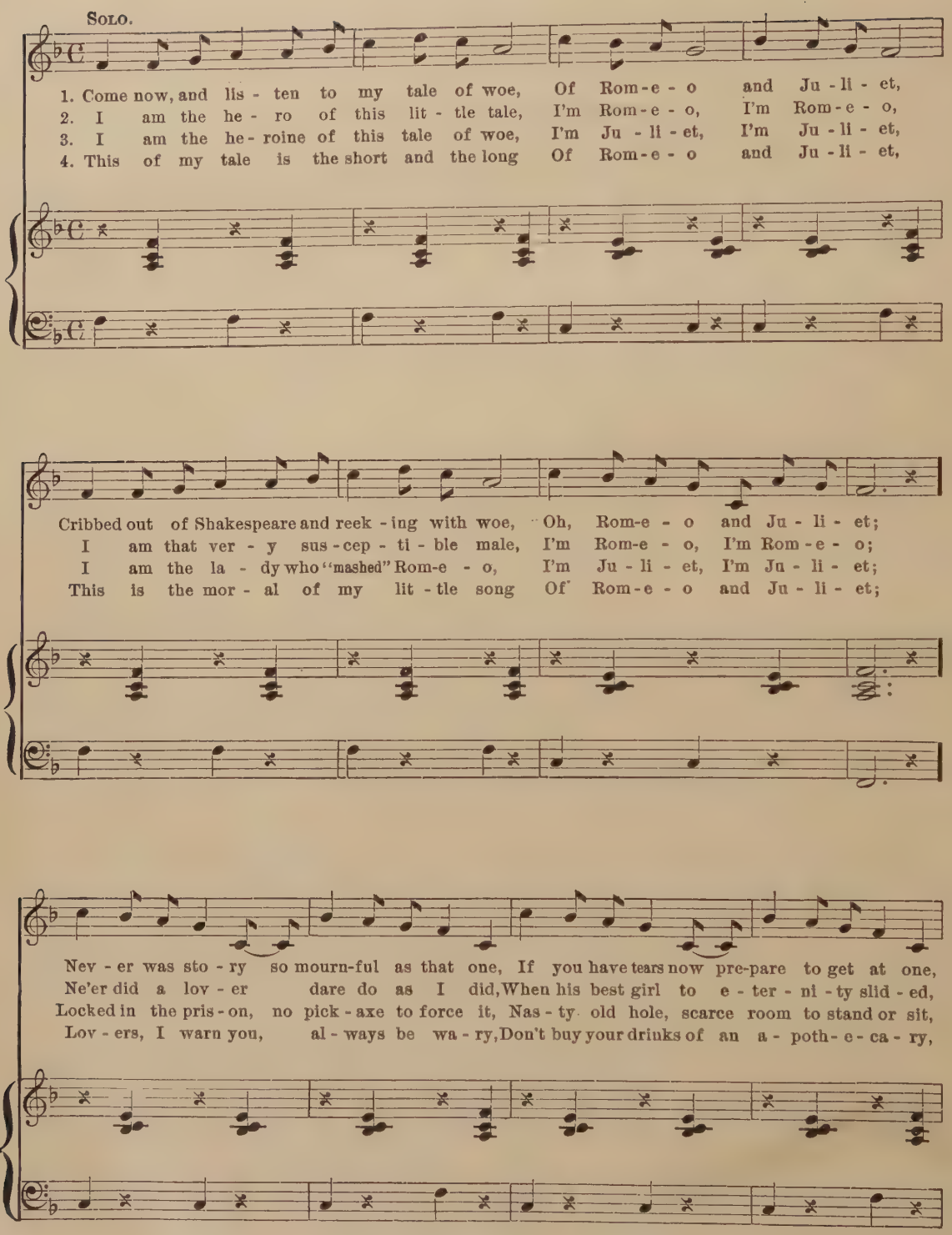

hall be - low, No - bod - y sees them stand - ing,
down - cast eyes, I won - der why she lin - - gers,
swift ca - ress, She has fled like a bird from the stair - - way, But
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
la, la, la, la, la, la,
Say - ing good-night a-gain soft and low, Half - way up to the land - ing.
Af - ter all the good-nights are said? Some-bod - y holds her fin - gers!
o - ver the ban - is - ter comes a "yes," That brightens the world for him al - way.
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

## STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

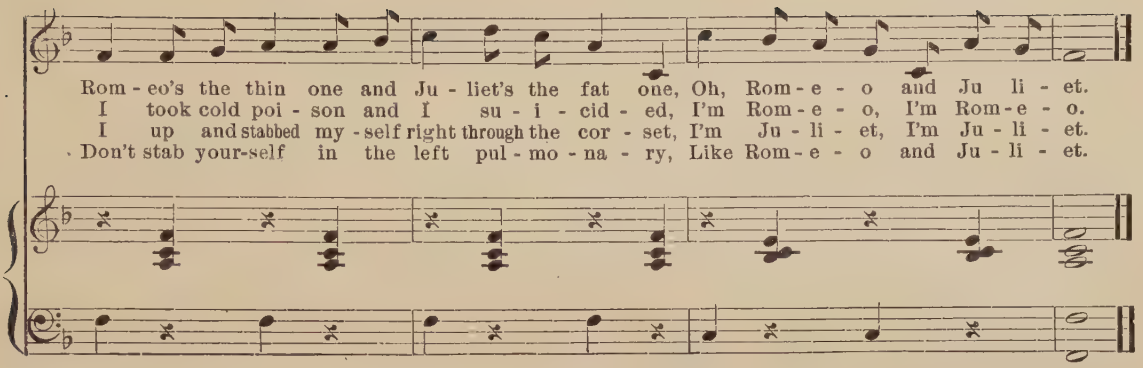
SERENADE.

Tenors.
Dolce. p
1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps, Sink, sink in
Basses.
p
rall. p
gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

# ROMEO AND JULIET.


Solo.
1. Come now, and lis - ten to my tale of woe, Of Rom-e - o and Ju - li - et,
2. I am the he - ro of this lit - tle tale, I'm Rom-e - o, I'm Rom-e - o,
3. I am the he - roine of this tale of woe, I'm Ju - li - et, I'm Ju - li - et,
4. This of my tale is the short and the long Of Rom-e - o and Ju - li - et,
Cribbed out of Shakespeare and reek - ing with woe, Oh, Rom-e - o and Ju - li - et;
I am that ver - y sus - cep - ti - ble male, I'm Rom-e - o, I'm Rom-e - o;
I am the la - dy who "mashed" Rom-e - o, I'm Ju - li - et, I'm Ju - li - et;
This is the mor - al of my lit - tle song Of Rom-e - o and Ju - li - et;
Nev - er was sto - ry so mourn-ful as that one, If you have tears now pre-pare to get at one,
Ne'er did a lov - er dare do as I did, When his best girl to e - ter - ni - ty slid - ed,
Locked in the pris - on, no pick - axe to force it, Nas - ty old hole, scarce room to stand or sit,
Lov - ers, I warn you, al - ways be wa - ry, Don't buy your drinks of an a - poth - e - ca - ry,

## ROMEO AND JULIET.


Rom - eo's the thin one and Ju - liet's the fat one, Oh, Rom - e - o and Ju li - et.
I took cold poi - son and I su - i - cid - ed, I'm Rom - e - o, I'm Rom - e - o.
I up and stabbed my - self right through the cor - set, I'm Ju - li - et, I'm Ju - li - et.
Don't stab your-self in the left pul - mo - na - ry, Like Rom - e - o and Ju - li - et.

# ILLINOIS.

### UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS.

Music by Walter Howe Jones.

Tenors.
1. By the riv - ers gen - tly flow - ing, Il - li - nois, Il - li - nois, O'er thy
2. When you heard your coun - try call - ing, Il - li - nois, Il - li - nois, Where the
3. Not with - out thy won - drous sto - ry, Il - li - nois, Il - li - nois, Can be
Basses.
prai - ries ver - dant grow - ing, Il - li - nois, Il - li - nois, Comes an ech - o on the
shot and shell were fall - ing, Il - li - nois, Il - li - nois, When the south - ern host with -
writ the na - tion's glo - ry, Il - li - nois, Il - li - nois, On the rec - ord of thy
breeze, Rust - ling thro' the leaf - y trees, And its mel - low tones are these, Il - li - nois, Il - li - nois.
drew, Pit - ting Grey a - gainst the Blue, There were none more brave than you, Il - li - nois, Il - li - nois.
years A - bram Lincoln's name ap - pears, Grant and Lo - gan and our tears, Il - li - nois, Il - li - nois.

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# A PARODY SONG.

Words by L. E. Baldwin. Arranged by E. J. Biedermann.

*Moderato.*

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. An at - om is a lit - tle thing, As small as small can be;
2. I al - ways heard that fleas were black, But I don't think it's so;
3. A lit - tle fly, one sum - mer's day, Was tired and hun - gry too;

TENOR AND BASS.

'Tis small - er than a nee - dle's point; 'Tis small - er than a flea.
For Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb Whose fleas were white as snow.
He sat down on some fly pa - per, And said, "I'm stuck on you."

I nev - er saw one in my life, But when I went to school,
This lit - tle lamb that Ma - ry had, It fol - lowed her each day,
My mother-in - law is dead and gone, A - las! to ne'er re - turn!

They told me 'twould take two of them To make a mol - e - cule.
Till Ma - ry put the bloom - ers on, And then it ran a - way.
She's up there with the an - gels now, She was too tough to burn.

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# WE CHEER FOR THE "U OF M."

## UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA.

*Andante.* Music by C. J. Zintheo.

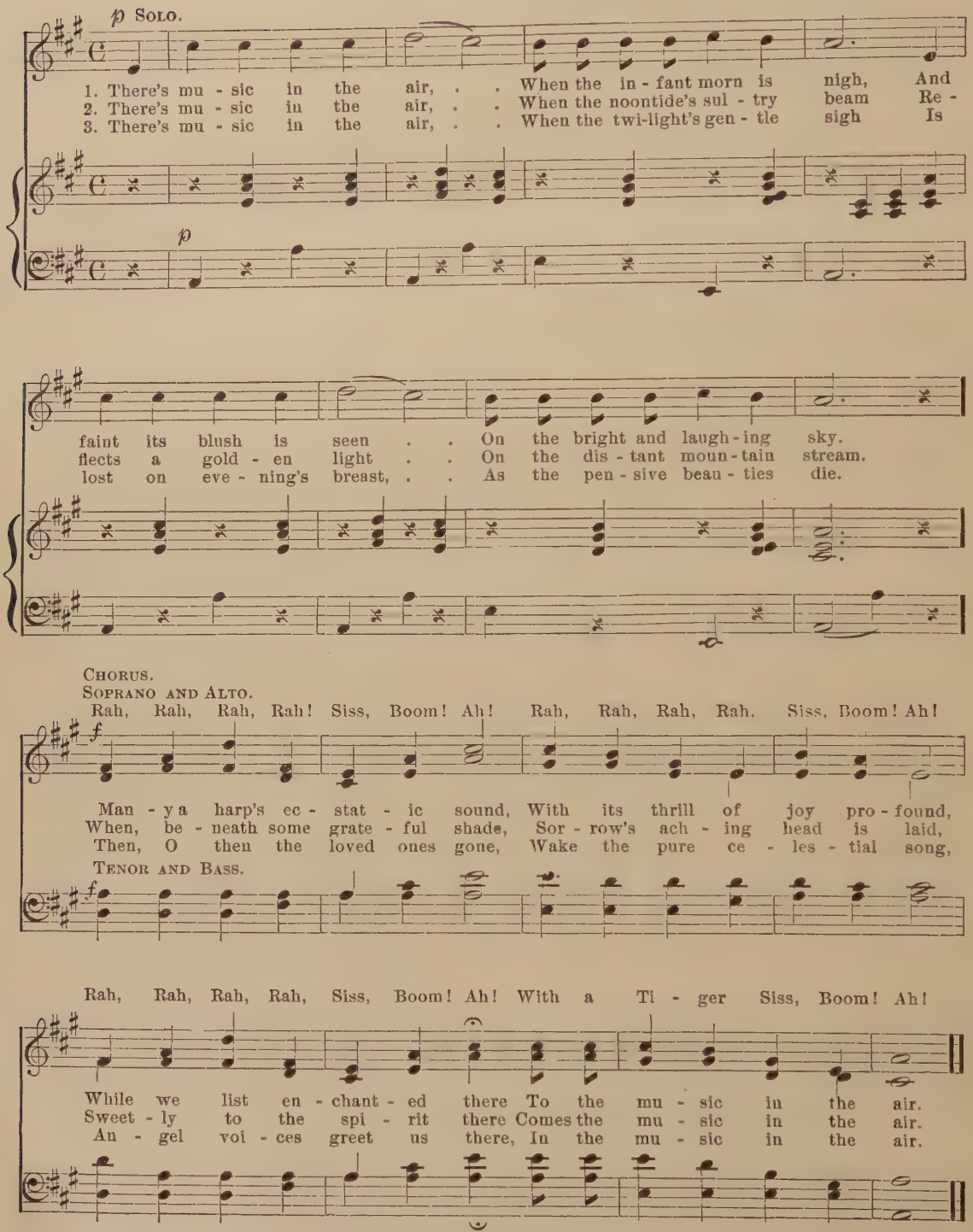
TENORS.

mf
1.
Tune ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry voice, Let all with one ac - cord re- joice;
Let mu - sic rule the fleet - ing hour, And thrill our hearts with
2.
Old Yale may boast of hoar - y walls, And Prince- ton claim most clas - sic halls;
For Har- vard's no - ted men of pride, Tra - di - tions old and
3.
Then ral - ly round her flag to - night, We all her no - ble sons in - vite;
Her praise and glo - ry to pro - claim, And sing for Min - ne - - - -
BASSES.
mf
all its pow'r. To Ski - u - mah we're sing - ing, The glad re - frain is
no - tice wide. We care not one i - o - ta For we love Min - ne -
so - ta's fame. When we no long - er tar - ry, An - oth - er throng will
ring - ing, Her sons and maids to - geth - er Give praise to Al - ma Ma - ter. To
so - ta, The larg - est West - ern col - lege, The pride of North Star knowl-edge. Ma -
car - ry Our songs of no - blest feel - ing, Re -frains will e'er be peel - ing. With
her we're true for - ev - er, And with our best en- deav- or We cheer for "U of M."
roon and gold her ban- ner, Her sons will ev - er hon - or And cheer for "U of M."
ban-ished care and sad - ness, They'll sing with joy and gladness Three cheers for "U of M."

By permission.

# THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

Arranged by E. J. Biedermann.


p Solo.
1. There's mu - sic in the air, . . When the in - fant morn is nigh, And
2. There's mu - sic in the air, . . When the noontide's sul - try beam Re -
3. There's mu - sic in the air, . . When the twi-light's gen - tle sigh Is
p
faint its blush is seen . . On the bright and laugh - ing sky.
flects a gold - en light . . On the dis - tant moun - tain stream.
lost on eve - ning's breast, . . As the pen - sive beau - ties die.
Chorus.
Soprano and Alto.
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah! Siss, Boom! Ah! Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Siss, Boom! Ah!
f
Man - y a harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of joy pro - found,
When, be - neath some grate - ful shade, Sor - row's ach - ing head is laid,
Then, O then the loved ones gone, Wake the pure ce - les - tial song,
Tenor and Bass.
f
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Siss, Boom! Ah! With a Ti - ger Siss, Boom! Ah!
While we list en - chant - ed there To the mu - sic in the air.
Sweet - ly to the spi - rit there Comes the mu - sic in the air.
An - gel voi - ces greet us there, In the mu - sic in the air.

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# CHEER FOR THE PURPLE.

## NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

Ernest H. Eversz.

Air, "Sabre Song.

Soprano and Alto.
1 2
1. Nor'west-ern, star of bright-est ra-diance, Thy glo-ry shall il-lume our way!
Im-mor-tal name, thou shalt in-spire us, And be our watchword in life's fray!
2. On grid-iron'd field or on the di'-mond, At tug-of-war or on the track,
Nor'west-ern ath-letes, do your no-blest! No praise or hon-or shall you lack.
3. A-lum-ni, proud of Al-ma Ma-ter, We'll cher-ish still Nor'-west-ern's name,
To add new lus-ter to her glo-ry, This, this a-lone shall be our aim.
Tenor and Bass.
Cheer for the pur-ple ban-ner roy-al! Cheer for the N of pur-est white!
See yon-der pur-ple ban-ner roy-al! See, too, the N of pur-est white!
Bright waves the pur-ple ban-ner roy-al! Bright gleams the N of pur-est white!
Nor'-west-ern men, be ev-er loy-al, We win what-ev-er be the fight!
Nor'-west-ern men, so staunch and loy-al, Vic-t'ry soon shall crown your might!
Nor'-west-ern hearts are ev-er loy-al, Her ex-al-ta-tion our de-light!
Chorus.
Cheer for the pur-ple, the pur-ple, the pur-ple! Cheer for the pur-ple, the N of pur-est white;
Cheer for the pur-ple, the pur-ple, the pur-ple. Nor'-west-ern men,—vic-to-rious in the fight!

By permission.

# THE COLLEGE CLOCK.

Words by H. B. Metcalf. Music by Arthur F. M. Custance.

Maestoso.
f
ff
Bass Solo.
1. The mer - riest po - ten - tate am I That ev - er turned a hand; I
2. What care I for the needs of men? My sub - jects are the hours; I
3. Some - times for sport I throw my hands A - bout, as in dis - tress; 'Tis
4. But, safe en - throned a - bove them all, I thrive with Fa - ther Time; He
mf
make the mo-ments has - ten by With ab - so - lute com - mand. . . I em - u - late no
grant them res - pite now and then, From their e - ter - nal tours. . . They own the right to
fun to hear my hu - man friends So - lic - i - tude ex - press. . . And then I work the
serves my bid - ding and my call With grace-ful - ness sub - lime. . . The years will has - ten
cres.
f
heav'n-ly sun, Nor earth - ly sat - el - lite; My wheels their sport-ive ra - ces run As
ex - er - cise The ver - i - est of ease, For I main-tain that prof - it lies In
col - lege bell, And call the peo - ple out; Some - times they re - a - lize the sell, And
quick - ly by, But e'er my rule shall stand; The mer-riest po - ten - tate am I That
cres.
f

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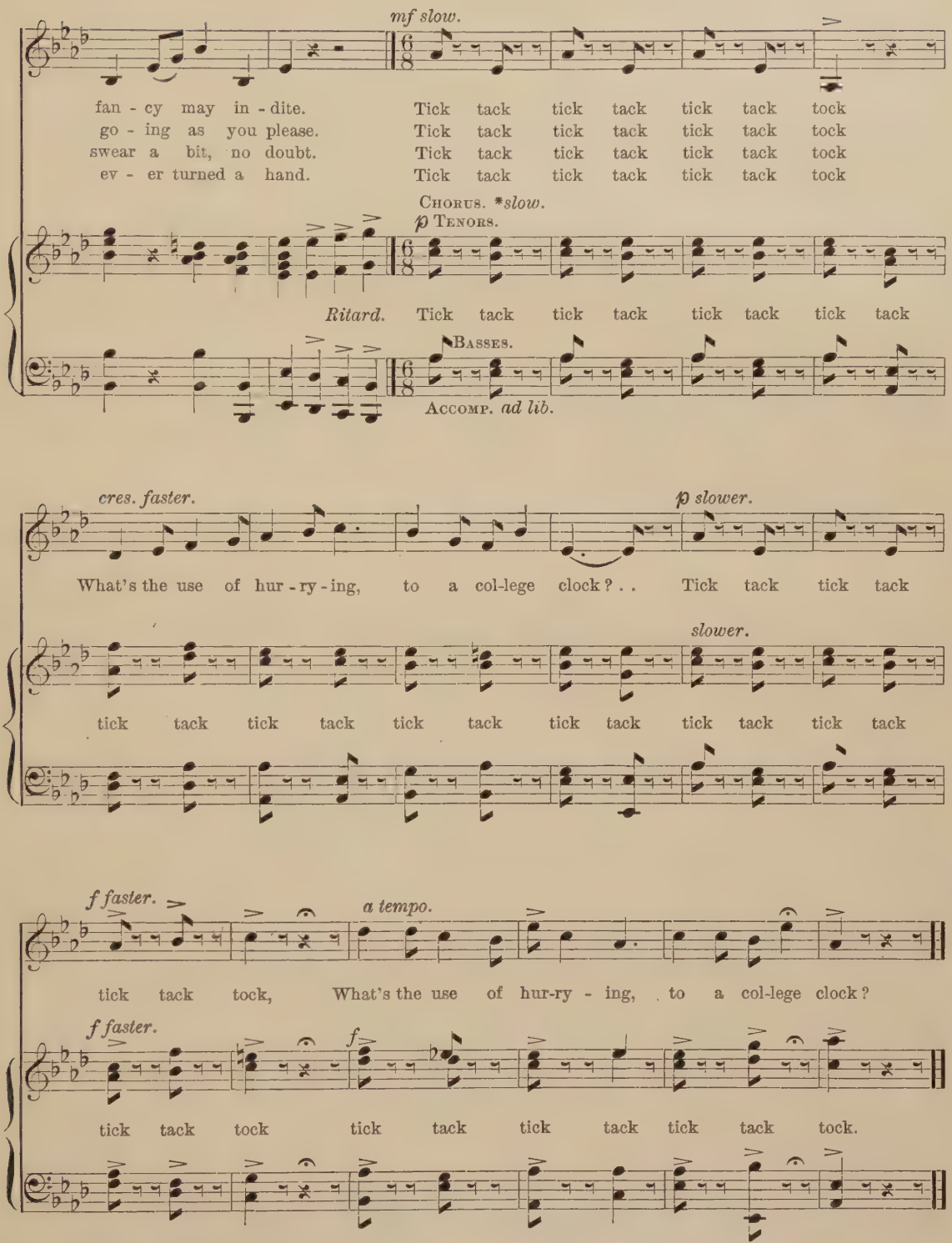
# THE COLLEGE CLOCK.

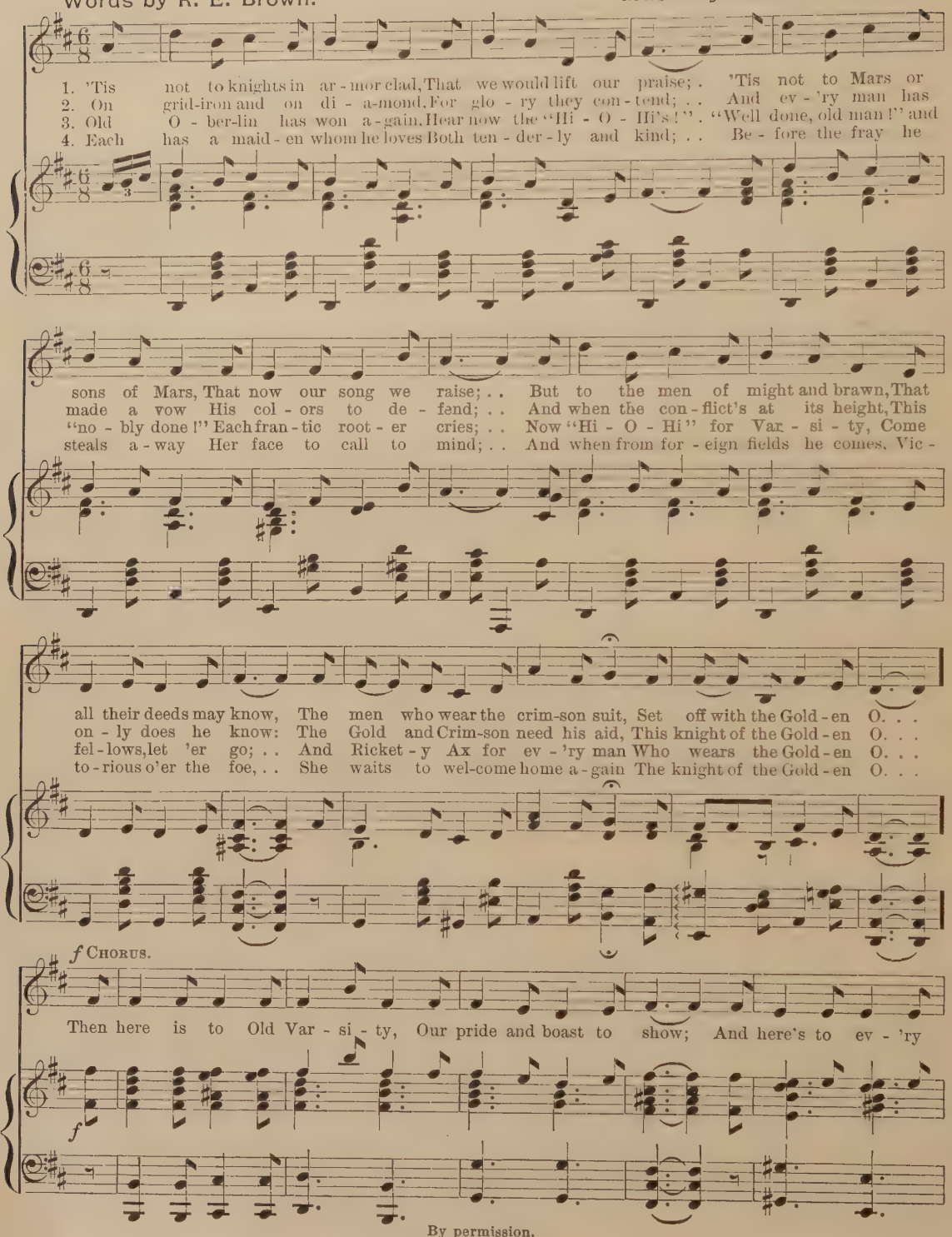

mf slow.
fan - cy may in - dite.
go - ing as you please.
swear a bit, no doubt.
ev - er turned a hand.
Tick tack tick tack tick tack tock
Tick tack tick tack tick tack tock
Tick tack tick tack tick tack tock
Tick tack tick tack tick tack tock
Chorus. *slow.
p Tenors.
Ritard.
Tick tack tick tack tick tack tick tack
Basses.
Accomp. ad lib.
cres. faster.
p slower.
What's the use of hur - ry - ing, to a col-lege clock? . . Tick tack tick tack
slower.
tick tack tick tack tick tack tick tack tick tack tick tack
f faster.
a tempo.
tick tack tock, What's the use of hur-ry - ing, to a col-lege clock?
f faster.
f
tick tack tock tick tack tick tack tick tack tock.

* The tempo of the chorus may be varied to represent the eccentricities of the clock, or it may be uniform throughout.

# THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN O.

## OBERLIN COLLEGE.

Words by R. E. Brown. Music by John P. Scott.


1. 'Tis not to knights in ar - mor clad, That we would lift our praise; . 'Tis not to Mars or
2. On grid-iron and on di - a-mond, For glo - ry they con - tend; . . And ev - 'ry man has
3. Old O - ber-lin has won a-gain, Hear now the "Hi - O - Hi's!". "Well done, old man!" and
4. Each has a maid - en whom he loves Both ten - der - ly and kind; . . Be - fore the fray he
sons of Mars, That now our song we raise; . . But to the men of might and brawn, That
made a vow His col - ors to de - fend; . . And when the con - flict's at its height, This
"no - bly done!" Each fran - tic root - er cries; . . Now "Hi - O - Hi" for Var - si - ty, Come
steals a - way Her face to call to mind; . . And when from for - eign fields he comes. Vic -
all their deeds may know, The men who wear the crim-son suit, Set off with the Gold - en O. . .
on - ly does he know: The Gold and Crim-son need his aid, This knight of the Gold - en O. . .
fel - lows, let 'er go; . . And Ricket - y Ax for ev - 'ry man Who wears the Gold - en O. . .
to - rious o'er the foe, . . She waits to wel-come home a - gain The knight of the Gold - en O. . .
f Chorus.
Then here is to Old Var - si - ty, Our pride and boast to show; And here's to ev - 'ry
f

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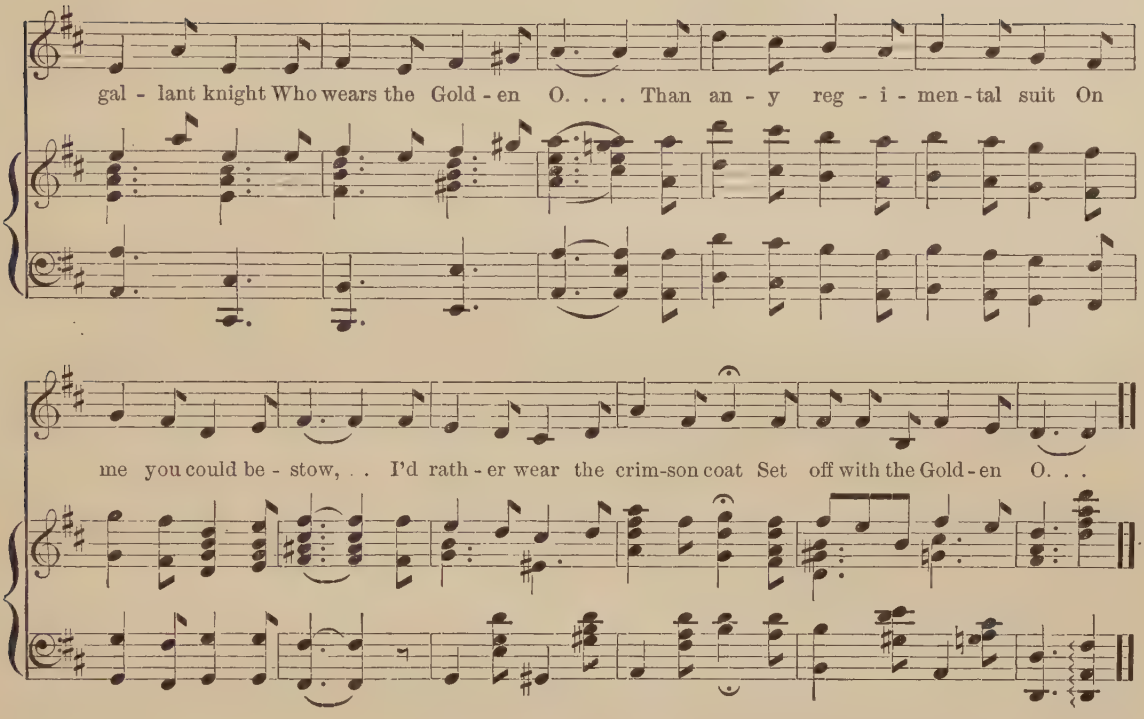
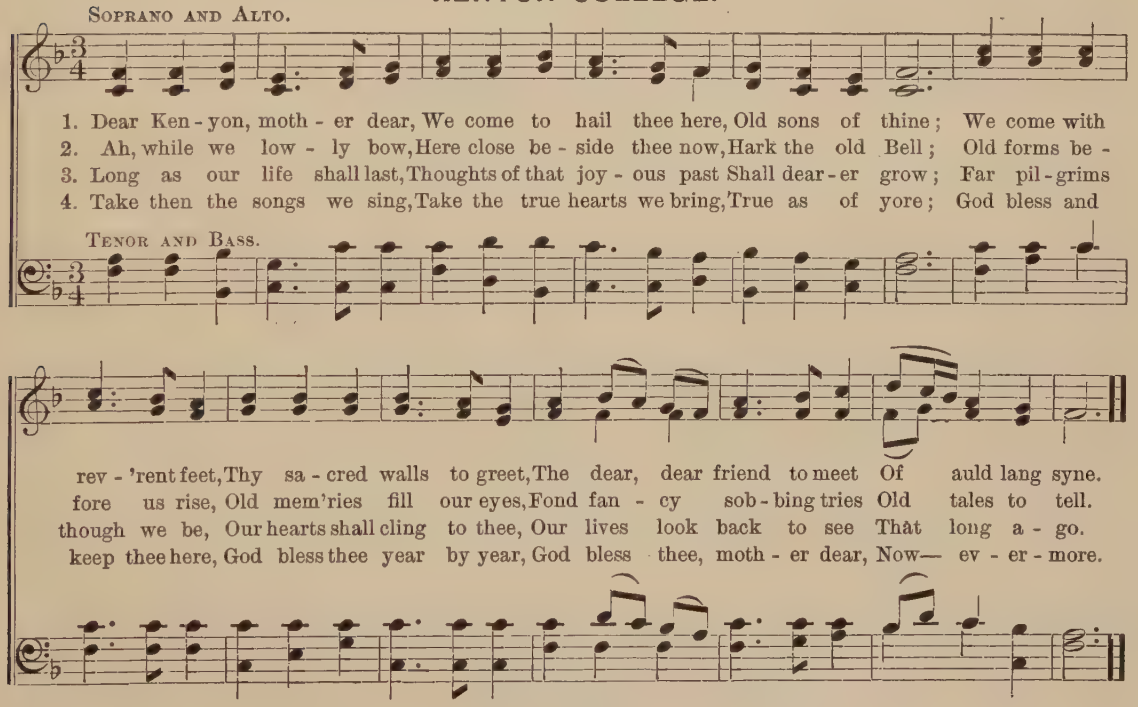
## THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN O.


gal - lant knight Who wears the Gold - en O. . . . Than an - y reg - i - men - tal suit On
me you could be - stow, . . I'd rath - er wear the crim-son coat Set off with the Gold - en O. . .

## DEAR KENYON.

### KENYON COLLEGE.


Soprano and Alto.
1. Dear Ken - yon, moth - er dear, We come to hail thee here, Old sons of thine; We come with
2. Ah, while we low - ly bow, Here close be - side thee now, Hark the old Bell; Old forms be -
3. Long as our life shall last, Thoughts of that joy - ous past Shall dear - er grow; Far pil - grims
4. Take then the songs we sing, Take the true hearts we bring, True as of yore; God bless and
Tenor and Bass.
rev - 'rent feet, Thy sa - cred walls to greet, The dear, dear friend to meet Of auld lang syne.
fore us rise, Old mem'ries fill our eyes, Fond fan - cy sob - bing tries Old tales to tell.
though we be, Our hearts shall cling to thee, Our lives look back to see That long a - go.
keep thee here, God bless thee year by year, God bless thee, moth - er dear, Now— ev - er - more.

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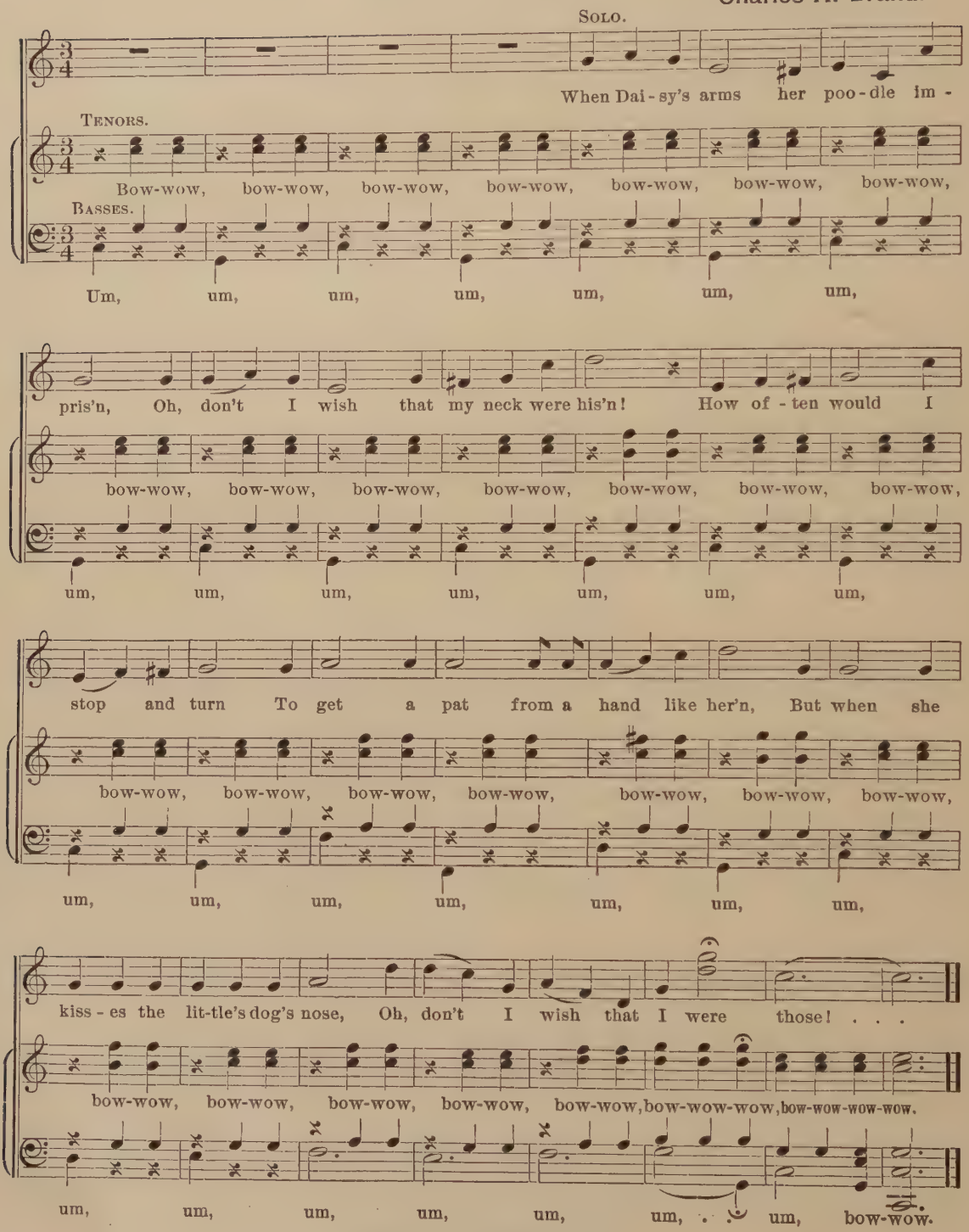
# DON'T I THOUGH!

## OBERLIN COLLEGE.

Charles A. Brand.


Solo.
When Dai-sy's arms her poo-dle im-
Tenors.
Bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow,
Basses.
Um, um, um, um, um, um, um,
pris'n, Oh, don't I wish that my neck were his'n! How of-ten would I
bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow,
um, um, um, um, um, um, um,
stop and turn To get a pat from a hand like her'n, But when she
bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow,
um, um, um, um, um, um, um,
kiss-es the lit-tle's dog's nose, Oh, don't I wish that I were those! . . .
bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow-wow, bow-wow-wow-wow.
um, um, um, um, um, um, um, bow-wow.

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# SONG OF THE "O. W. U."

## OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

Words by C. S. Anderson. Music by E. T. O'Kane.

TENORS.
1. It is the "O, W, U," . . Of which we sing to you; . . A mag-
2. In ath-let-ics we're in the swim, . . With vic-to-ry, vig-or, and vim; . . We
3. Our la-dies are handsome and bright, . They bring to our sports de-light; . . Lawn
4. Our spring is our glo-ry and pride; . To quaff from its crys-tal tide . . Will
U, U, the swim, and bright, and pride,
to you; and vim; de-light; its tide;
BASSES.
ni-fi-cent host Of stu-dents we boast, They're man-ly, and bright and true. . . We
play base ball, And wal-lop them all In twirl-ing the wil-low limb. . . And
ten-nis they play, And al-so cro-quet; Good hits they ap-plaud with their might, . And
cool us all off From the Prep. and the Soph. To the Sen-ior so dig-ni-fied; . . Re-
and true. the limb. their might, be-side:
num-ber a thou-sand and more; . . We've a-dopt-ed a "col-lege roar," . . Which we
when we can score a "home run," . . We cheer for the vic-to-ry won, . . Our
when they have rea-son to cheer, . . Their voi-ces they raise with-out fear; . . For
fresh-ing both bod-y and soul . . By a drink from its flow-ing bowl, . . Our
and more; "home run," to cheer. and soul
"hur-roar," won, won, no fear; its bowl,
CHORUS. College yell.
per-pe-trate, Both ear-ly and late, And here is the mu-sic-al score. O-wee, wi,
feel-ings to tell, We bring out our yell, And this is the way it is done:
vic-to-ries earned A yell they have learn'd, And this is the shout you will hear:
voices made clear We're read-y to cheer, And thus will our mel-o-dy roll:
wow, Al-lee ka-zee, zi, zow, Ra-zee, zi, zu, . . Vi-va, vi-va, "O, W, U."

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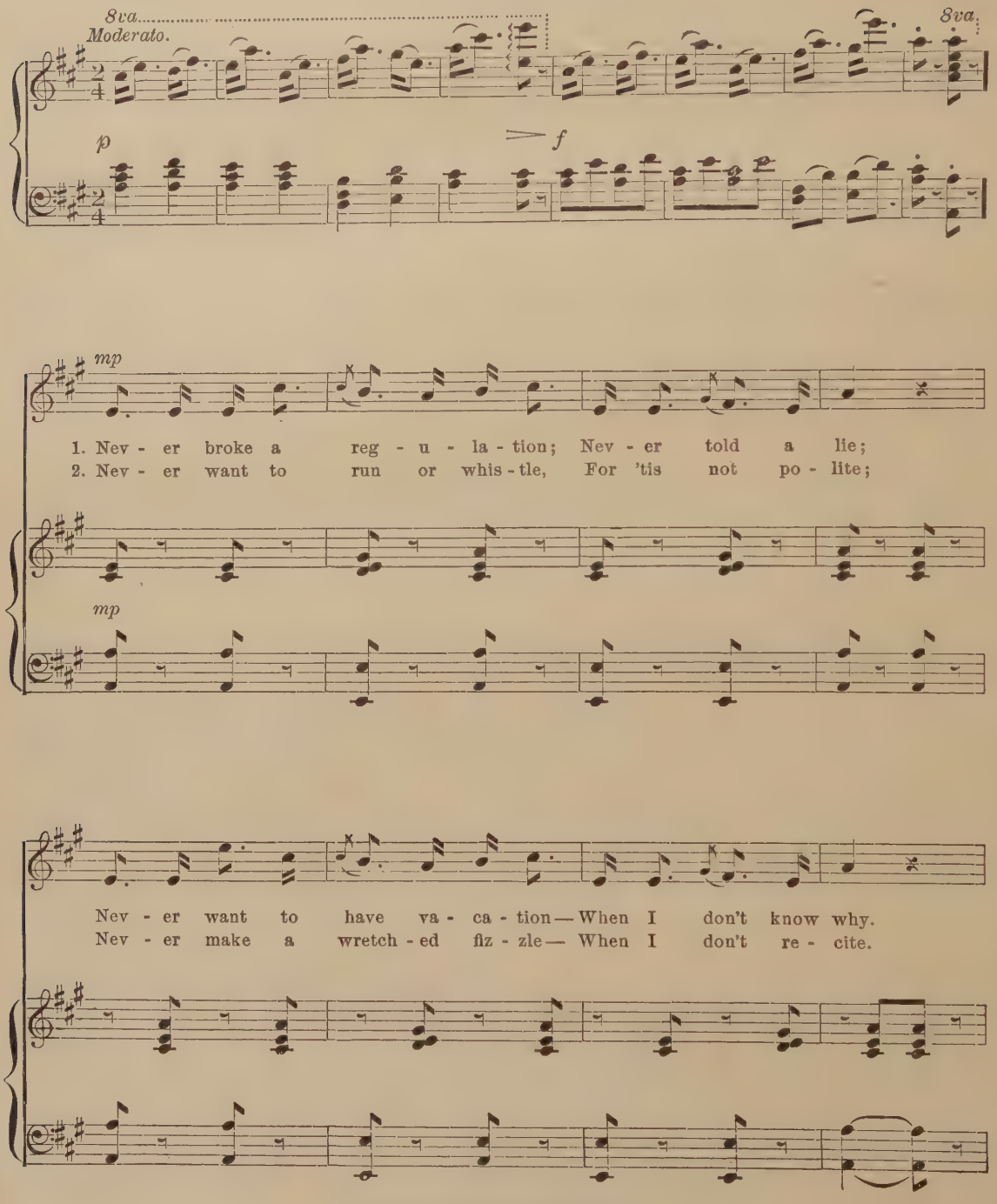
# A MODEL COLLEGE GIRL.

Words of 3d, 4th, and 6th verses by Dorothy Hayden.


8va
Moderato.
8va
p
f
mp
1. Nev - er broke a reg - u - la - tion; Nev - er told a lie;
2. Nev - er want to run or whis - tle, For 'tis not po - lite;
mp
Nev - er want to have va - ca - tion— When I don't know why.
Nev - er make a wretch - ed fiz - zle— When I don't re - cite.

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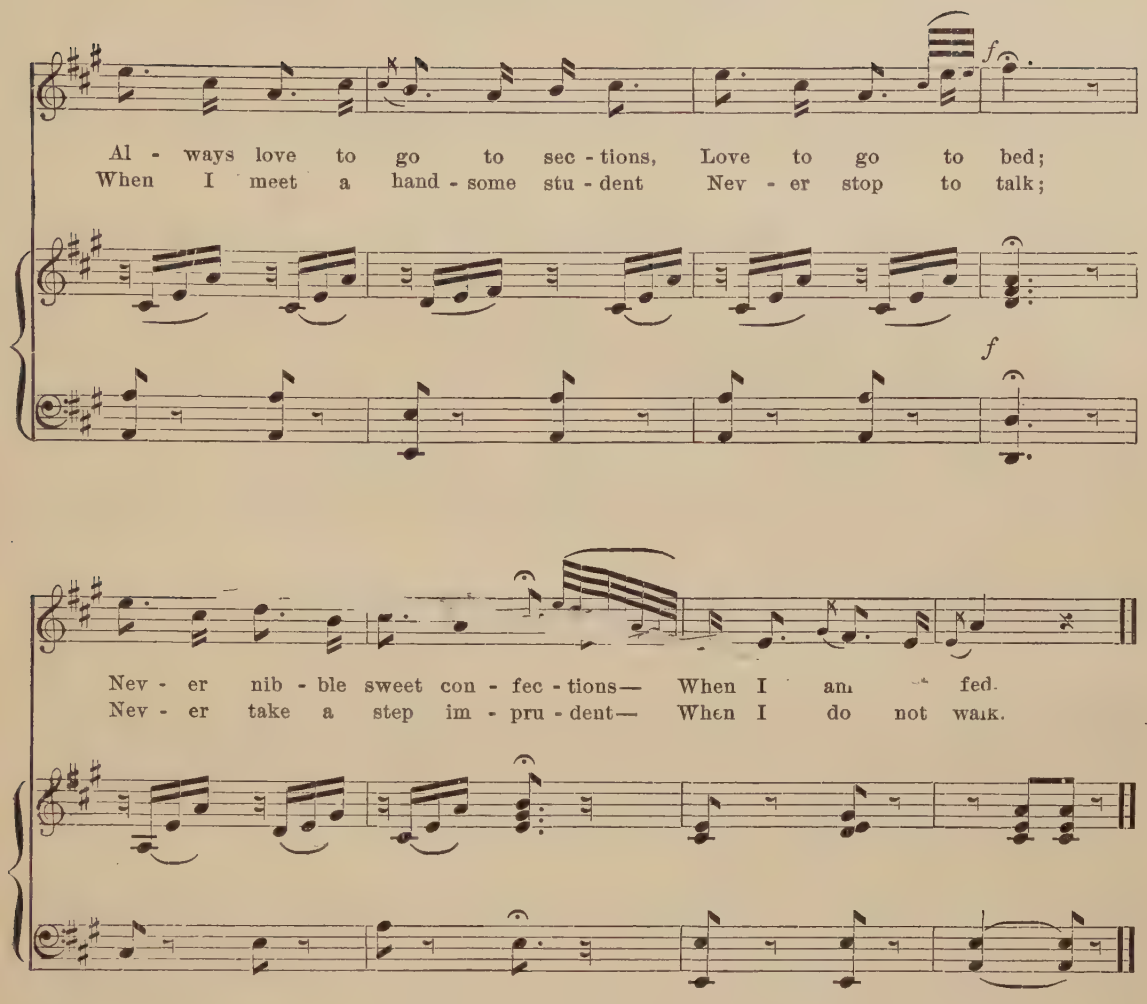
# A MODEL COLLEGE GIRL.


Al - ways love to go to sec - tions, Love to go to bed;
When I meet a hand - some stu - dent Nev - er stop to talk;
f
f
Nev - er nib - ble sweet con - fec - tions— When I am fed.
Nev - er take a step im - pru - dent— When I do not walk.

3 Never use a slang word, never!
Never chaff or chin;
Never keep my skirts together
With a safety pin.
If I ever tilt my chair, sir,
You can bet——!——I mean——
Well, "I guess" you caught me there, sir,—
Brute! you're "just as mean!"

4 Never think or dream of lovers;
Never mount a chair
When a playful cat uncovers
Mousie's hidden lair.
Never cough when boys are looking,
Never say "ah, there!"
In our rooms we do no cooking,
Never bang our hair!

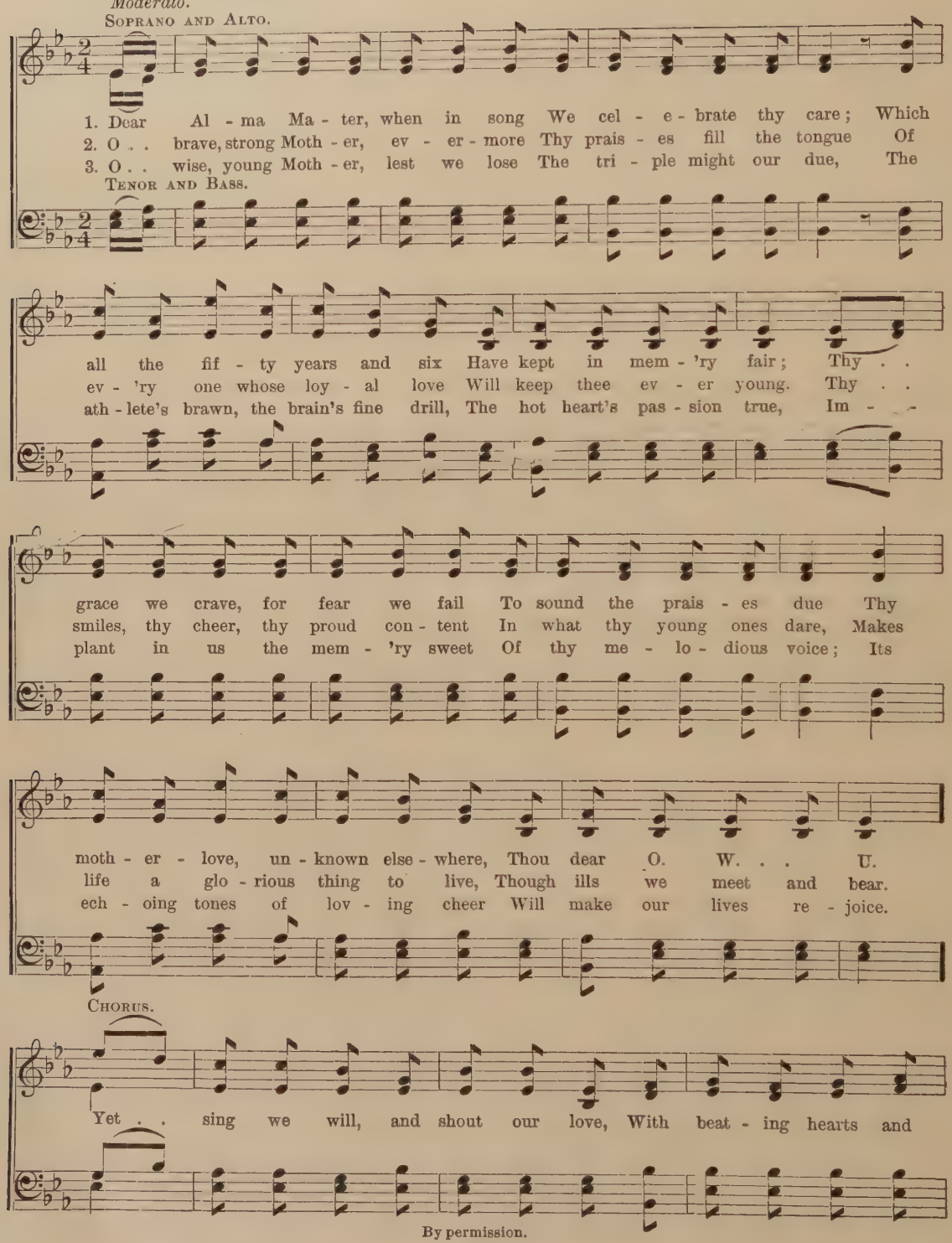
5 To my brothers once was tender,
Will not be again;
Never name the other gender,
Save to say A-men.
You may gather from these data
Just how good I be;
I'm as proud of Alma Mater
As she is of me.

6 Never walk abroad in trios;
Never stare and gaze;
In big hats you never see us
When at matinees.
Never whisper during sermons,
Always know the text;
Don't say Dutch, when we mean Germans!
— continued in our next!

# ALMA MATER.—OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

Words by R. T. Stevenson.

*Moderato.*


Soprano and Alto.
1. Dear Al - ma Ma - ter, when in song We cel - e - brate thy care; Which
2. O . . brave, strong Moth - er, ev - er - more Thy prais - es fill the tongue Of
3. O . . wise, young Moth - er, lest we lose The tri - ple might our due, The
Tenor and Bass.
all the fif - ty years and six Have kept in mem - 'ry fair; Thy . .
ev - 'ry one whose loy - al love Will keep thee ev - er young. Thy . .
ath - lete's brawn, the brain's fine drill, The hot heart's pas - sion true, Im - -
grace we crave, for fear we fail To sound the prais - es due Thy
smiles, thy cheer, thy proud con - tent In what thy young ones dare, Makes
plant in us the mem - 'ry sweet Of thy me - lo - dious voice; Its
moth - er - love, un - known else - where, Thou dear O. W. . . U.
life a glo - rious thing to live, Though ills we meet and bear.
ech - oing tones of lov - ing cheer Will make our lives re - joice.
Chorus.
Yet . . sing we will, and shout our love, With beat - ing hearts and

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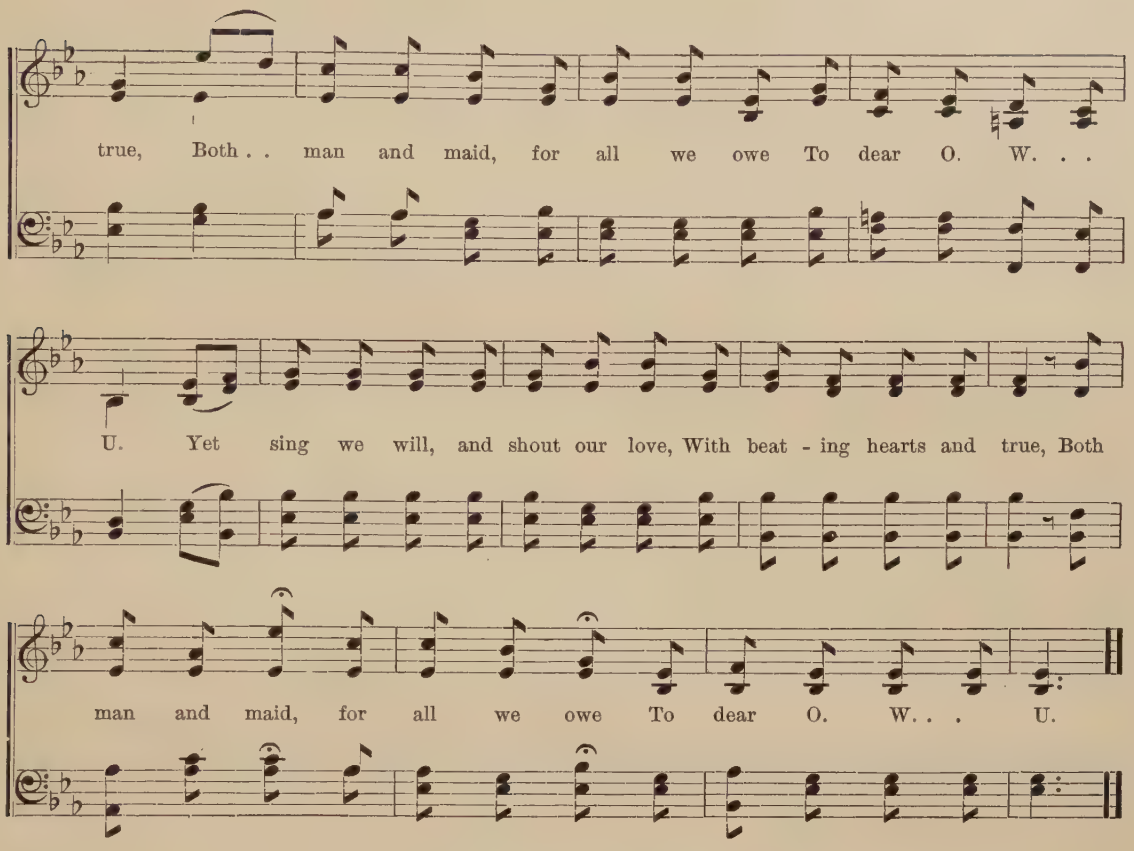
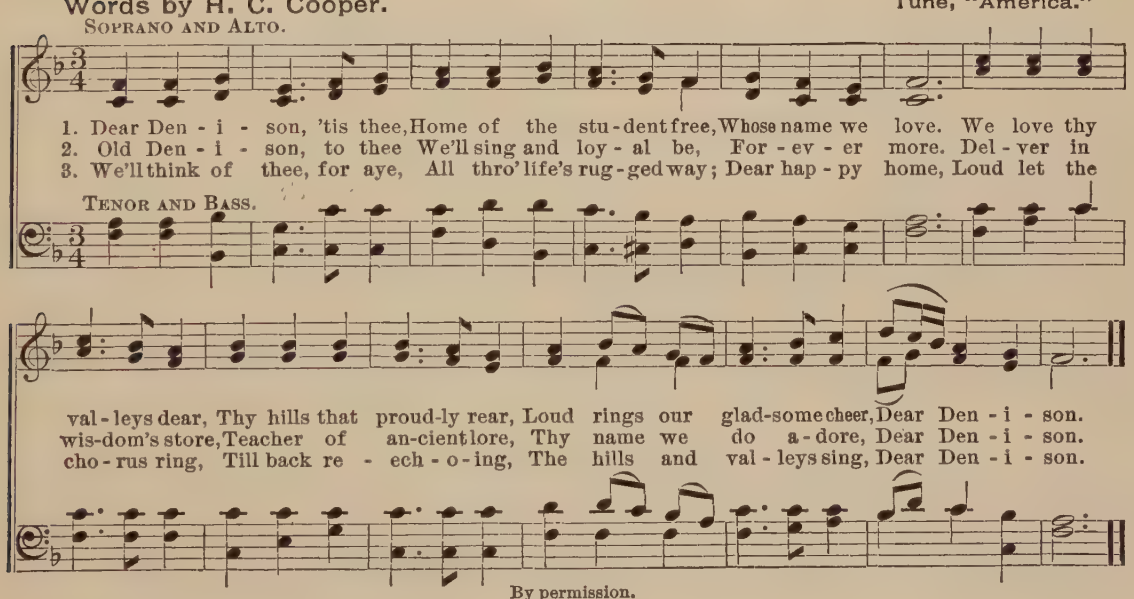
## ALMA MATER.—OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.


true, Both . . man and maid, for all we owe To dear O. W. . .
U. Yet sing we will, and shout our love, With beat - ing hearts and true, Both
man and maid, for all we owe To dear O. W. . . U.

## ODE TO DENISON.

Words by H. C. Cooper. Tune, "America."


Soprano and Alto.
1. Dear Den - i - son, 'tis thee, Home of the stu - dent free, Whose name we love. We love thy
2. Old Den - i - son, to thee We'll sing and loy - al be, For - ev - er more. Del - ver in
3. We'll think of thee, for aye, All thro' life's rug - ged way; Dear hap - py home, Loud let the
Tenor and Bass.
val - leys dear, Thy hills that proud-ly rear, Loud rings our glad-some cheer, Dear Den - i - son.
wis-dom's store, Teacher of an-cient lore, Thy name we do a - dore, Dear Den - i - son.
cho - rus ring, Till back re - ech - o - ing, The hills and val - leys sing, Dear Den - i - son.

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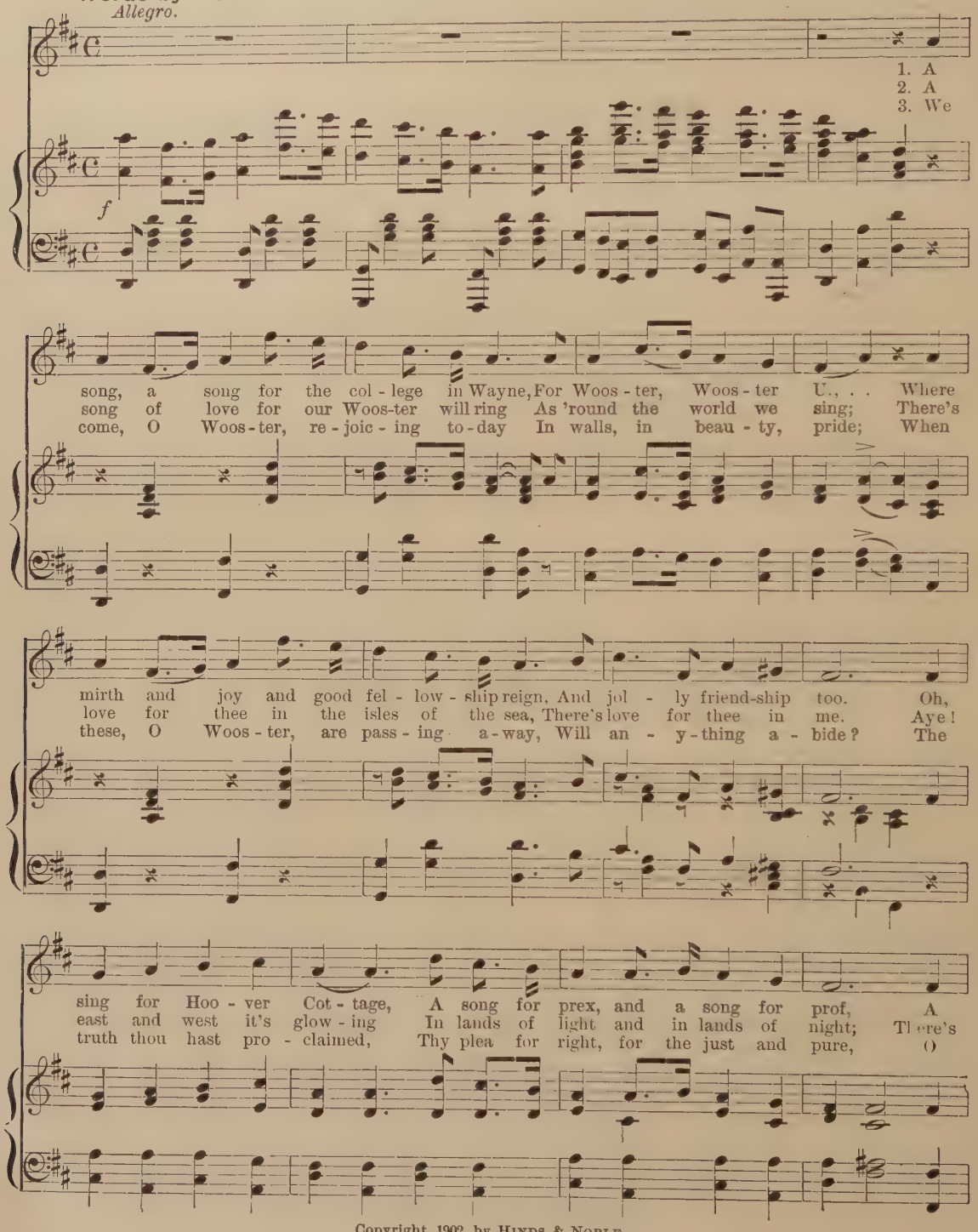
# FOR LOVE OF WOOSTER U.

## UNIVERSITY OF WOOSTER.

Words by Herbert Russell Harington. Arranged by Lloyd Adams.


Allegro.
1. A
2. A
3. We
f
song, a song for the col - lege in Wayne, For Woos - ter, Woos - ter U., . . Where
song of love for our Woos-ter will ring As 'round the world we sing; There's
come, O Woos - ter, re - joic - ing to - day In walls, in beau - ty, pride; When
mirth and joy and good fel - low - ship reign, And jol - ly friend-ship too. Oh,
love for thee in the isles of the sea, There's love for thee in me. Aye!
these, O Woos - ter, are pass - ing a - way, Will an - y - thing a - bide? The
sing for Hoo - ver Cot - tage, A song for prex, and a song for prof, A
east and west it's glow - ing In lands of light and in lands of night; There's
truth thou hast pro - claimed, Thy plea for right, for the just and pure, O

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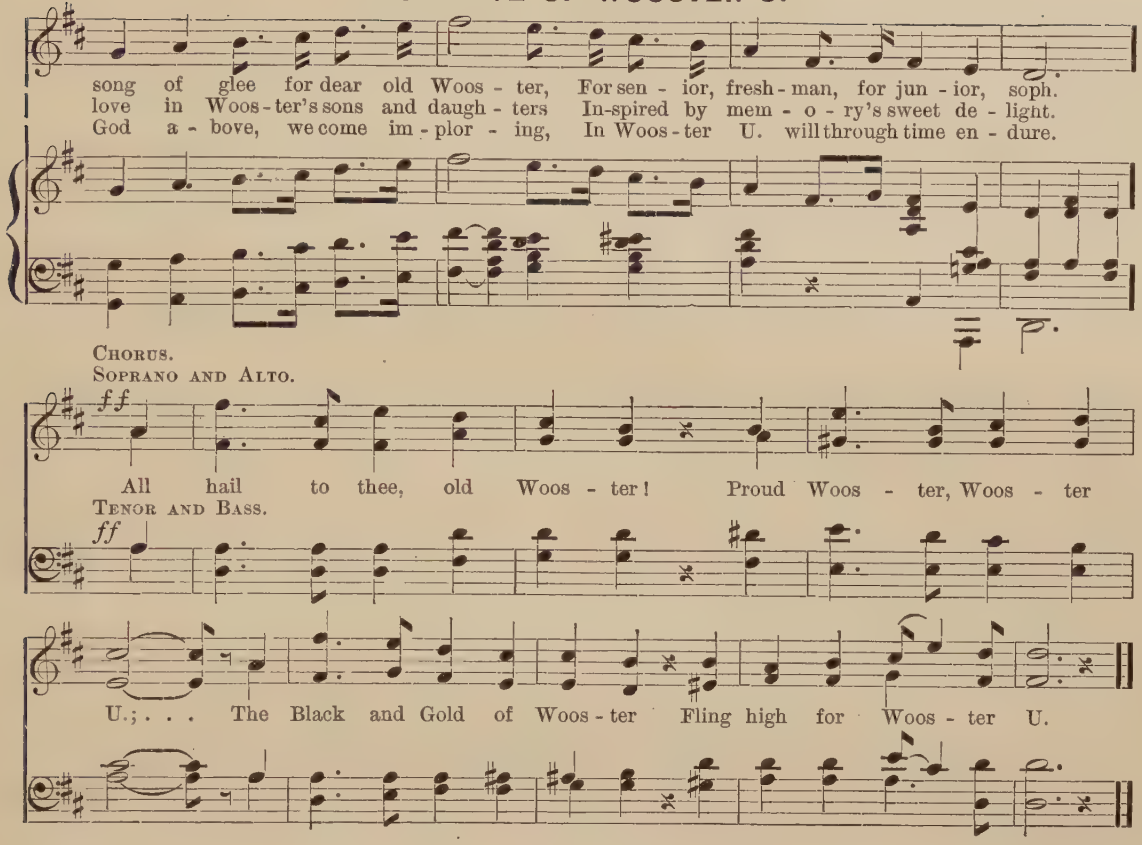
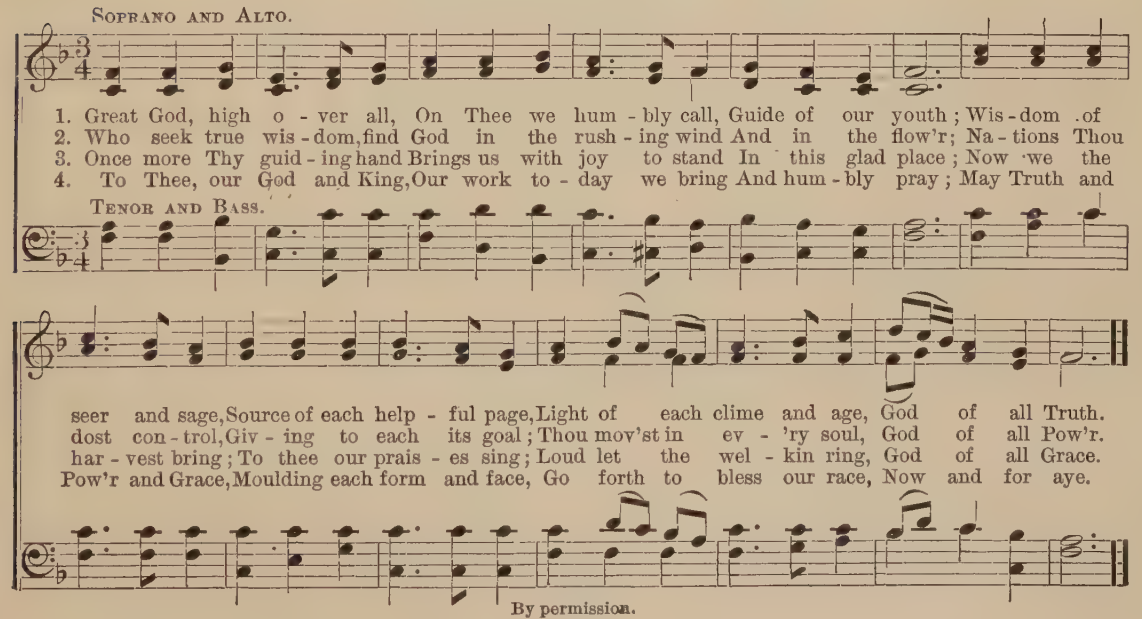
## FOR LOVE OF WOOSTER U.


song of glee for dear old Woos - ter, For sen - ior, fresh - man, for jun - ior, soph.
love in Woos - ter's sons and daugh - ters In-spired by mem - o - ry's sweet de - light.
God a - bove, we come im - plor - ing, In Woos - ter U. will through time en - dure.
Chorus.
Soprano and Alto.
ff
All hail to thee, old Woos - ter! Proud Woos - ter, Woos - ter
Tenor and Bass.
ff
U.; . . . The Black and Gold of Woos - ter Fling high for Woos - ter U.

## A COMMENCEMENT HYMN.


Soprano and Alto.
1. Great God, high o - ver all, On Thee we hum - bly call, Guide of our youth; Wis - dom of
2. Who seek true wis - dom, find God in the rush - ing wind And in the flow'r; Na - tions Thou
3. Once more Thy guid - ing hand Brings us with joy to stand In this glad place; Now we the
4. To Thee, our God and King, Our work to - day we bring And hum - bly pray; May Truth and
Tenor and Bass.
seer and sage, Source of each help - ful page, Light of each clime and age, God of all Truth.
dost con - trol, Giv - ing to each its goal; Thou mov'st in ev - 'ry soul, God of all Pow'r.
har - vest bring; To thee our prais - es sing; Loud let the wel - kin ring, God of all Grace.
Pow'r and Grace, Moulding each form and face, Go forth to bless our race, Now and for aye.

By permission.

# THE COLLEGE PUMP.

Allegro con spirito.
Tenors.
Basses.
1. The pump pours forth pure Ad - am's ale, Ad - am's ale! Its
2. Who will, the blood - red wine may sing, wine may sing! Who
3. The boys troop some - times, free from care, free from care, And
co - pious flow will nev - er fail, nev - er fail! In lim - pid pu - ri - ty it
will, may Bac - chus crown as king, crown as king, But while my loy - al heart - beats
swish the han - dle thro' the air, thro' the air; They pass a - long the drip - ping
brings . . Re - fresh - ing draughts from hid - den springs; In lim - pid
jump, . . I'll hail the flow - ing col - lege pump; But while my
bowl, . . Ah, how it joys each thirst - y soul; They pass a -
pu - ri - ty it brings . . Re - fresh - ing draughts from hid - den springs.
loy - al heart - beats jump, . . I'll hail the flow - ing col - lege pump.
long the drip - ping bowl, . . Ah, how it joys each thirst - y soul.
mp
f
p
cres.
rit.
ff

4 Let others boast of music's power, music's power,
To speed the fellow's leisure hour,
Let them list to martial trump,
I'll praise the social college pump;
Let them list to martial trump,
I'll praise the social college pump.

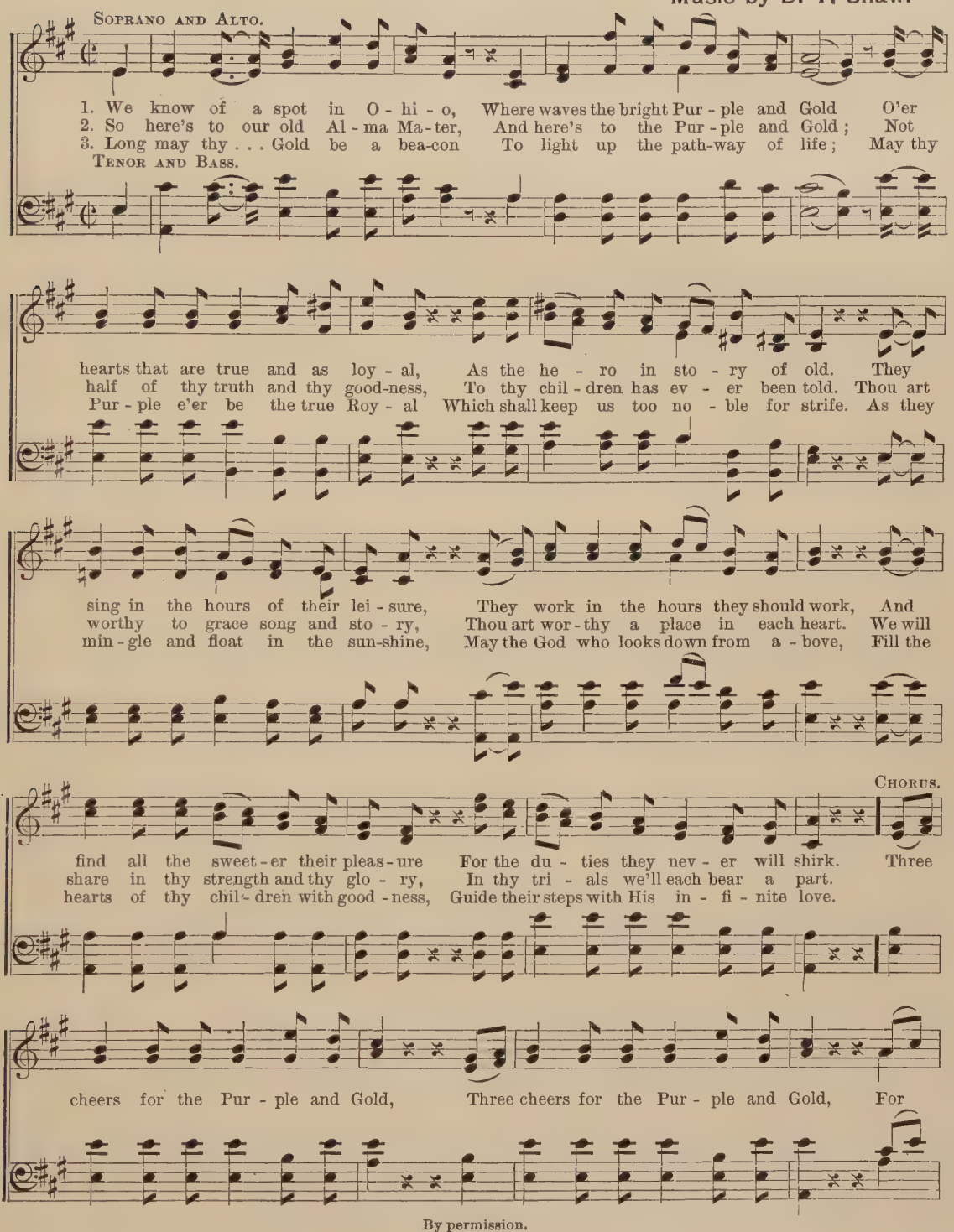
5 However strong to heal the sick, heal the sick,
Are little pills and capsules thick,
To cure a youth's conceited bump,
There's nothing like the college pump;
To cure a youth's conceited bump,
There's nothing like the college pump.

By permission.

# THE PURPLE AND THE GOLD.

## SCIO COLLEGE.

Music by D. T. Shaw.


Soprano and Alto.
1. We know of a spot in O - hi - o, Where waves the bright Pur - ple and Gold O'er
2. So here's to our old Al - ma Ma - ter, And here's to the Pur - ple and Gold; Not
3. Long may thy . . . Gold be a bea-con To light up the path-way of life; May thy
Tenor and Bass.
hearts that are true and as loy - al, As the he - ro in sto - ry of old. They
half of thy truth and thy good-ness, To thy chil - dren has ev - er been told. Thou art
Pur - ple e'er be the true Roy - al Which shall keep us too no - ble for strife. As they
sing in the hours of their lei - sure, They work in the hours they should work, And
worthy to grace song and sto - ry, Thou art wor - thy a place in each heart. We will
min - gle and float in the sun-shine, May the God who looks down from a - bove, Fill the
Chorus.
find all the sweet - er their pleas - ure For the du - ties they nev - er will shirk. Three
share in thy strength and thy glo - ry, In thy tri - als we'll each bear a part.
hearts of thy chil - dren with good - ness, Guide their steps with His in - fi - nite love.
cheers for the Pur - ple and Gold, Three cheers for the Pur - ple and Gold, For

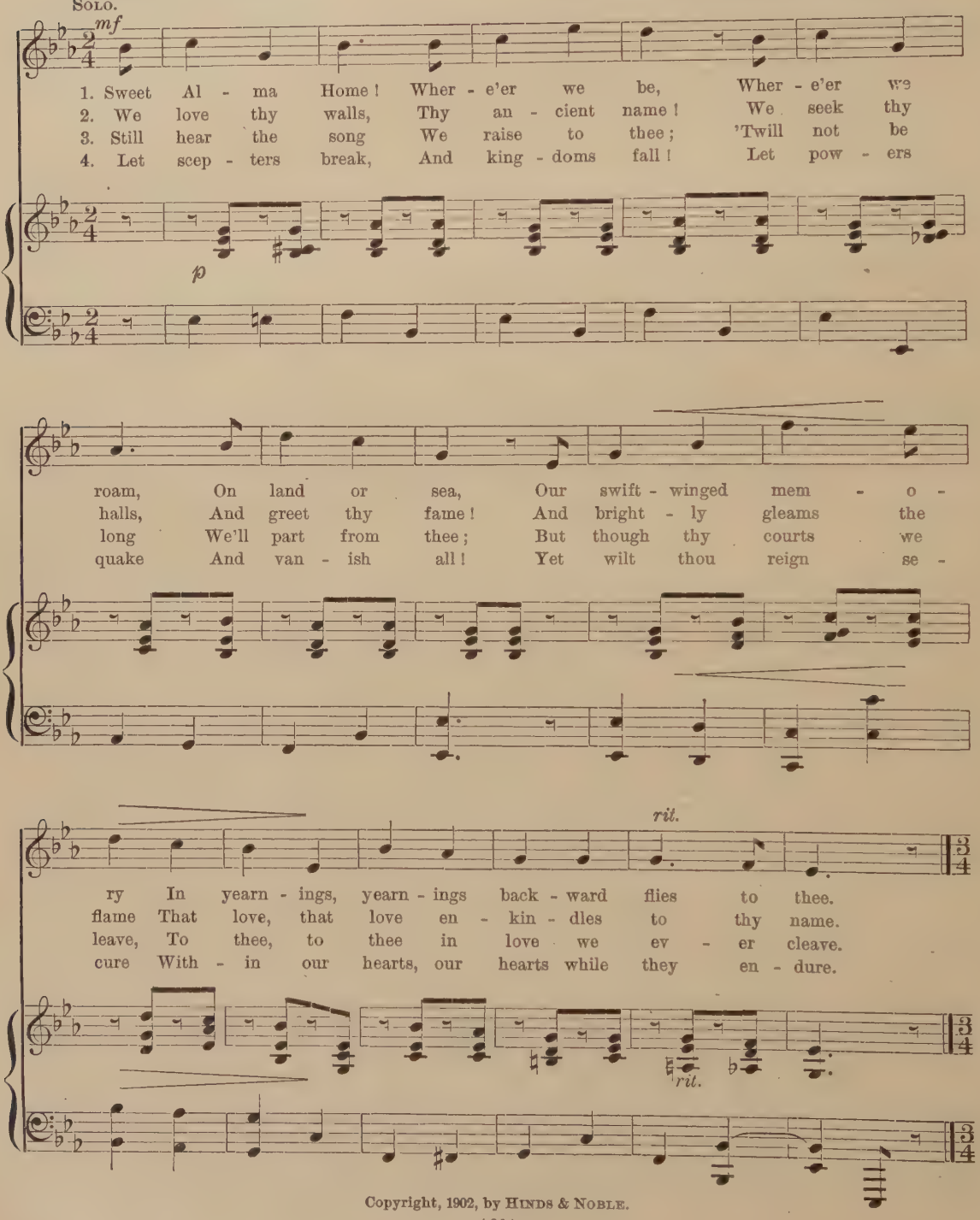
By permission.

# HEIDELBERG.

## HEIDELBERG UNIVERSITY.

Words by J. E. Hartman.

Music by F. A. Power.
Arranged by Gladwyn Kingsley.


Moderato.
Solo.
mf
1. Sweet Al - ma Home ! Wher - e'er we be, Wher - e'er we
2. We love thy walls, Thy an - cient name ! We seek thy
3. Still hear the song We raise to thee ; 'Twill not be
4. Let scep - ters break, And king - doms fall ! Let pow - ers
p
roam, On land or sea, Our swift - winged mem - o -
halls, And greet thy fame ! And bright - ly gleams the
long We'll part from thee ; But though thy courts we
quake And van - ish all ! Yet wilt thou reign se -
ry In yearn - ings, yearn - ings back - ward flies to thee.
flame That love, that love en - kin - dles to thy name.
leave, To thee, to thee in love we ev - er cleave.
cure With - in our hearts, our hearts while they en - dure.
ril.
ril.

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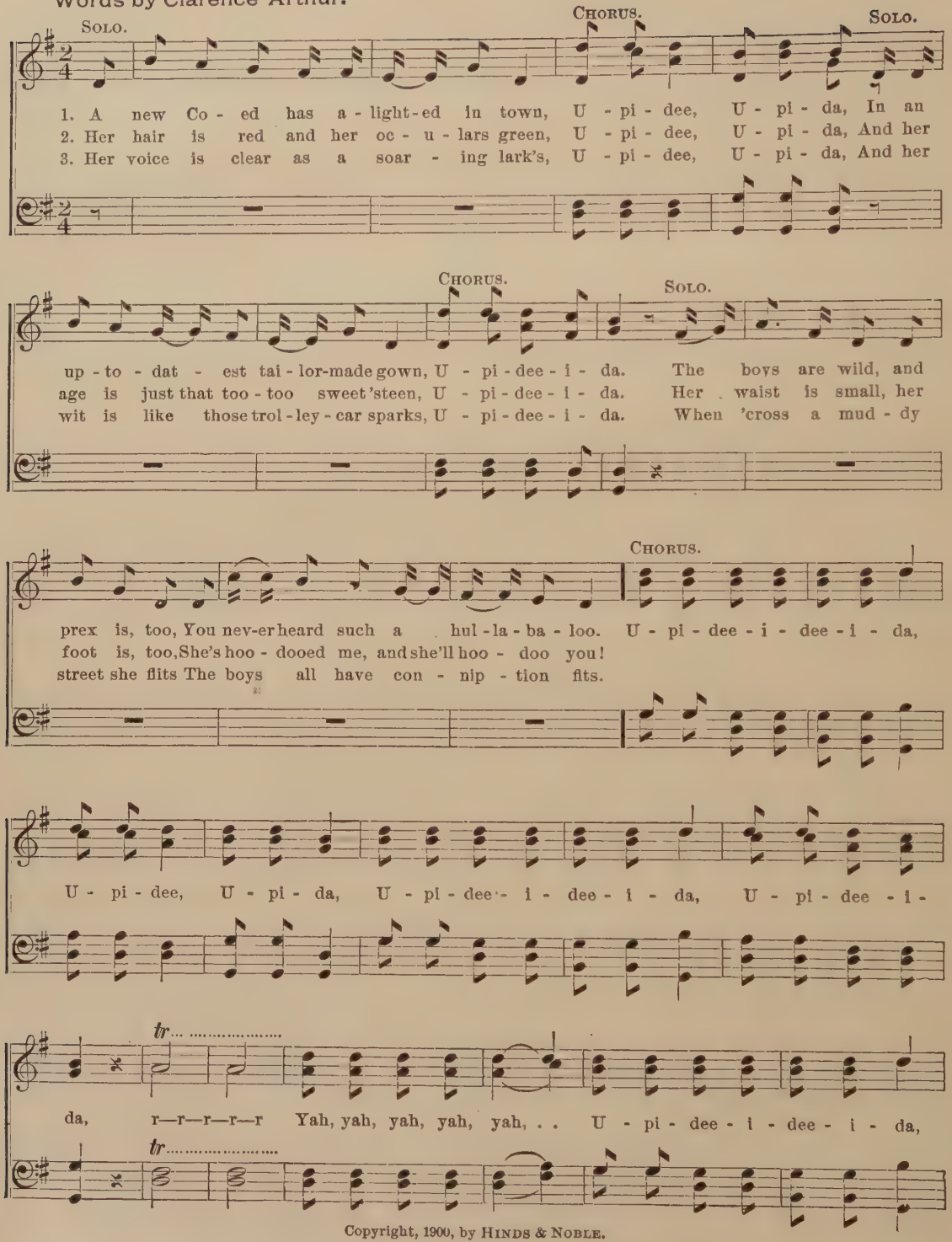
# HEIDELBERG.

Chorus.
Tempo di Valse.
Soprano and Alto.
mf
Sing Al - ma Ma - ter Hei - del - berg! Sing till the
Sing . . till
Tenor and Bass.
mf
Sing, sing, . . . sing, sing, Sing till the
vault - ed heav - ens ring! Sing till the gales on swift - est wing . .
vault - ed heav - ens ring! Sing till the swift wing
cres.
Bear the song a - way! . . . . . Sing till re - turn - ing
cres.
f
ech - oes bring Back a - gain the lay! . . Sing till the
f
ech - oes bring back the lay! . . . Sing Hei - del - berg! .

# UPIDEE.

Words by Clarence Arthur.


Solo.
Chorus.
Solo.
1. A new Co - ed has a - light - ed in town, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, In an
2. Her hair is red and her oc - u - lars green, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, And her
3. Her voice is clear as a soar - ing lark's, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, And her
Chorus.
Solo.
up - to - dat - est tai - lor-made gown, U - pi - dee - i - da. The boys are wild, and
age is just that too - too sweet 'steen, U - pi - dee - i - da. Her waist is small, her
wit is like those trol - ley - car sparks, U - pi - dee - i - da. When 'cross a mud - dy
Chorus.
prex is, too, You nev-er heard such a hul - la - ba - loo. U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da,
foot is, too, She's hoo - dooed me, and she'll hoo - doo you!
street she flits The boys all have con - nip - tion fits.
U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da, U - pi - dee - i -
tr
da, r—r—r—r—r Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, . . U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da,
tr

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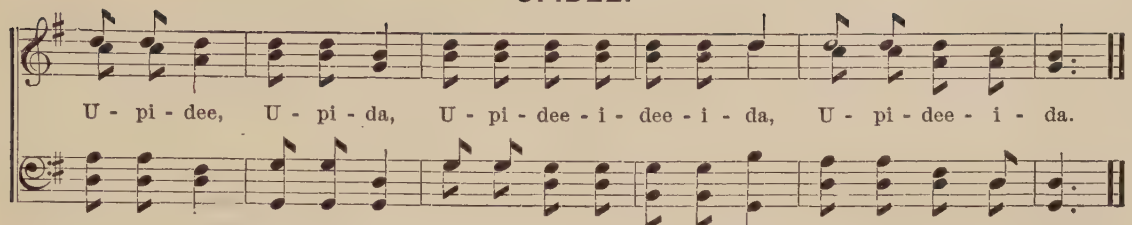
## UPIDEE.




4 She's not a prude, nor a little too-too,
Though she looks as if she knew a thing or two;
She makes us all hop, skip, and jump,
With our hearts all going thump-ity-thump.

5 The turn of her head turns all ours, too,
There's always a strife to sit in her pew;
'Tis enough to make a parson drunk
To hear her sing old co-ca-che-lunk.

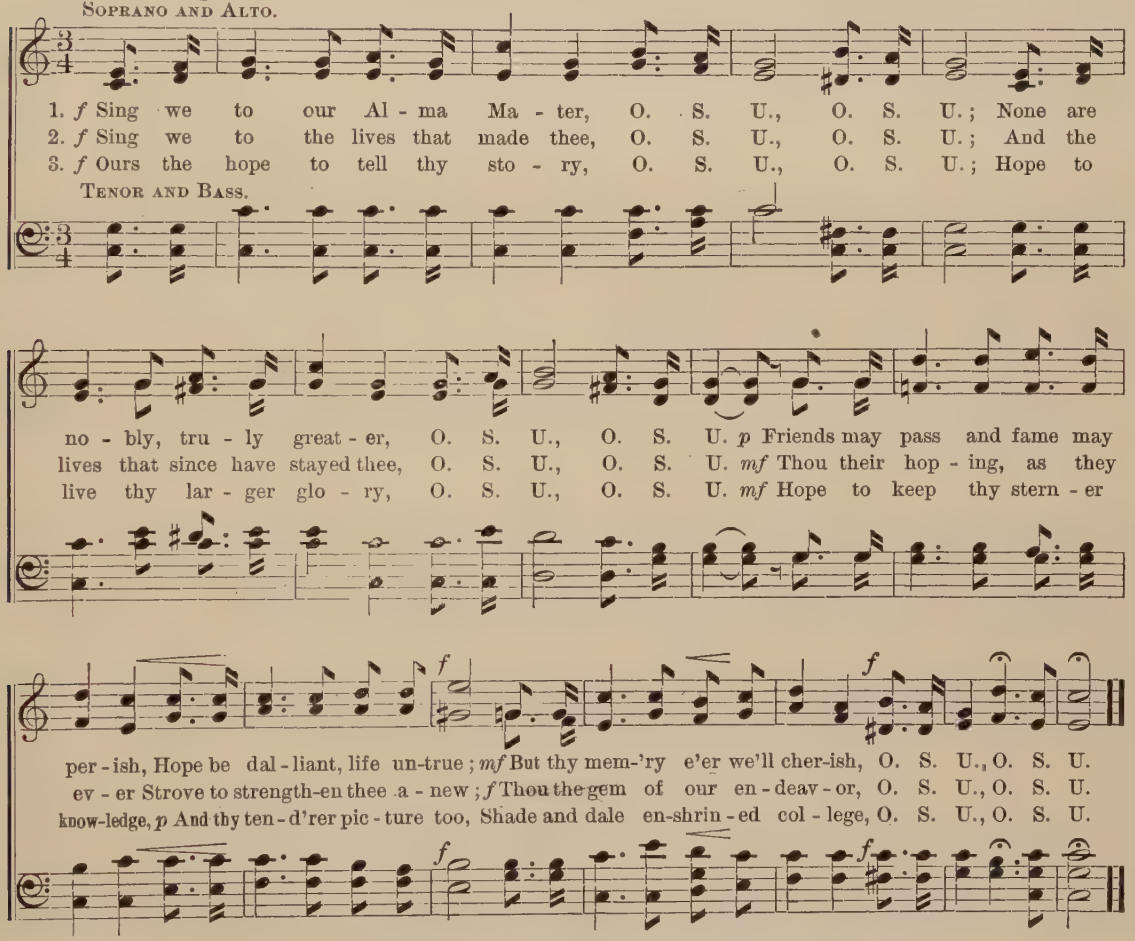
6 There's never a charm this maid has not,
She's the cross of our "T's," of our "I's" the dot;
To sing her praises more is — well
The tin-tin-ab-u-lation of a belle.

# ALMA MATER.—OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY.

Words and music by Rev. Ralph P. Smith.

*Moderato e poco maestoso.*

SOPRANO AND ALTO.


1. f Sing we to our Al - ma Ma - ter, O. S. U., O. S. U.; None are
2. f Sing we to the lives that made thee, O. S. U., O. S. U.; And the
3. f Ours the hope to tell thy sto - ry, O. S. U., O. S. U.; Hope to
TENOR AND BASS.
no - bly, tru - ly great - er, O. S. U., O. S. U. p Friends may pass and fame may
lives that since have stayed thee, O. S. U., O. S. U. mf Thou their hop - ing, as they
live thy lar - ger glo - ry, O. S. U., O. S. U. mf Hope to keep thy stern - er
per - ish, Hope be dal - liant, life un-true; mf But thy mem-'ry e'er we'll cher-ish, O. S. U., O. S. U.
ev - er Strove to strength-en thee a - new; f Thou the gem of our en - deav - or, O. S. U., O. S. U.
know-ledge, p And thy ten - d'rer pic - ture too, Shade and dale en-shrin - ed col - lege, O. S. U., O. S. U.

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# THE SCARLET AND GRAY FOREVER.

## OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY.

Words and music by Charles W. Gayman.

*Lively.*

CHORUS IN UNISON.

1. We love to sing of
2. Tune ev - 'ry heart to
3. When we have left these

*f*

O. S. U., Our no - ble Al - ma Ma - ter; . . . In all the west, she
sing for joy, And ban - ish ev - 'ry sor - row; . . . The boys and girls who
dear old halls, Up - on our grad - u - a - tion, . . An - oth - er throng shall

is the best, And none will e'er be great-er; . . . The ties that bind us to col - lege days, No
leave to - day, Will build her up to - mor - row; . . We're all in love with our col - lege home, The
sing our song, Of loy - al ad - o - ra - tion; . . The mem - 'ry of our col - lege life Shall

*f*

pow - er can ev - er sev - er; . . . For we'll be true to the O. S. U., and the
pride of our en - deav - or; . . . And we'll be true to the O. S. U., and the
nev - er fade, no, nev - er; . . . We'll all be true to the O. S. U., and the

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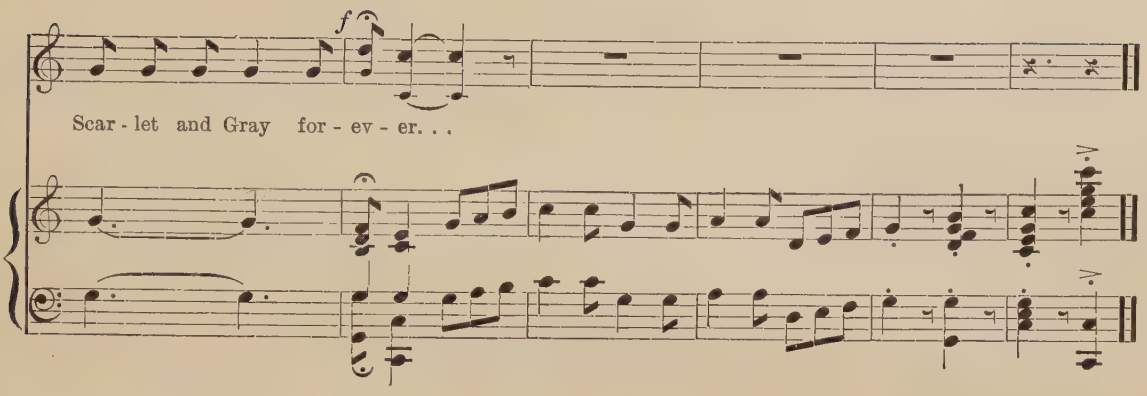
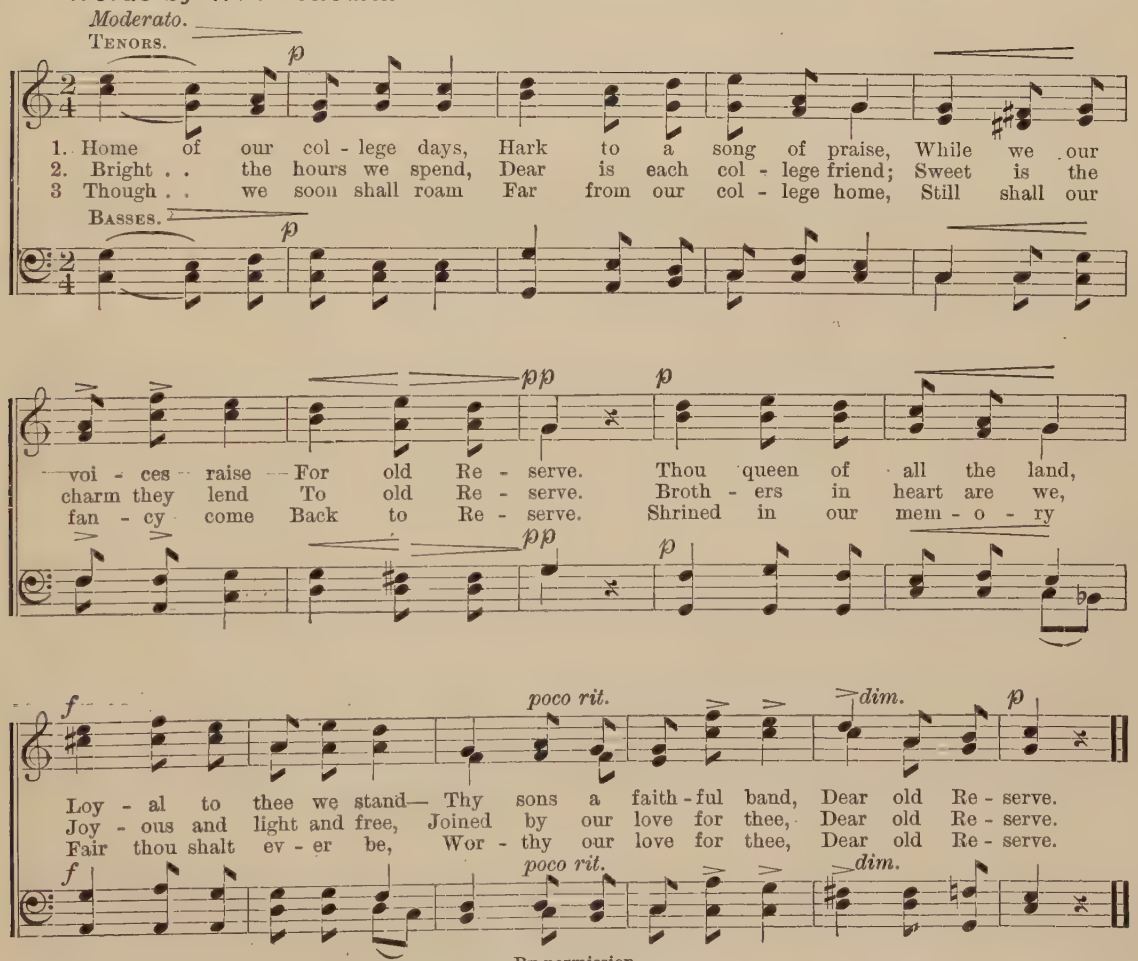
## THE SCARLET AND GRAY FOREVER.




# DEAR OLD RESERVE.

### WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY.

Words by W. H. Alburn.


Moderato.
TENORS.
BASSES.
1. Home of our col - lege days, Hark to a song of praise, While we our
2. Bright . . the hours we spend, Dear is each col - lege friend; Sweet is the
3 Though . . we soon shall roam Far from our col - lege home, Still shall our
voi - ces raise For old Re - serve. Thou queen of all the land,
charm they lend To old Re - serve. Broth - ers in heart are we,
fan - cy come Back to Re - serve. Shrined in our mem - o - ry
poco rit.
dim.
Loy - al to thee we stand— Thy sons a faith - ful band, Dear old Re - serve.
Joy - ous and light and free, Joined by our love for thee, Dear old Re - serve.
Fair thou shalt ev - er be, Wor - thy our love for thee, Dear old Re - serve.

By permission.

# WHERE, O WHERE.

Spirited.
SOPRANO AND ALTO.
1. Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh-men? Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh - men?
2. Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? Where, O where are the gay young Soph-'mores?
3. Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun - iors? Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun - iors?
TENOR AND BASS.
Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh - men? Safe now in the Soph-'more Class.
Where, O where are the gay young Soph-'mores? Safe now in the Jun - ior Class.
Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun - iors? Safe now in the Sen - ior Class.
They've gone out from pre - scribed Eng-lish, They've gone out from pre - scribed Eng - lish,
They've gone out from their old Lat - in, They've gone out from their old Lat - in,
They've gone out from their tough Mathe - mat - ics, They've gone out from their tough Math-e-mat - ics,
They've gone out from pre - scribed Eng - lish, Safe now in the Soph-'more Class.
They've gone out from their old Lat - in, Safe now in the Jun - ior Class.
They've gone out from their tough Mathe - mat - ics, Safe now in the Sen - ior Class.

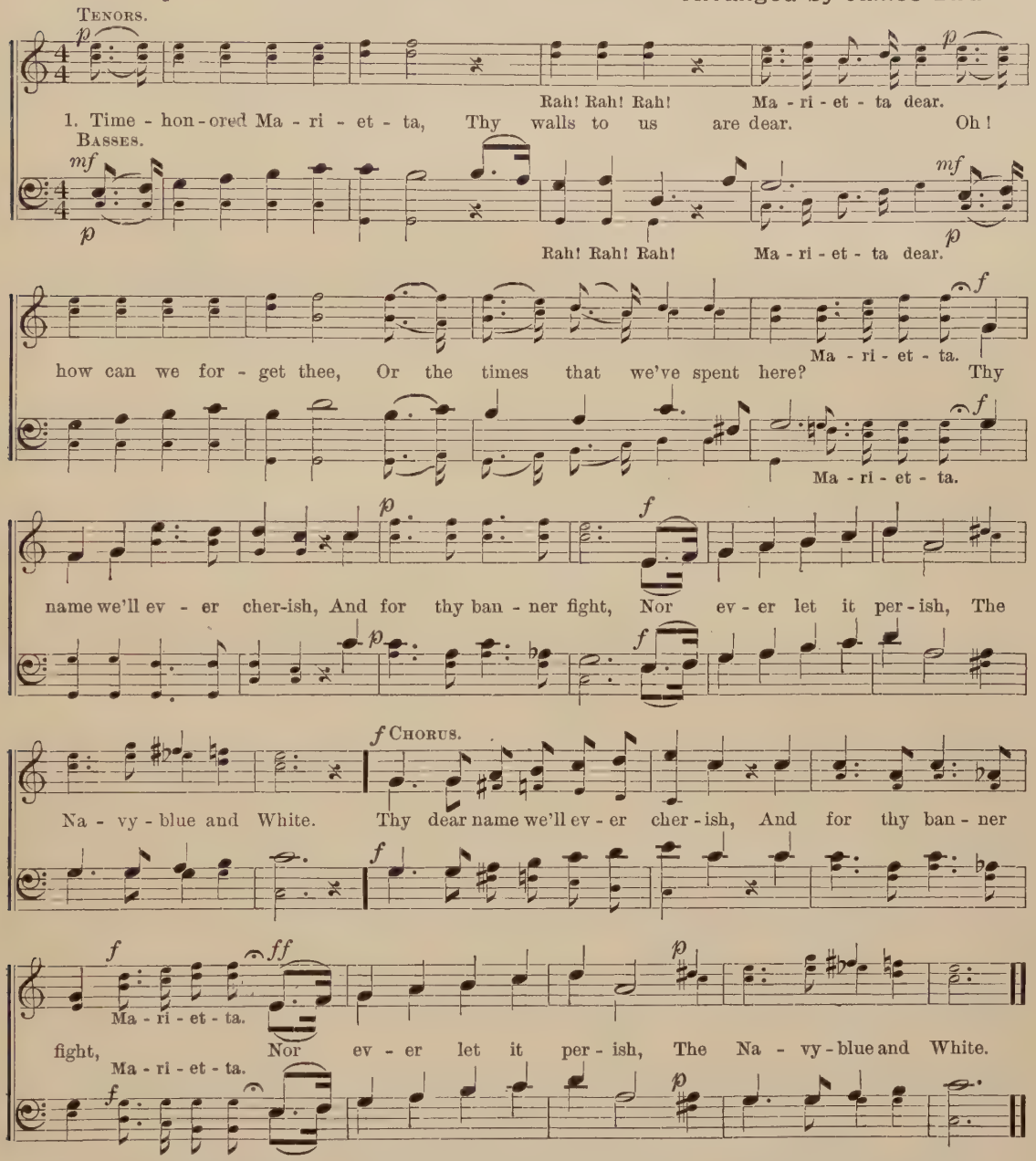
4 ‖: Where, O where are the grand old Seniors? :‖
Safe now in the wide, wide world.
‖: They've gone out from their Alma Mater,: ‖
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

5 ‖: Where, O where are the staid Alumnæ? .‖
Lost, lost in the wide, wide world.
‖: They've gone out from their dreams and theories,: ‖
Atoms lost in the wide, wide world

# THE NAVY-BLUE AND WHITE.

## MARIETTA COLLEGE.

Words by D. F. Turner. Arranged by James Bird.


Tenors.
Rah! Rah! Rah! Ma - ri - et - ta dear.
1. Time - hon - ored Ma - ri - et - ta, Thy walls to us are dear. Oh!
Basses.
Rah! Rah! Rah! Ma - ri - et - ta dear.
Ma - ri - et - ta.
how can we for - get thee, Or the times that we've spent here? Thy
Ma - ri - et - ta.
name we'll ev - er cher-ish, And for thy ban - ner fight, Nor ev - er let it per - ish, The
Chorus.
Na - vy - blue and White. Thy dear name we'll ev - er cher - ish, And for thy ban - ner
Ma - ri - et - ta.
fight, Nor ev - er let it per - ish, The Na - vy - blue and White.
Ma - ri - et - ta.

2 Gladly do we sing thy praises
And of thy heroes tell —
How many brave hearts struggled
Because they loved thee well.
'Twill be our firm endeavor
To stand up for the right,
Protect and keep thee ever,
O Navy-blue and White. Cho.

3 Best of all we love the banner
That waves o'er land and sea,
And proclaims to all its freedom
An undying liberty.
And then our colors waving,
We hail with fond delight.
We're one and all for saving
The Navy-blue and White. Cho.

4 Then we'll give to Marietta
The honor that she's won,
And let us hope her labors
Are only just begun.
And when we're called to duty
To battle for the right,
Wave on in all thy beauty,
O Navy-blue and White. Cho

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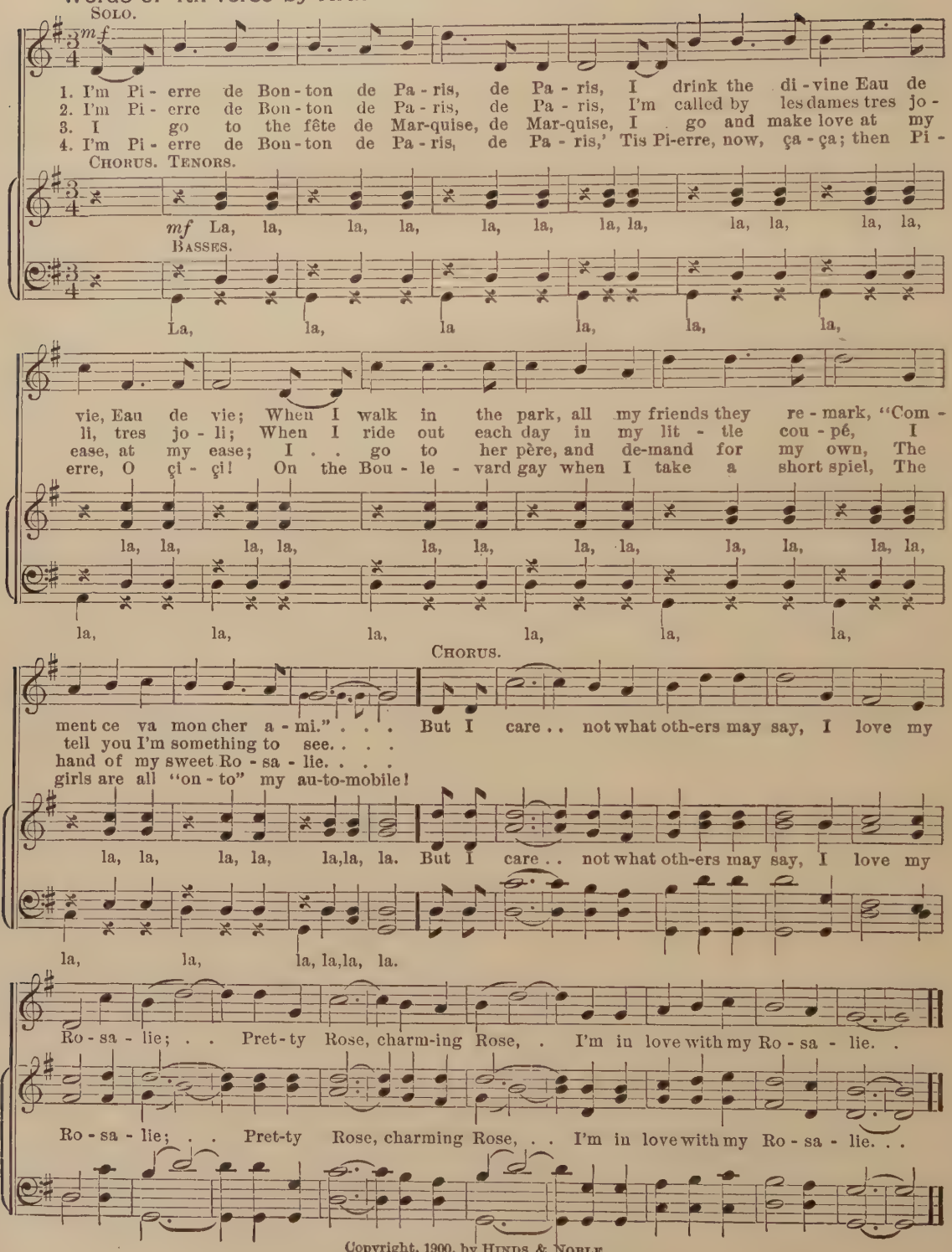
# ROSALIE.

Words of 4th verse by Arthur Thomas.


Solo.
mf
1. I'm Pi - erre de Bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I drink the di - vine Eau de
2. I'm Pi - erre de Bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I'm called by les dames tres jo -
3. I go to the fête de Mar-quise, de Mar-quise, I go and make love at my
4. I'm Pi - erre de Bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris,' Tis Pi-erre, now, ça - ça; then Pi -
Chorus. Tenors.
mf La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Basses.
La, la, la la, la, la,
vie, Eau de vie; When I walk in the park, all my friends they re - mark, "Com -
li, tres jo - li; When I ride out each day in my lit - tle cou - pé, I
ease, at my ease; I . . go to her père, and de-mand for my own, The
erre, O çi - çi! On the Bou - le - vard gay when I take a short spiel, The
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la,
Chorus.
ment ce va mon cher a - mi." . . . But I care . . not what oth-ers may say, I love my
tell you I'm something to see. . . .
hand of my sweet Ro - sa - lie. . . .
girls are all "on - to" my au-to-mobile!
la, la, la, la, la,la, la. But I care . . not what oth-ers may say, I love my
la, la, la, la,la, la.
Ro - sa - lie; . . Pret-ty Rose, charm-ing Rose, . I'm in love with my Ro - sa - lie. .
Ro - sa - lie; . . Pret-ty Rose, charming Rose, . . I'm in love with my Ro - sa - lie. . .

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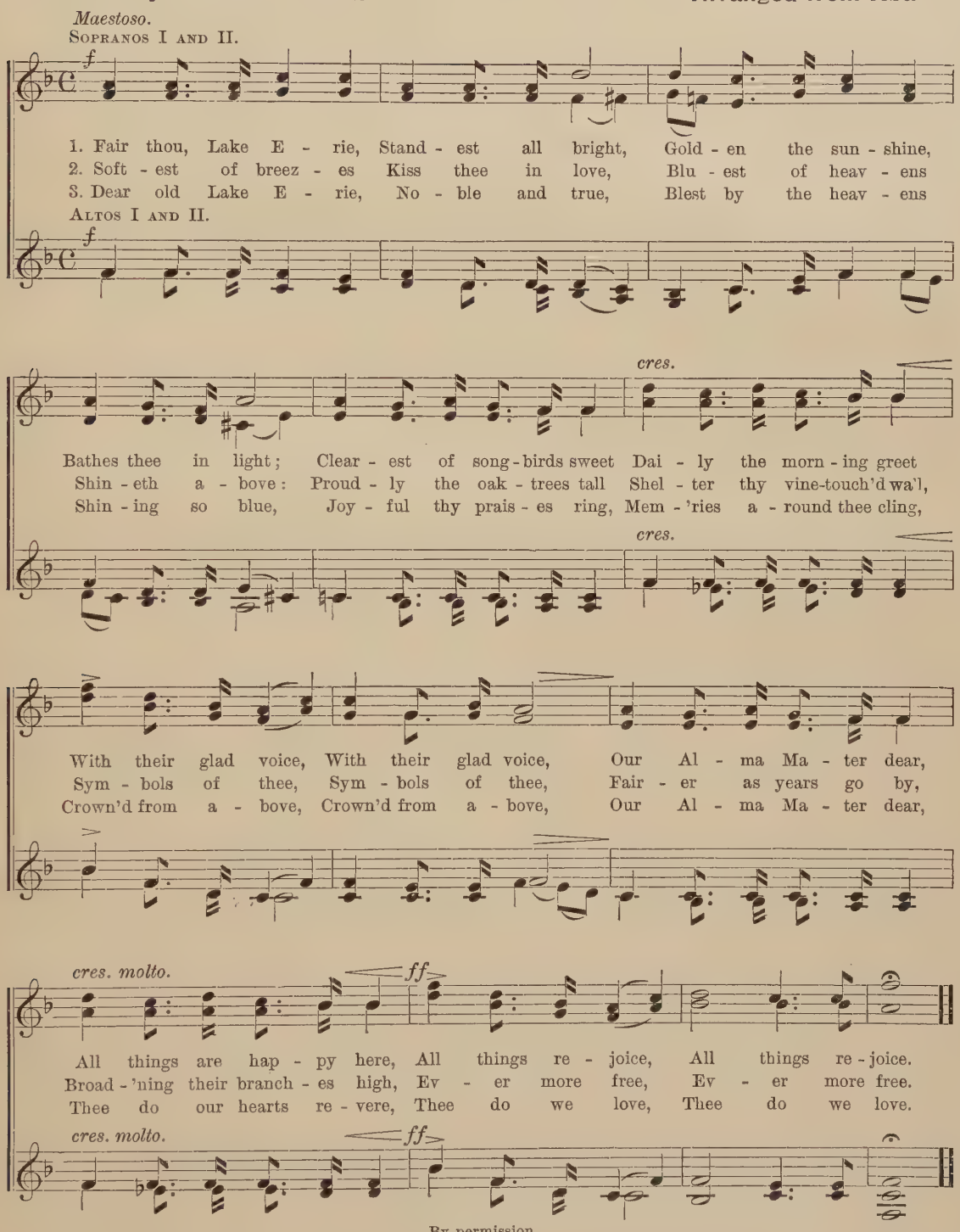
# ALMA MATER.—LAKE ERIE.

Words by Frances P. Treat. Arranged from Abt.


Maestoso.
Sopranos I and II.
f
1. Fair thou, Lake E - rie, Stand - est all bright, Gold - en the sun - shine,
2. Soft - est of breez - es Kiss thee in love, Blu - est of heav - ens
3. Dear old Lake E - rie, No - ble and true, Blest by the heav - ens
Altos I and II.
f
cres.
Bathes thee in light; Clear - est of song-birds sweet Dai - ly the morn - ing greet
Shin - eth a - bove: Proud - ly the oak - trees tall Shel - ter thy vine-touch'd wa'l,
Shin - ing so blue, Joy - ful thy prais - es ring, Mem - 'ries a - round thee cling,
cres.
With their glad voice, With their glad voice, Our Al - ma Ma - ter dear,
Sym - bols of thee, Sym - bols of thee, Fair - er as years go by,
Crown'd from a - bove, Crown'd from a - bove, Our Al - ma Ma - ter dear,
cres. molto.
ff
All things are hap - py here, All things re - joice, All things re - joice.
Broad - 'ning their branch - es high, Ev - er more free, Ev - er more free.
Thee do our hearts re - vere, Thee do we love, Thee do we love.
cres. molto.
ff

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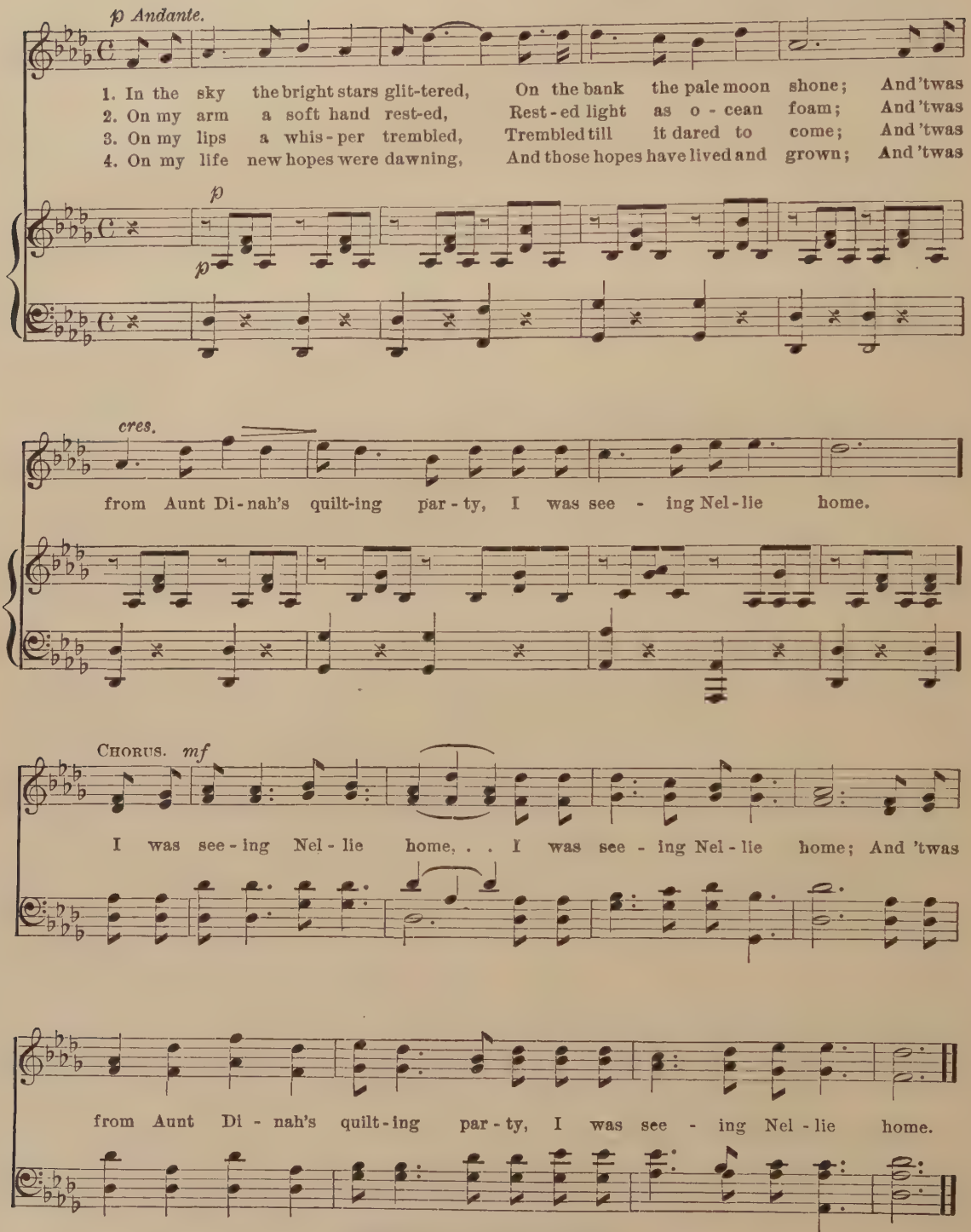
# THE QUILTING PARTY.

Arranged by Karl P. Harrington.


p Andante.
1. In the sky the bright stars glit-tered, On the bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas
2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed, Rest-ed light as o - cean foam; And 'twas
3. On my lips a whis-per trembled, Trembled till it dared to come; And 'twas
4. On my life new hopes were dawning, And those hopes have lived and grown; And 'twas
p
p
cres.
from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see - ing Nel-lie home.
Chorus. mf
I was see-ing Nel-lie home, . . I was see - ing Nel-lie home; And 'twas
from Aunt Di - nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see - ing Nel-lie home.

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# SWEET AND LOW.

## WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

**Alfred Tennyson.** **J. Barnby.**

*Larghetto.*

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

pp
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . Rest, rest on
TENOR AND BASS.
pp
sf
p
mf
O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his
breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . O - - ver the
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . Fa - - ther will
O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,
pp
f
wa - ters go, Come . . from the moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon . . and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,
wa - ters go, Come . . . from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails out of the west,
rall e dim.
me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . . .
moon: Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . . .

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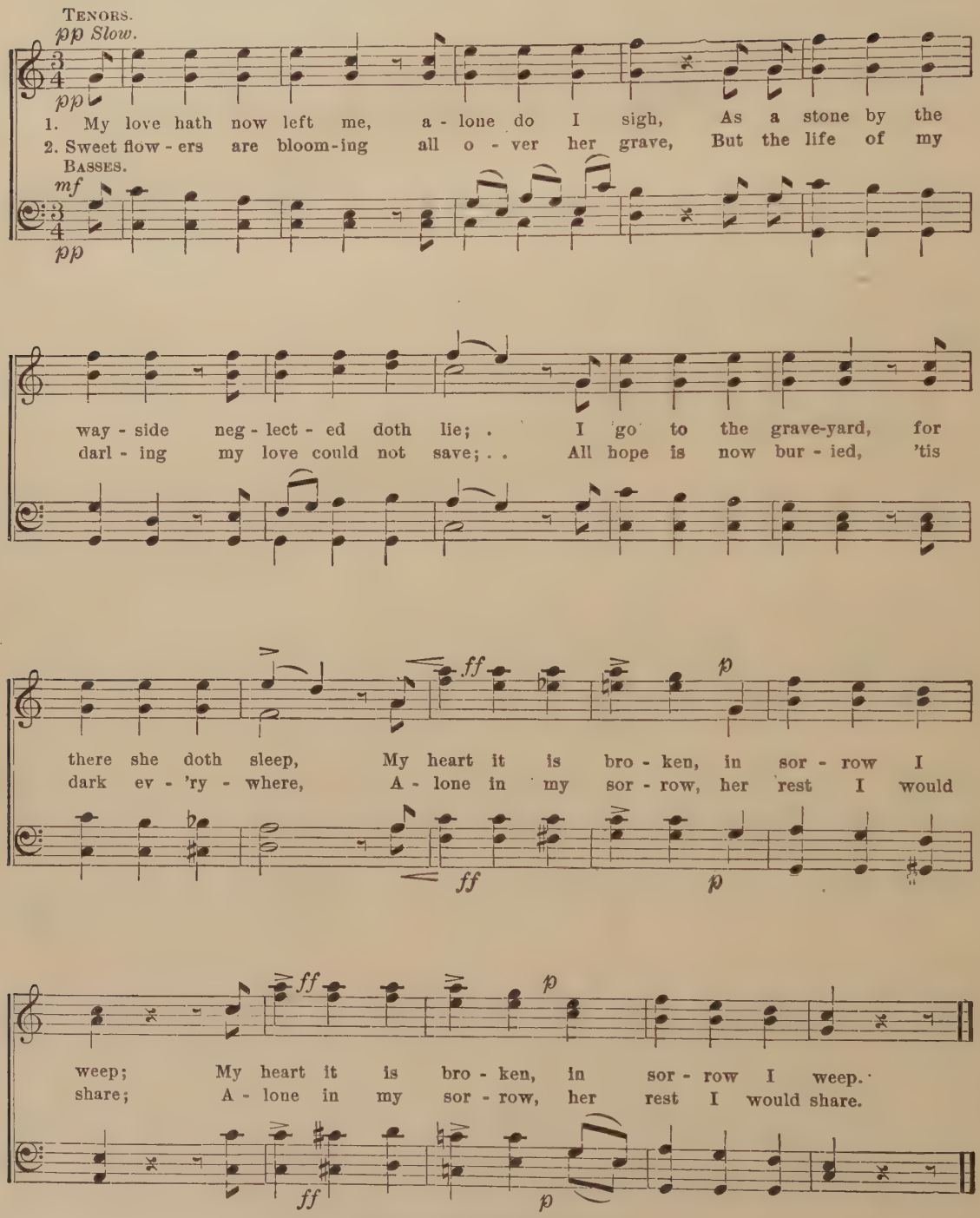
# FORSAKEN.

English version by Mrs. G. Federlein. Koschat.


TENORS.
pp Slow.
pp
1. My love hath now left me, a - lone do I sigh, As a stone by the
2. Sweet flow - ers are bloom - ing all o - ver her grave, But the life of my
BASSES.
mf
pp
way - side neg - lect - ed doth lie; . I go to the grave-yard, for
darl - ing my love could not save; . . All hope is now bur - ied, 'tis
there she doth sleep, My heart it is bro - ken, in sor - row I
dark ev - 'ry - where, A - lone in my sor - row, her rest I would
ff
p
ff
p
weep; My heart it is bro - ken, in sor - row I weep.
share; A - lone in my sor - row, her rest I would share.
ff
p
ff
p

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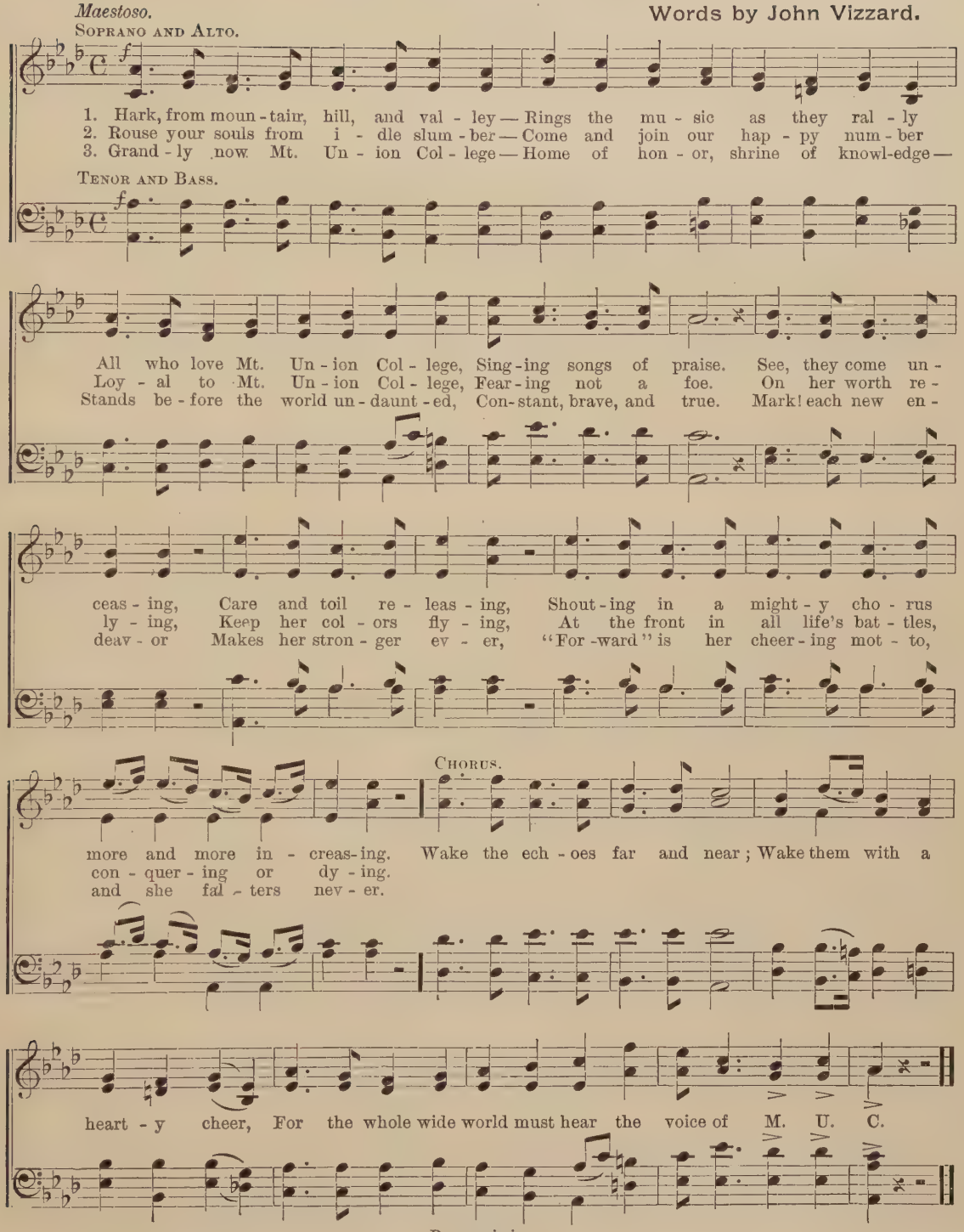
# WAKE THE ECHOES.

## MT. UNION COLLEGE.

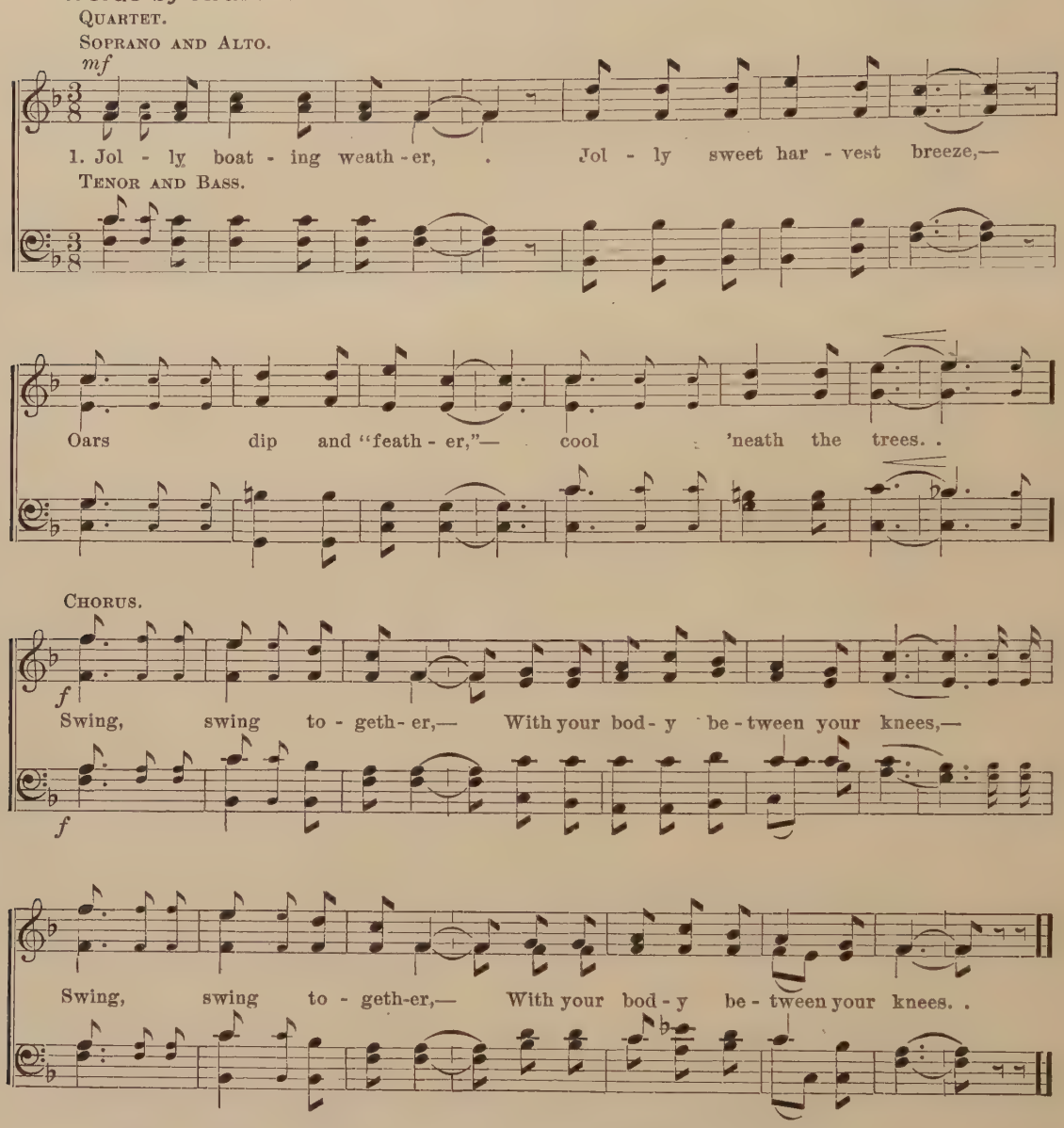
*Maestoso.* Words by John Vizzard.


Soprano and Alto.
1. Hark, from moun-tain, hill, and val-ley — Rings the mu-sic as they ral-ly
2. Rouse your souls from i-dle slum-ber — Come and join our hap-py num-ber
3. Grand-ly now Mt. Un-ion Col-lege — Home of hon-or, shrine of knowl-edge —
Tenor and Bass.
All who love Mt. Un-ion Col-lege, Sing-ing songs of praise. See, they come un-
Loy-al to Mt. Un-ion Col-lege, Fear-ing not a foe. On her worth re-
Stands be-fore the world un-daunt-ed, Con-stant, brave, and true. Mark! each new en-
ceas-ing, Care and toil re-leas-ing, Shout-ing in a might-y cho-rus
ly-ing, Keep her col-ors fly-ing, At the front in all life's bat-tles,
deav-or Makes her stron-ger ev-er, "For-ward" is her cheer-ing mot-to,
Chorus.
more and more in-creas-ing. Wake the ech-oes far and near; Wake them with a
con-quer-ing or dy-ing.
and she fal-ters nev-er.
heart-y cheer, For the whole wide world must hear the voice of M. U. C.

By permission.

# JOLLY BOATING WEATHER.

Words by Arthur Thomas. Arranged.


QUARTET.
SOPRANO AND ALTO.
mf
1. Jol - ly boat - ing weath - er, Jol - ly sweet har - vest breeze,—
TENOR AND BASS.
Oars dip and "feath - er,"— cool 'neath the trees.
CHORUS.
f
Swing, swing to - geth - er,— With your bod - y be - tween your knees,—
f
Swing, swing to - geth-er,— With your bod - y be - tween your knees.

2 Others will take our places,
'Rahing our dear old yell;
Others will row the races,
Ring the old college bell.
Yet ever will beam in our faces
Our pride in the old-time crew;
'Rah for our hard-won races,
One more for the dear old crew!

3 Flitting by the rushes,
Tangled in snaky weeds,
Brushed by elder bushes,
Swerved by brake and reeds.
Will tears fill our eyes in the future
When we think of the dear old stream?
Will our hearts beat as light in the future
When afloat on life's broader stream?

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# I DOUBT IT.

Words by Arthur Nash. Music by Lloyd Adams.

Allegretto.
f
mf
1. When a maid - en sug - gests a short stroll 'neath the moon, With that
2. When her shy lit - tle hand nes - tles snug in your own, With that
3. If her will - ing red lips seem to chal - lenge a kiss, Ir - re -
4. By and by when you hear pa - pa's step on the stair, With a
mf
Sung or spoken.
soft, witch-ing ha - lo a - bout it; Do you hem? do you haw? do you
mag - net - ic tin - gle a - bout it; If she an - swers your squeeze, do your
sist - i - ble something a - bout it; Does your pu - ri - tan soul put a -
grim sort of firm - ness a - bout it; Do you lei - sure - ly get up and
start off a - lone? Well, may - be you do, but I doubt it!
fate you be - moan? Well, may - be you do, but I doubt it!
way the sweet bliss? Well, may - be you do, but I doubt it!
get out of there? Well, may - be you do, but I doubt it!

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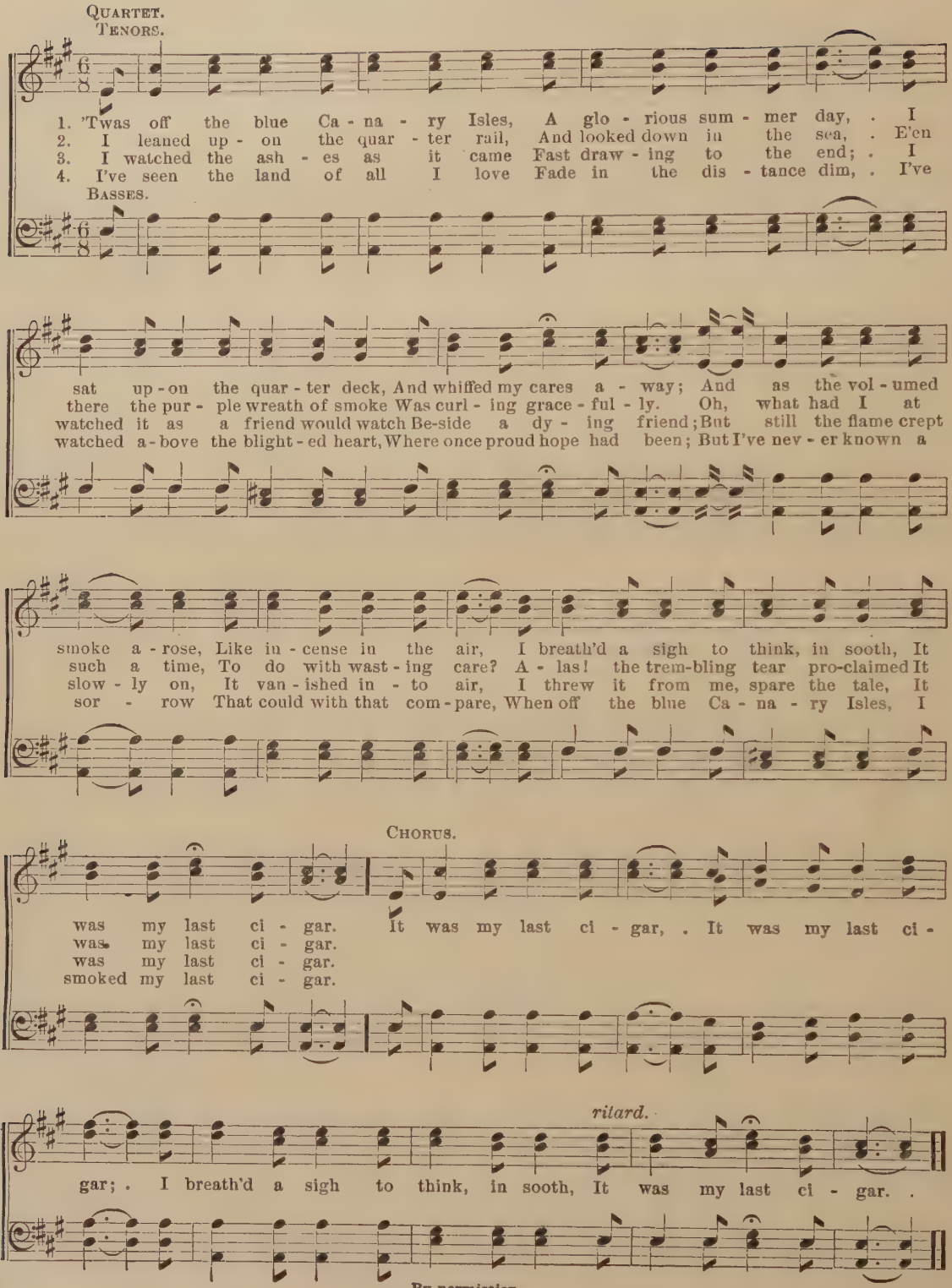
# MY LAST CIGAR.

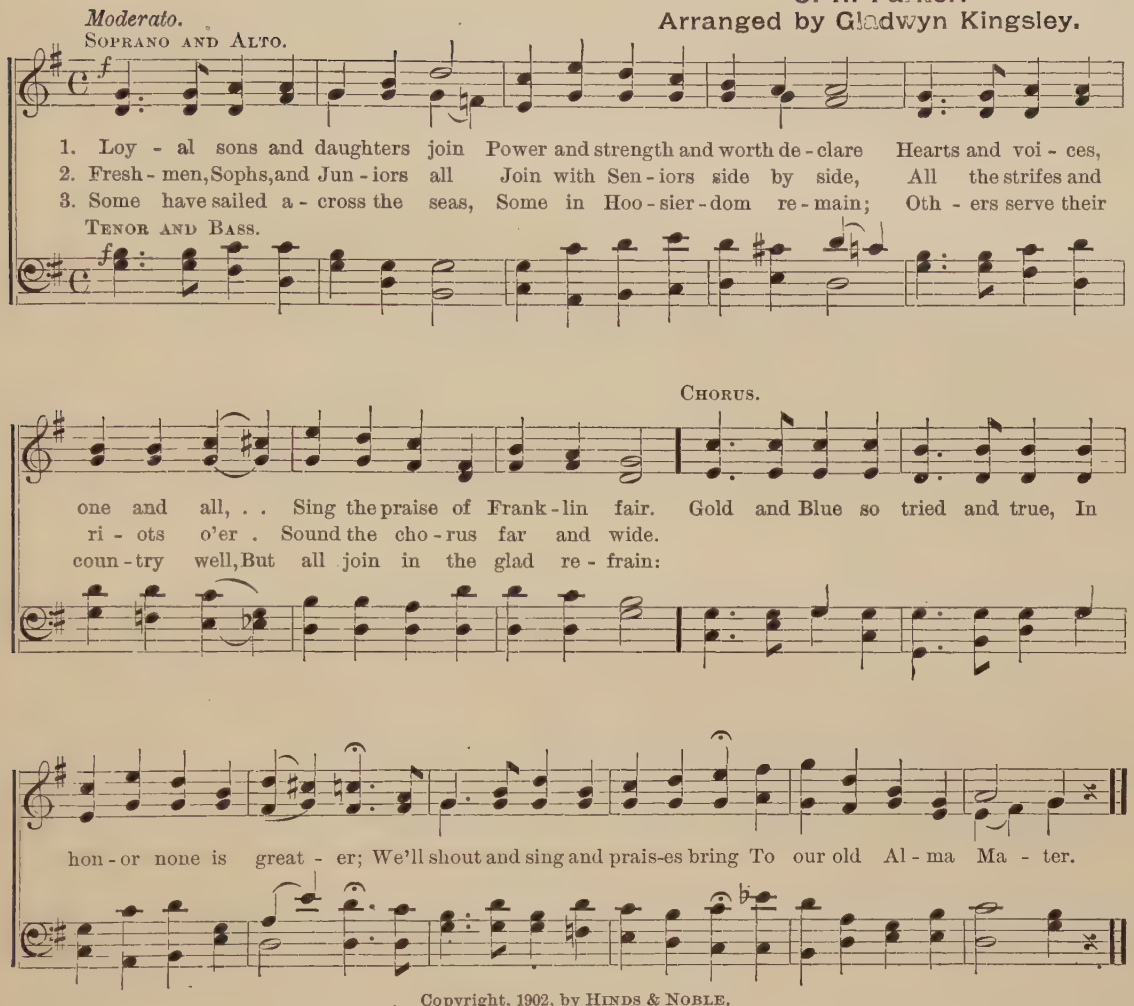

QUARTET.
TENORS.
BASSES.
1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, A glo - rious sum - mer day, . I
2. I leaned up - on the quar - ter rail, And looked down in the sea, . E'en
3. I watched the ash - es as it came Fast draw - ing to the end; . I
4. I've seen the land of all I love Fade in the dis - tance dim, . I've
sat up - on the quar - ter deck, And whiffed my cares a - way; And as the vol - umed
there the pur - ple wreath of smoke Was curl - ing grace - ful - ly. Oh, what had I at
watched it as a friend would watch Be-side a dy - ing friend; But still the flame crept
watched a - bove the blight - ed heart, Where once proud hope had been; But I've nev - er known a
smoke a - rose, Like in - cense in the air, I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It
such a time, To do with wast - ing care? A - las! the trem-bling tear pro-claimed It
slow - ly on, It van - ished in - to air, I threw it from me, spare the tale, It
sor - row That could with that com - pare, When off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, I
CHORUS.
was my last ci - gar. It was my last ci - gar, . It was my last ci -
was my last ci - gar.
was my last ci - gar.
smoked my last ci - gar.
ritard.
gar; . I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar. .

By permission.

# GOLD AND BLUE.

## FRANKLIN COLLEGE.

C. R. Parker.
Arranged by Gladwyn Kingsley.


Moderato.
Soprano and Alto.
1. Loy - al sons and daughters join Power and strength and worth de - clare Hearts and voi - ces,
2. Fresh - men, Sophs, and Jun - iors all Join with Sen - iors side by side, All the strifes and
3. Some have sailed a - cross the seas, Some in Hoo - sier - dom re - main; Oth - ers serve their
Tenor and Bass.
Chorus.
one and all, . . Sing the praise of Frank - lin fair. Gold and Blue so tried and true, In
ri - ots o'er . Sound the cho - rus far and wide.
coun - try well, But all join in the glad re - frain:
hon - or none is great - er; We'll shout and sing and prais-es bring To our old Al - ma Ma - ter.

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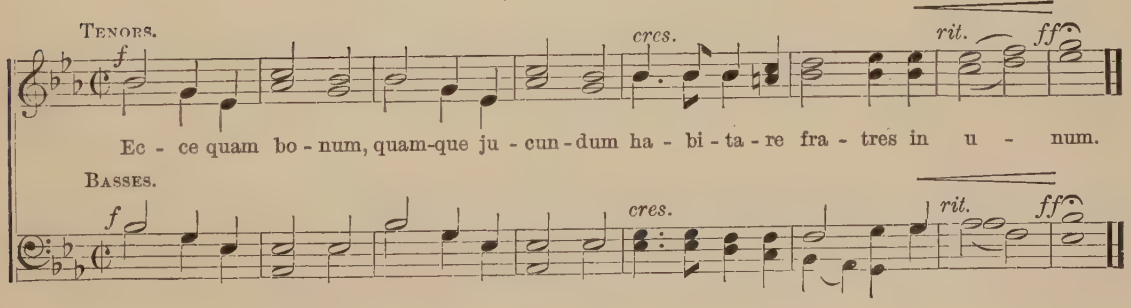
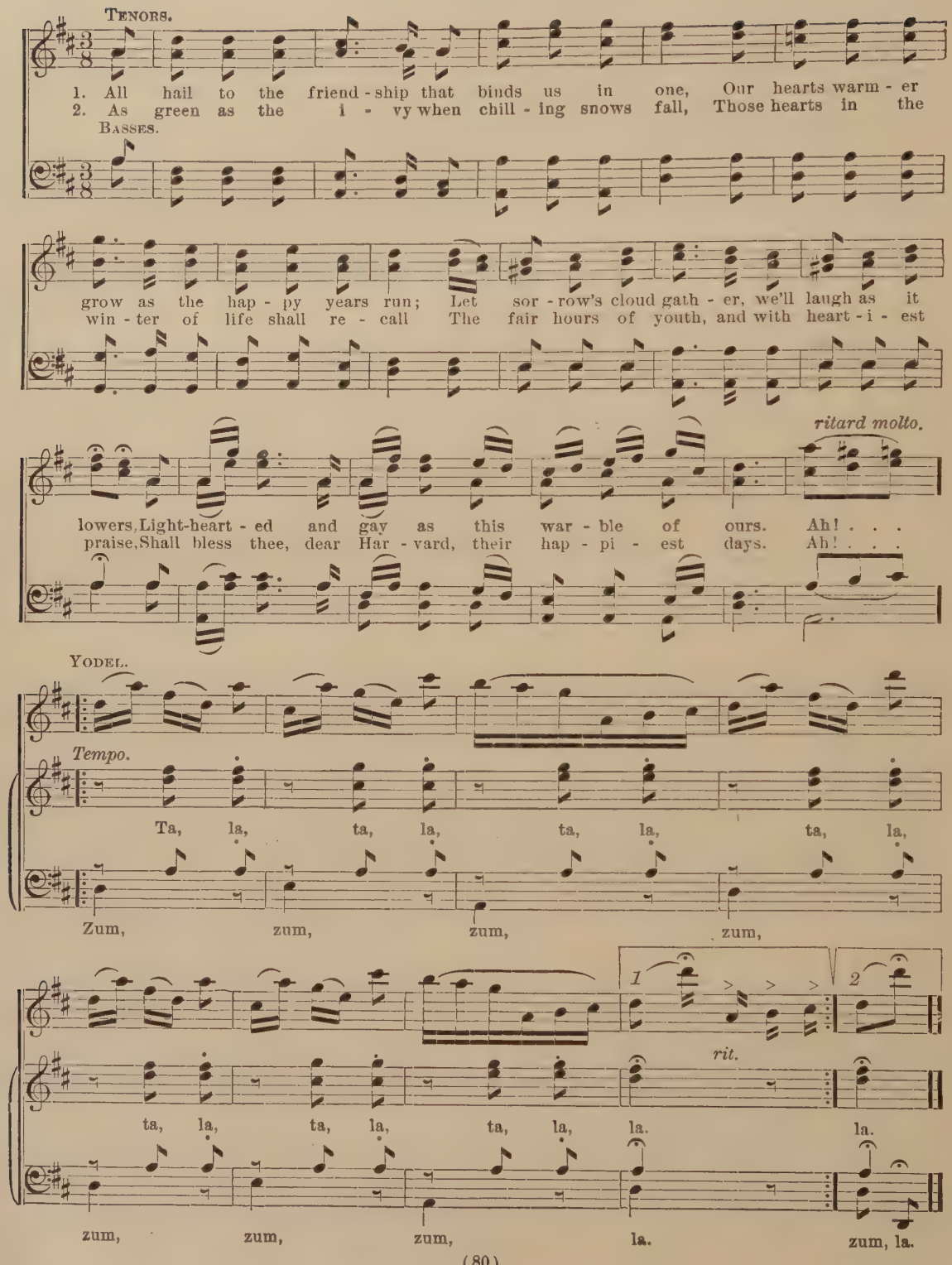
# ECCE QUAM BONUM.

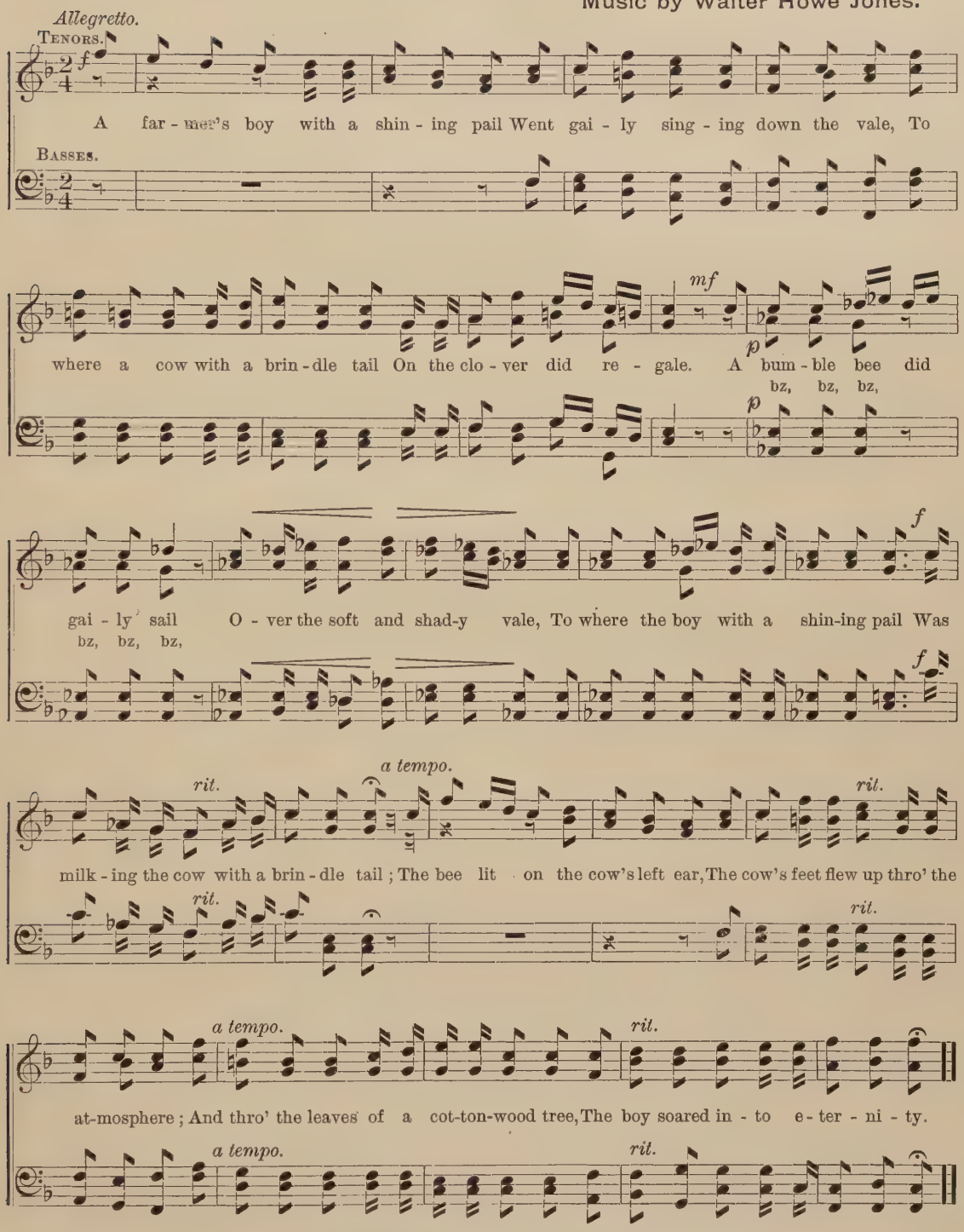


# BAVARIAN YODEL.


Tenors.
1. All hail to the friend - ship that binds us in one, Our hearts warm - er
2. As green as the i - vy when chill - ing snows fall, Those hearts in the
Basses.
grow as the hap - py years run; Let sor - row's cloud gath - er, we'll laugh as it
win - ter of life shall re - call The fair hours of youth, and with heart - i - est
ritard molto.
lowers, Light-heart - ed and gay as this war - ble of ours. Ah! . . .
praise, Shall bless thee, dear Har - vard, their hap - pi - est days. Ah! . . .
Yodel.
Tempo.
Ta, la, ta, la, ta, la, ta, la,
Zum, zum, zum, zum,
1
2
rit.
ta, la, ta, la, ta, la, la. la.
zum, zum, zum, la. zum, la.

# THE COW WITH A BRINDLE TAIL.

Music by Walter Howe Jones.


Allegretto.
Tenors.
Basses.
A far - mer's boy with a shin - ing pail Went gai - ly sing - ing down the vale, To
where a cow with a brin - dle tail On the clo - ver did re - gale. A bum - ble bee did
bz, bz, bz,
gai - ly sail O - ver the soft and shad-y vale, To where the boy with a shin-ing pail Was
bz, bz, bz,
milk - ing the cow with a brin - dle tail ; The bee lit on the cow's left ear, The cow's feet flew up thro' the
at-mosphere ; And thro' the leaves of a cot-ton-wood tree, The boy soared in - to e - ter - ni - ty.
rit.
a tempo.

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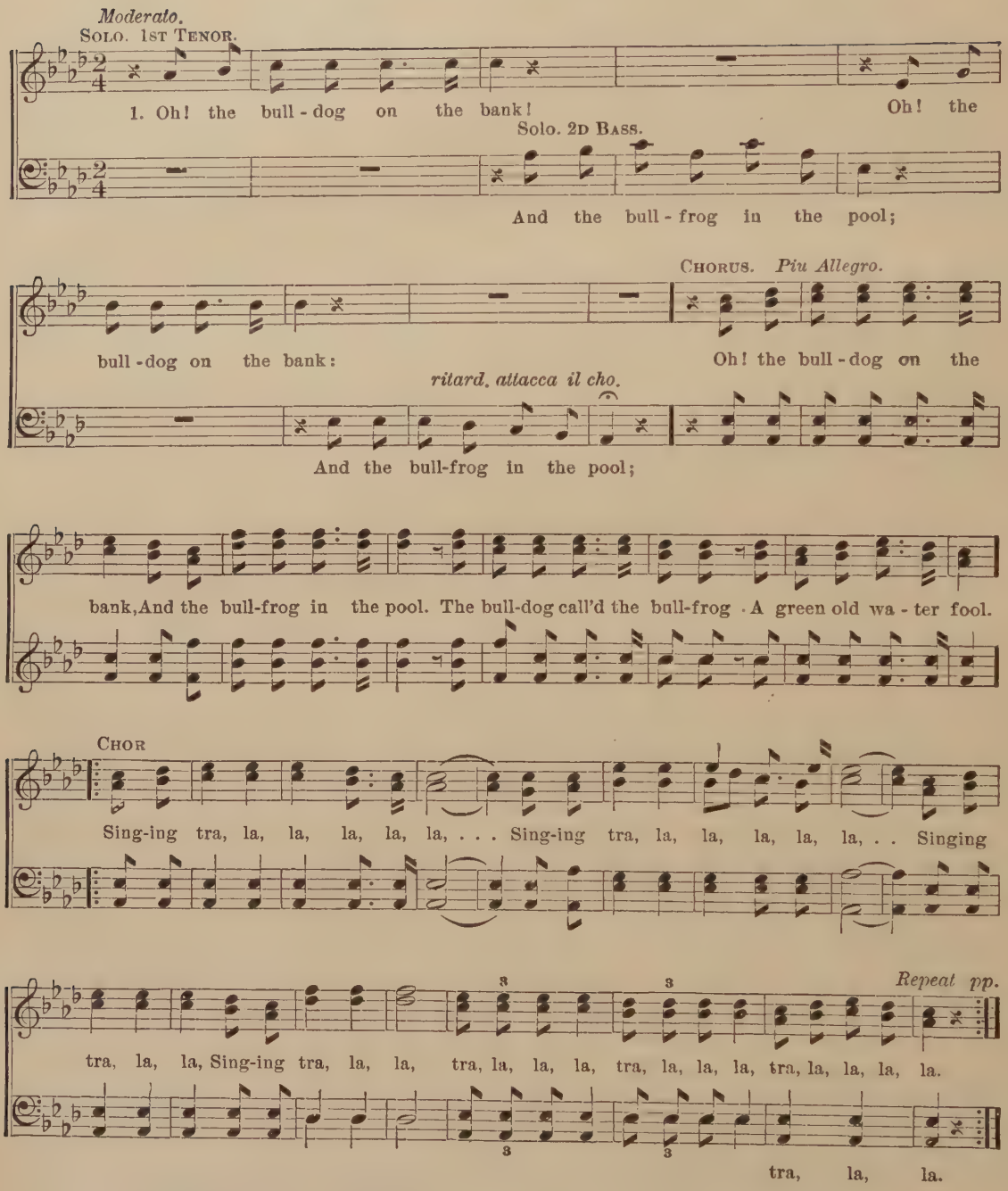
# THE BULL-DOG.


Moderato.
Solo. 1st Tenor.
1. Oh! the bull - dog on the bank!
Oh! the
Solo. 2d Bass.
And the bull - frog in the pool;
Chorus. Piu Allegro.
bull - dog on the bank:
Oh! the bull - dog on the
ritard. attacca il cho.
And the bull-frog in the pool;
bank, And the bull-frog in the pool. The bull-dog call'd the bull-frog · A green old wa - ter fool.
Chor
Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, la, . . . Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, la, . . Singing
Repeat pp.
tra, la, la, Sing-ing tra, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la.
tra, la, la.

2 Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
And the snapper caught his paw;
The pollywog died a laughing
To see him wag his jaw.—Cho.

3 Says the monkey to the owl,
"Oh, what'll you have to drink?"
"Since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink."—Cho.

4 Pharaoh's daughter on the bank;
Little Moses in the pool;
She fished him out with a ten-foot pole
And sent him off to school.—Cho.

# HAIL TO OLD I. U.

## INDIANA UNIVERSITY.

Quartet.
Tenors. (Melody in 2d Tenor.)
1. Come and join in song to - geth - er, Shout with might and main; Our be - lov - ed
2. Se - nior, Jun - ior, Soph and Fresh-man All to - geth - er we; Sound the cho - rus
3. Hon - or to the white and crim - son Ban - ner that we love; It shall lead us
4. Here's to her whose name we'll ev - er Cher - ish in our song! Hon - or, love, and
Basses.
Chorus.
Al - ma Ma - ter, Sound her praise a - gain. Glo - ri - an - a, Fran - gi - pan - na,
loud and glo - rious, State Uni - ver - si - ty.
in the con - flict, And our tri - umph prove.
true de - vo - tion All to her be - long.
E'er to her be true; She's the pride of In - di - an - a, Hail to old I. U.!

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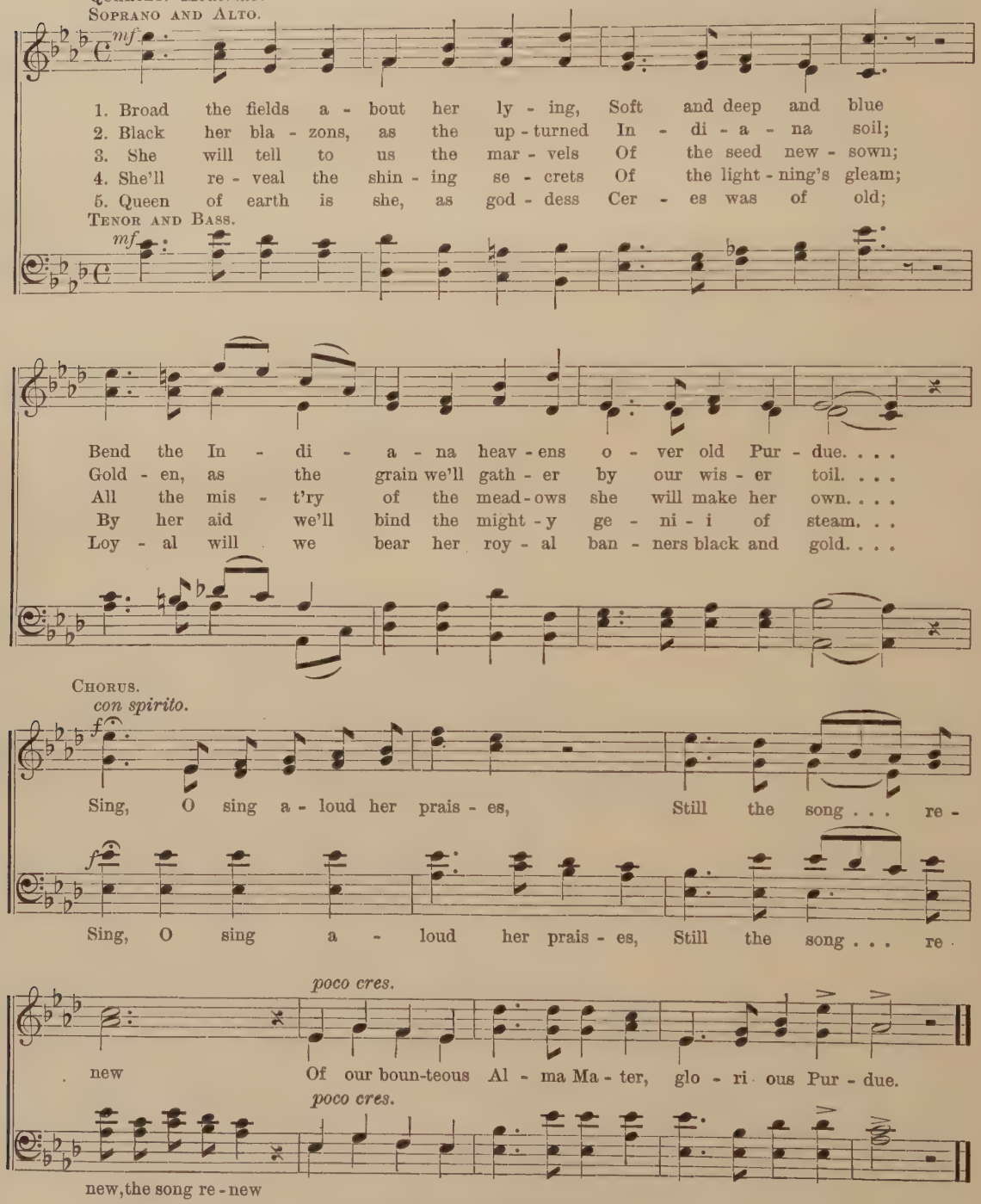
# VIVE PURDUE.

## PURDUE UNIVERSITY.

Words by Evaleen Stein.

Arranged by James Kendrick.
Music by J. C. Arthur.


Quartet. Moderato.
Soprano and Alto.
mf
1. Broad the fields a - bout her ly - ing, Soft and deep and blue
2. Black her bla - zons, as the up - turned In - di - a - na soil;
3. She will tell to us the mar - vels Of the seed new - sown;
4. She'll re - veal the shin - ing se - crets Of the light - ning's gleam;
5. Queen of earth is she, as god - dess Cer - es was of old;
Tenor and Bass.
mf
Bend the In - di - a - na heav - ens o - ver old Pur - due. . . .
Gold - en, as the grain we'll gath - er by our wis - er toil. . . .
All the mis - t'ry of the mead - ows she will make her own. . . .
By her aid we'll bind the might - y ge - ni - i of steam. . .
Loy - al will we bear her roy - al ban - ners black and gold. . . .
Chorus.
con spirito.
f
Sing, O sing a - loud her prais - es, Still the song . . . re -
f
Sing, O sing a - loud her prais - es, Still the song . . . re
poco cres.
new Of our boun - teous Al - ma Ma - ter, glo - ri ous Pur - due.
poco cres.
new, the song re - new

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# IN PRAISE OF OLD DE PAUW.

## DE PAUW UNIVERSITY.

Words by
George Browning Lockwood.

Music by
Walter Howe Jones.

1. Tune ev - 'ry harp and ev - 'ry voice, Bid ev - 'ry care with - draw, Let
2. Let mu - sic rule the fleet - ing hour, Her spell a - round us draw, And
3. Till then with joy our song we'll bring, And while a breath we draw, We'll
all with one ac - cord re - joice In praise of old De Pauw.
thrill each heart with all her power In praise of old De Pauw.
all u - nite to shout and sing In praise of old De Pauw.
Chorus.
In praise of old De Pauw, my boys, In praise of old De Pauw, Her
sons will give while they shall live Three cheers for old De Pauw.

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# ASBURY COLLEGE HYMN.

Words and music by Hubert M. Skinner. Arranged by P. M. Bach.

Andante.
Soprano and Alto.
mf
1. As - bur - y, Al - ma—Al - mis - si - ma Ma - ter! Proud - ly up - raised to the
2. Men - tor to guide us o'er life's storm - y o - cean, Thine are the chart and the
3. Wide o'er the earth thine A - lum - ni are scat-tered,— Ma - ny the souls that have
Tenor and Bass.
vis - ion of youth, Bright - ly thine æ - gis o'er each son and daugh - ter
com - pass so true, Loy - al our hearts,—they are thine in de - vo - tion,—
thronged in thy hall! Some have won lau - rels,—some life dreams are shat - tered—
mf
Gleams with the sun - light of truth. Heav - en bless As - bur - y! Sound her name!
Keep them our jour - ney - ings through. Heav - en bless As - bur - y! Let no stain
Broad is thy shield o - ver all. Heav - en bless As - bur - y! E'er to guide
dim.
p
Pros - per her, keep her, and crown her fame! Heav'n keep us true to our cher - ish - ing
Tar - nish her scutch - eon, her truth pro - fane! True to thy teach - ings, O cher - ish - ing
Life's har - dy sail - ors, what - e'er be - tide! And in their hearts, O our cher - ish - ing
1 & 2
mf
f
3
moth - er,— 1. True to the love we claim. 3. Ev - er thy truth a - bide.
moth - er,— 2. Ev - er may we re - main!
moth - er,—

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# THE CUCKOO YÖDEL.

Arranged by E. J. Biedermann.

Allegretto. SOLO.
1. O sad - ly the cuck-oo is call - ing now; I hear him far up in the ru - in, cuck-
2. The blue-bird is sing-ing with mer - ry trill, Her an-swer - ing call to the mournful cuck-
CHORUS. TENORS.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
BASSES.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la,
oo! And soft-ly the moonbeams, are fall-ing now On slumber-ing blossoms in May. . . La,la,
oo; But the cuckoo's call is so sad and shrill, It comes in the twilight's lone hour. . .
la, la, la, la, la, la,la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
li - ee, li - ee, li - ee, cuck-oo! li - ee, li - ee, li - ee, cuck - oo!
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
li - ee, li - ee, li - ee, cuck - oo! li - ee, li - ee, cuck - oo! . . . .
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

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# IF—

Words of 1st, 2d, 3d, and 5th, verses by George E. Wood.
Words of 4th verse by Arthur Rogers.

Arranged.

TENORS.
1. If I were a cat, . . And I were a cat, And we
2. If I were a duck, . . And I were a duck, And we
3. If I were a dude, . . And I were a dude, And we
BASSES.
all were cats to - geth - er, We'd stroll on the fence, Where the
all were ducks to - geth - er, We'd pad-dle in a boat, In a
all were dudes to - geth - er, We'd pay a half a dol - lar, For a
shrub - ber - y is dense, In rain - y or oth - er weath - er.
rub - ber o - ver coat, In rain - y or oth - er weath - er.
sev - en sto - ry col - lar, In rain - y or oth - er weath - er.
After last verse.
Chir - rup, chir - rup, Too - dle - oo - dle - um, FZT, BOOM!

4 If I were a girl,
And I were a girl,
And we all were girls together,
We'd be very nice,
We'd try ev'ry known device
To bring "me and someone" together

5 If I were a sparrow,
And I were a sparrow,
And we all were sparrows together,
We'd spoon in the park,
A long time after dark,
In rainy or other weather.

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# OLD BUTLER.

## BUTLER COLLEGE.

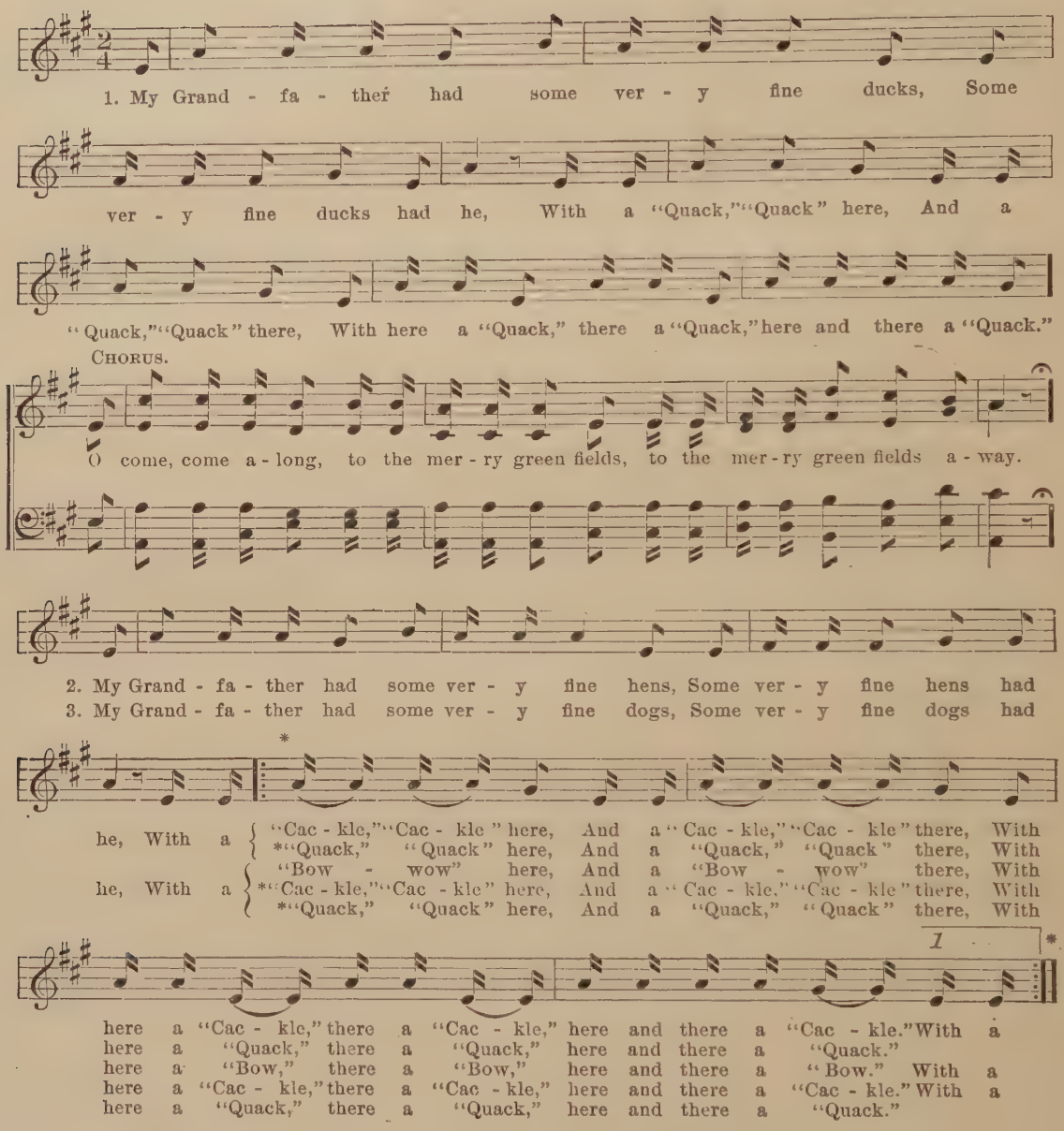
**Words by Jessie Christian Brown.**

SOPRANO AND ALTO.
1. The col - lege that I love the best In all the world is But - ler;
2. They talk in Ger - man, Lat - in, Greek — The stu - dents at old But - ler;
3. So here's a glass we pledge to thee, Our Al - ma Ma - ter, But - ler;
TENOR AND BASS.
The name is known in East and West, And North and South, of But - ler.
You ne'er would guess the tongues they speak, They learn them all at But - ler.
And hap - py may'st thou ev - er be, Our dear old col - lege But - ler.
Her sons are wise, her daugh - ters fair, Her wis - dom and her
They stud - y French and chem - is - try And all a - bout as -
May fame and glo - ry crown thy ways And pleas - ant be thy
guid - ing care Will make the na - tions ev - 'ry - where Ex - tol the name of But - ler.
tron - o - my, In fact they know it all, you see, Be - cause they go to But - ler.
com - ing days, May all thy chil - dren ev - er praise The good old name of But - ler.

By permission.

# MY GRANDFATHER HAD SOME VERY FINE DUCKS.

L. Compton.


1. My Grand - fa - ther had some ver - y fine ducks, Some
ver - y fine ducks had he, With a "Quack," "Quack" here, And a
"Quack," "Quack" there, With here a "Quack," there a "Quack," here and there a "Quack."
Chorus.
O come, come a - long, to the mer - ry green fields, to the mer - ry green fields a - way.
2. My Grand - fa - ther had some ver - y fine hens, Some ver - y fine hens had
3. My Grand - fa - ther had some ver - y fine dogs, Some ver - y fine dogs had
he, With a { "Cac - kle," "Cac - kle" here, And a "Cac - kle," "Cac - kle" there, With
*"Quack," "Quack" here, And a "Quack," "Quack" there, With
"Bow - wow" here, And a "Bow - wow" there, With
he, With a { *"Cac - kle," "Cac - kle" here, And a "Cac - kle," "Cac - kle" there, With
*"Quack," "Quack" here, And a "Quack," "Quack" there, With
1
here a "Cac - kle," there a "Cac - kle," here and there a "Cac - kle." With a
here a "Quack," there a "Quack," here and there a "Quack."
here a "Bow," there a "Bow," here and there a "Bow." With a
here a "Cac - kle," there a "Cac - kle," here and there a "Cac - kle." With a
here a "Quack," there a "Quack," here and there a "Quack."

4 My Grandfather had some very fine sheep,
Some very fine sheep had he,
With a "Ba-ba" here, and a "Ba-ba" there,
With here a "Ba," there a "Ba," here and there a "Ba."
* With a "Bow-wow" here, etc.
* With a "Cackle," "Cackle" here, etc.
* With a "Quack," "Quack" here, etc.
Cho. Oh, come, come along, etc.

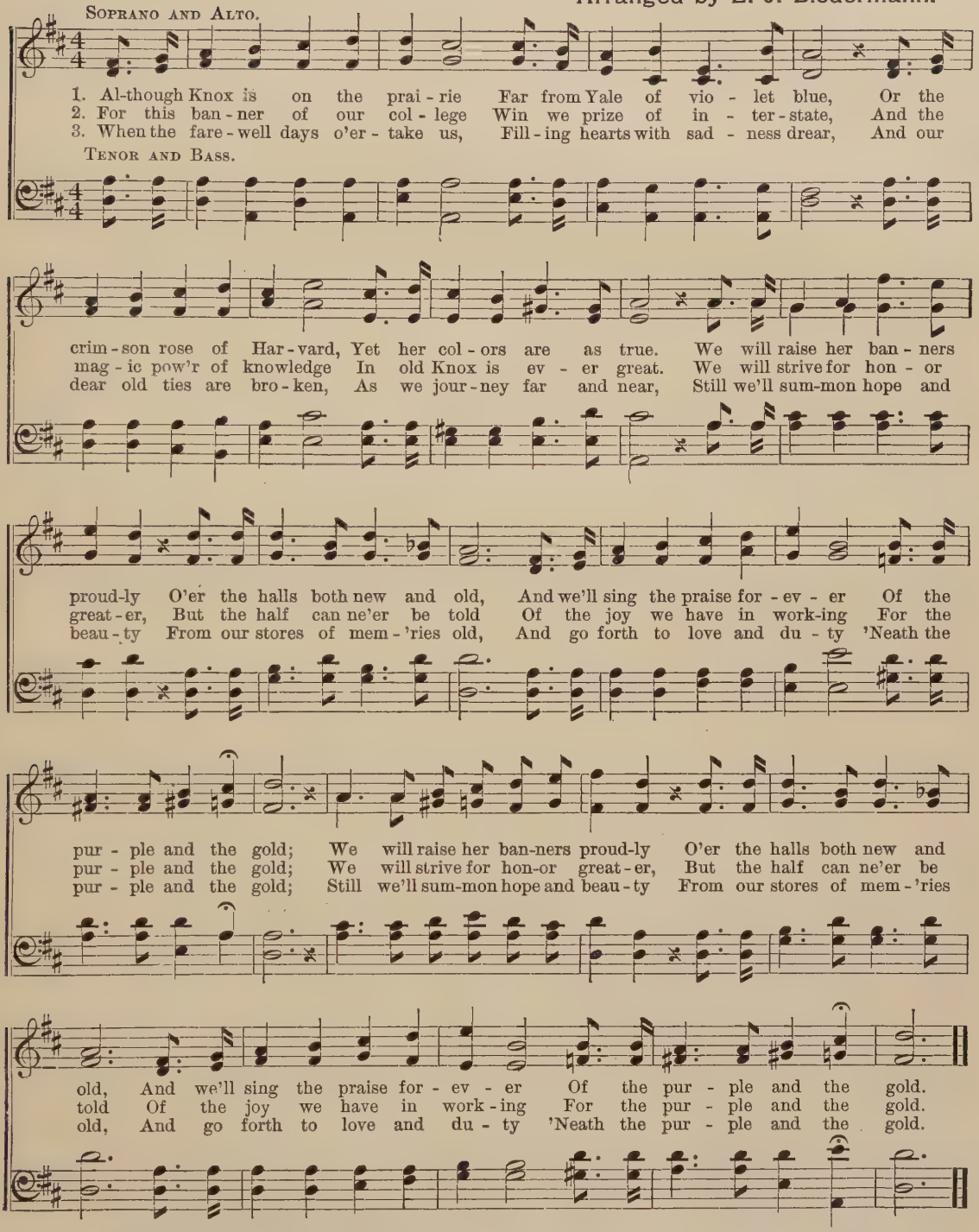
5 My Grandfather had some very fine cows,
Some very fine cows had he,
With a "Moo-moo" here, and a "Moo-moo" there,
With here a "Moo," there a "Moo," here and there
*With a "Ba-ba" here, etc. [a "Moo."
*With a "Bow-wow" here, etc.
*With a "Cackle," "Cackle" here, etc.
*With a "Quack," "Quack" here, etc.
Cho. Oh, come, come along, etc.

*These lines must be sung to the music of the four measures marked thus * in addition to the imitation of animals in the preceding verses.

# FOR THE PURPLE AND THE GOLD.

## KNOX COLLEGE.

Arranged by E. J. Biedermann.


Soprano and Alto.
Tenor and Bass.
1. Al-though Knox is on the prai - rie Far from Yale of vio - let blue, Or the
2. For this ban - ner of our col - lege Win we prize of in - ter - state, And the
3. When the fare - well days o'er - take us, Fill - ing hearts with sad - ness drear, And our
crim - son rose of Har - vard, Yet her col - ors are as true. We will raise her ban - ners
mag - ic pow'r of knowledge In old Knox is ev - er great. We will strive for hon - or
dear old ties are bro - ken, As we jour - ney far and near, Still we'll sum-mon hope and
proud-ly O'er the halls both new and old, And we'll sing the praise for - ev - er Of the
great - er, But the half can ne'er be told Of the joy we have in work-ing For the
beau - ty From our stores of mem - 'ries old, And go forth to love and du - ty 'Neath the
pur - ple and the gold; We will raise her ban-ners proud-ly O'er the halls both new and
pur - ple and the gold; We will strive for hon-or great - er, But the half can ne'er be
pur - ple and the gold; Still we'll sum-mon hope and beau - ty From our stores of mem - 'ries
old, And we'll sing the praise for - ev - er Of the pur - ple and the gold.
told Of the joy we have in work - ing For the pur - ple and the gold.
old, And go forth to love and du - ty 'Neath the pur - ple and the gold.

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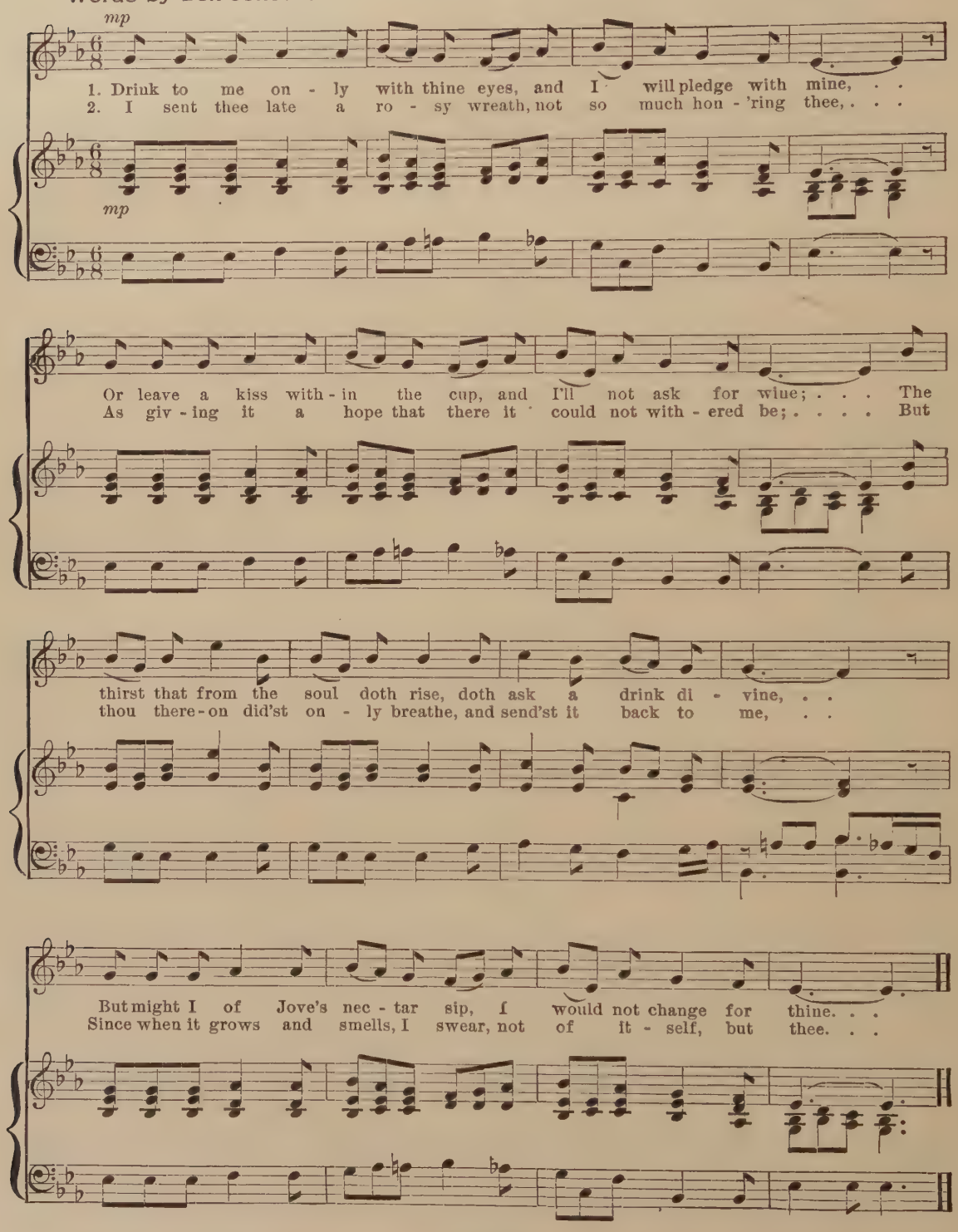
# DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Words by Ben Jonson. Old English Air.


mp
1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine, . .
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so much hon - 'ring thee, . . .
mp
Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine; . . . The
As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - ered be; . . . . But
thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink di - vine, . .
thou there - on did'st on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me, . .
But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine. . .
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of it - self, but thee. . .

# EWING COLLEGE SONG.

## EWING COLLEGE.

Words by B. M. Godwin.

QUARTET.

TENORS.

1. There is a song we love to sing A - bout a friend so true, Who proud - ly march - es
2. The stu - dent who to Ew - ing comes Has noth - ing to re - gret, And if he does his
3. Our Ew - ing boys and girls are found In ma - ny a clime and land; And as the years go
4. Old Ew - ing's prais - es we will sing From moun - tain top and crest; From sea to sea, from
BASSES.
at the front As she will al - ways do; Who long has stood for what is best And
du - ty he Will have no cause to fret; For when he "grads" at Ew - ing, he Will
roll - ing by The num - ber will ex - pand; And at the front, 'tis ma - ny a one Old
shore to shore, Her name will e'er be blest; And as she trav - els on with time, Her
CHORUS.
what is good and true. Long may she live! Dear old Ew - ing. 1,2,3. Hur-rah, hur - rah, old
have what all should get. Long may she live! Dear old Ew - ing. 4. Hur-rah, hur - rah, old
Ew-ing's made to stand. Long may she live! Dear old Ew - ing.
work will be confessed. Long may she live! Dear old Ew - ing.
Ew - ing stanch and true; Hur - rah, hur - rah, old Ew - ing,' tis to you We sing our prais - es
Ew - ing stanch and true; Hur - rah, hur - rah, old Ew - ing, we love you; Zip ta boom, oh,
loud and long, As we will al - ways do. Long may she live! Dear old Ew - ing.
give her room, Old Ew - ing is true blue. Rah, rah, rah, rah, for old Ew - ing.

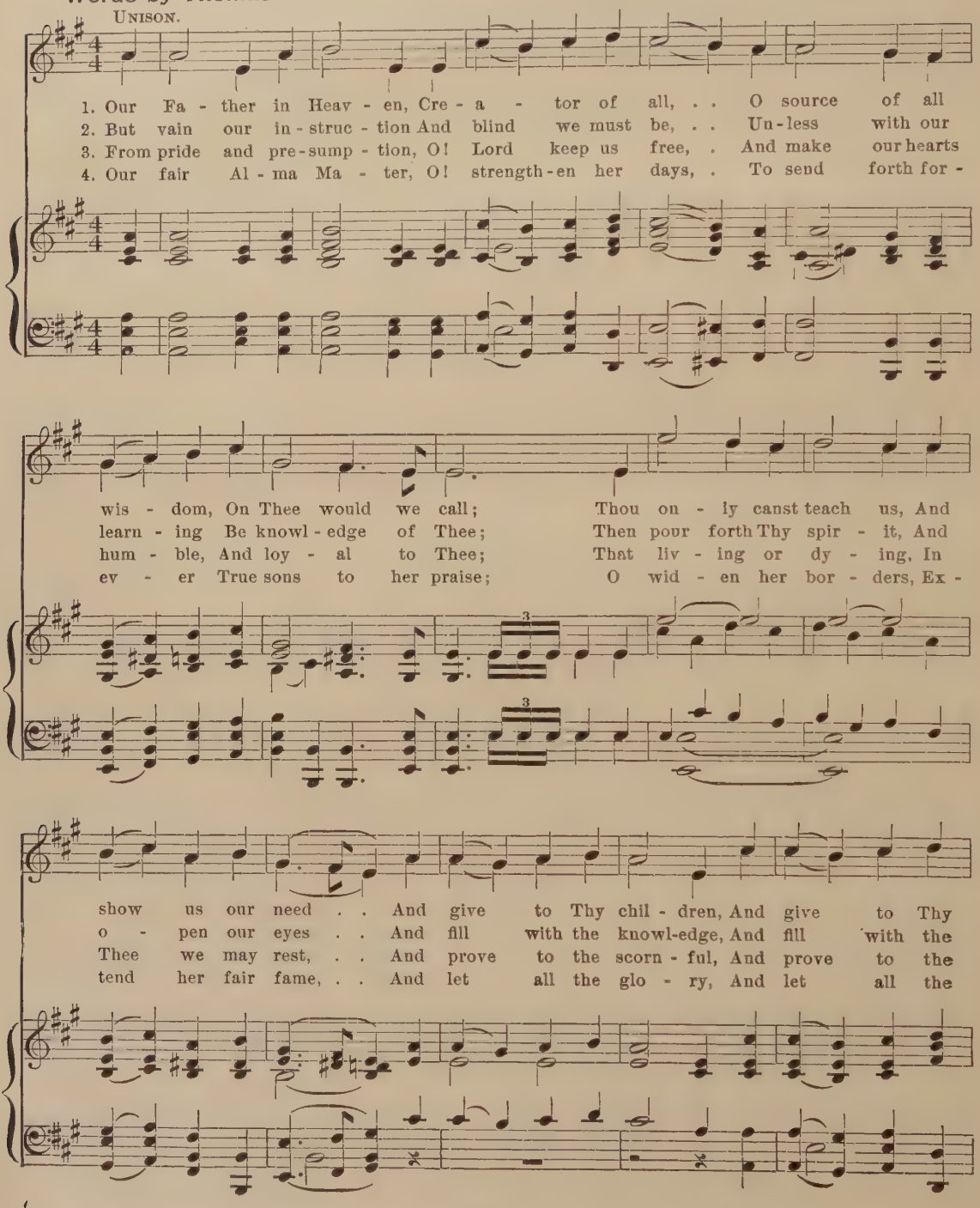
By permission.

# A UNIVERSITY HYMN.

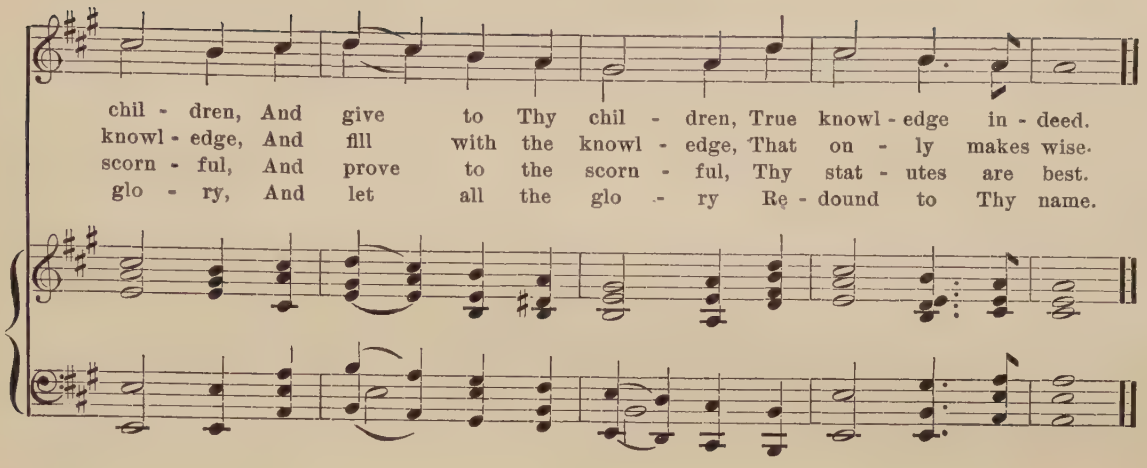
(FOR VOICES IN UNISON WITH ACCOMPANIMENT.)

Air, "Adeste Fideles."

Words by Thomas Wistar. Adapted by Edward G. McCollin.

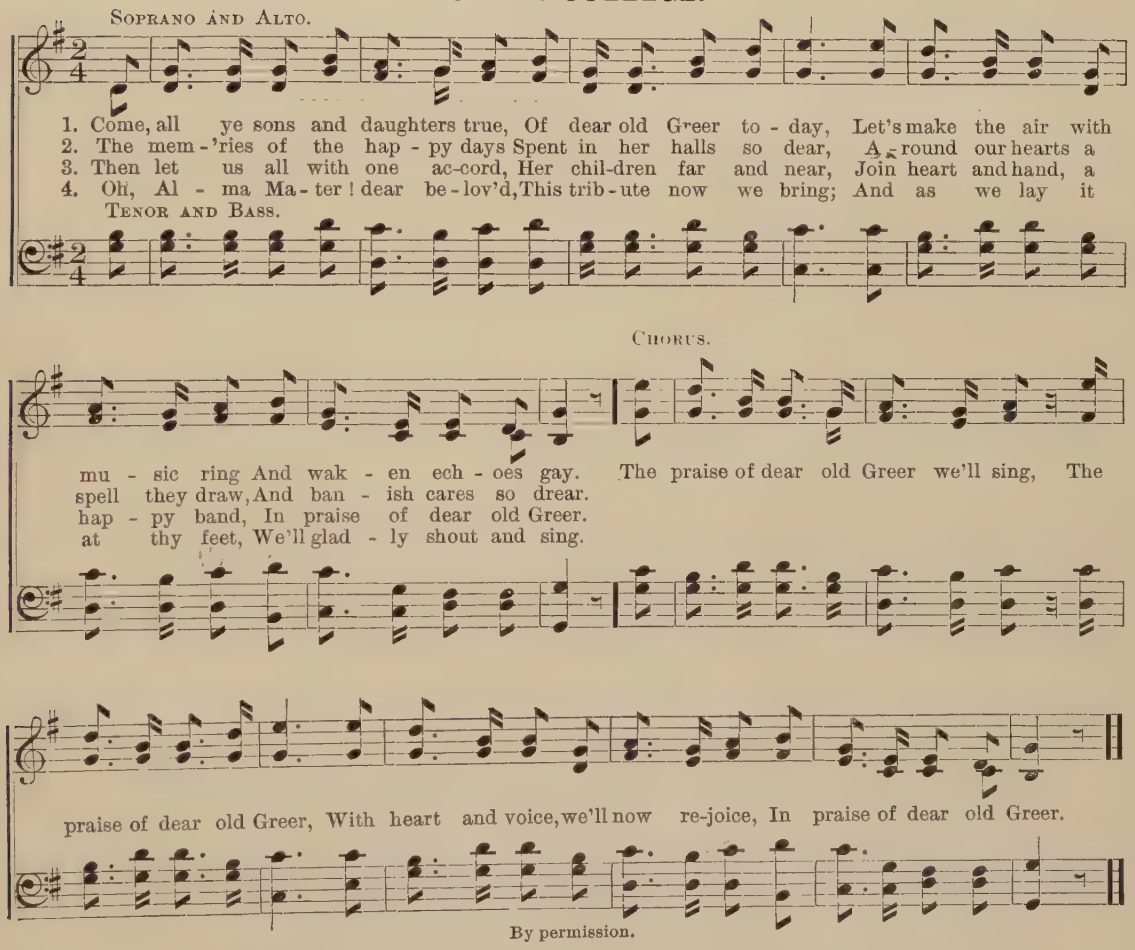

UNISON.
1. Our Fa - ther in Heav - en, Cre - a - tor of all, . . O source of all
2. But vain our in - struc - tion And blind we must be, . . Un - less with our
3. From pride and pre - sump - tion, O! Lord keep us free, . And make our hearts
4. Our fair Al - ma Ma - ter, O! strength - en her days, . To send forth for -
wis - dom, On Thee would we call; Thou on - ly canst teach us, And
learn - ing Be knowl - edge of Thee; Then pour forth Thy spir - it, And
hum - ble, And loy - al to Thee; That liv - ing or dy - ing, In
ev - er True sons to her praise; O wid - en her bor - ders, Ex -
show us our need . . And give to Thy chil - dren, And give to Thy
o - pen our eyes . . And fill with the knowl - edge, And fill with the
Thee we may rest, . . And prove to the scorn - ful, And prove to the
tend her fair fame, . . And let all the glo - ry, And let all the

## A UNIVERSITY HYMN.


chil - dren, And give to Thy chil - dren, True knowl - edge in - deed.
knowl - edge, And fill with the knowl - edge, That on - ly makes wise.
scorn - ful, And prove to the scorn - ful, Thy stat - utes are best.
glo - ry, And let all the glo - ry Re - dound to Thy name.

# IN PRAISE OF DEAR OLD GREER.

## GREER COLLEGE.


Soprano and Alto.
1. Come, all ye sons and daughters true, Of dear old Greer to - day, Let's make the air with
2. The mem - 'ries of the hap - py days Spent in her halls so dear, A - round our hearts a
3. Then let us all with one ac-cord, Her chil-dren far and near, Join heart and hand, a
4. Oh, Al - ma Ma - ter! dear be - lov'd, This trib - ute now we bring; And as we lay it
Tenor and Bass.
Chorus.
mu - sic ring And wak - en ech - oes gay. The praise of dear old Greer we'll sing, The
spell they draw, And ban - ish cares so drear.
hap - py band, In praise of dear old Greer.
at thy feet, We'll glad - ly shout and sing.
praise of dear old Greer, With heart and voice, we'll now re-joice, In praise of dear old Greer.

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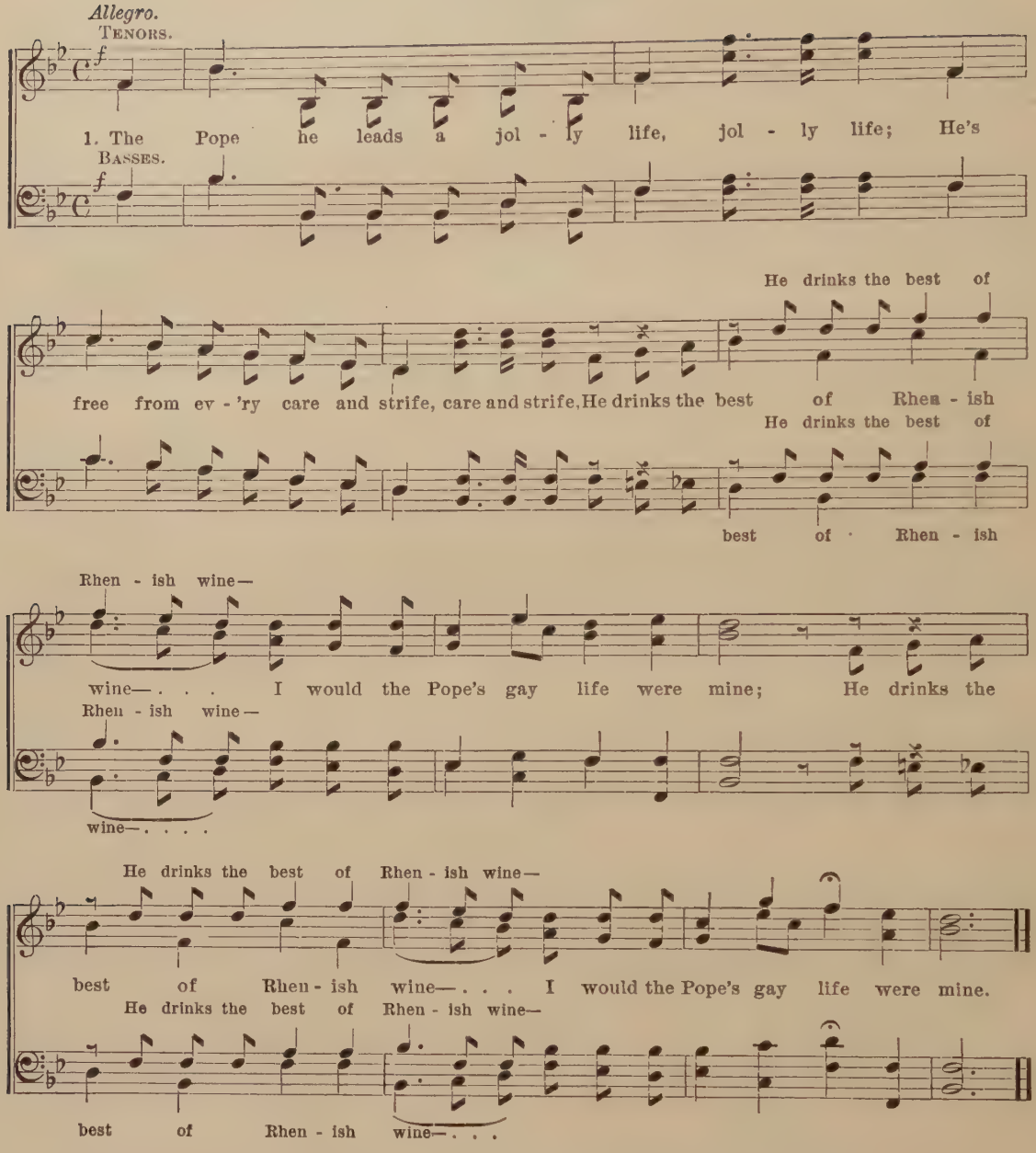
# THE POPE.


Allegro.
Tenors.
1. The Pope he leads a jol - ly life, jol - ly life; He's
Basses.
He drinks the best of
free from ev - 'ry care and strife, care and strife, He drinks the best of Rhen - ish
He drinks the best of
best of Rhen - ish
Rhen - ish wine—
wine— . . . I would the Pope's gay life were mine; He drinks the
Rhen - ish wine—
wine— . . . .
He drinks the best of Rhen - ish wine—
best of Rhen - ish wine— . . . I would the Pope's gay life were mine.
He drinks the best of Rhen - ish wine—
best of Rhen - ish wine— . . .

2 But he don't lead a jolly life;
He has no maid or blooming wife,
He has no son to raise his hope—
Oh! I would not be the Pope.

3 The Sultan better pleases me;
His life is full of jollity,
His wives are many as he will—
I fain the Sultan's throne would fill.

4 But still he is a wretched man;
He must obey the Alkoran,
He dare not drink one drop of wine—
I would not change his lot for mine.

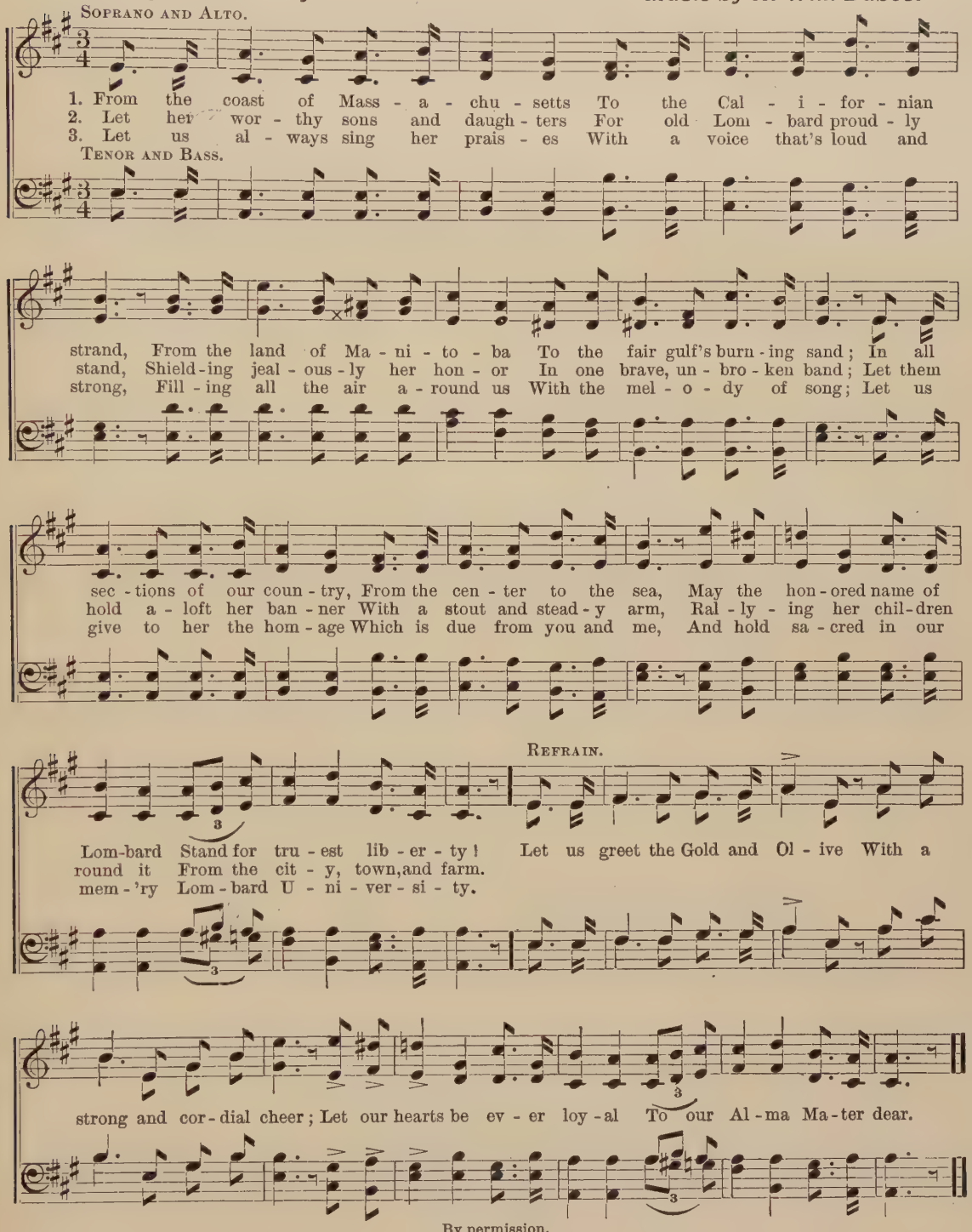
5 So, when my sweetheart kisses me,
I'll think that I'd the Sultan be;
And when my Rhenish wine I tope,
Oh, then I'll think that I'm the Pope.

By permission.

# THE GOLD AND OLIVE.

## LOMBARD UNIVERSITY.

Words by B. F. Stacey. Music by H. Wm. Dubee.


Soprano and Alto.
1. From the coast of Mass - a - chu - setts To the Cal - i - for - nian
2. Let her wor - thy sons and daugh - ters For old Lom - bard proud - ly
3. Let us al - ways sing her prais - es With a voice that's loud and
Tenor and Bass.
strand, From the land of Ma - ni - to - ba To the fair gulf's burn - ing sand; In all
stand, Shield - ing jeal - ous - ly her hon - or In one brave, un - bro - ken band; Let them
strong, Fill - ing all the air a - round us With the mel - o - dy of song; Let us
sec - tions of our coun - try, From the cen - ter to the sea, May the hon - ored name of
hold a - loft her ban - ner With a stout and stead - y arm, Ral - ly - ing her chil - dren
give to her the hom - age Which is due from you and me, And hold sa - cred in our
Refrain.
Lom-bard Stand for tru - est lib - er - ty! Let us greet the Gold and Ol - ive With a
round it From the cit - y, town, and farm.
mem - 'ry Lom - bard U - ni - ver - si - ty.
strong and cor - dial cheer; Let our hearts be ev - er loy - al To our Al - ma Ma - ter dear.

By permission.

# THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

Tenors.
Solo.
mf
Chorus.
f
Solo.
mf
1. I am a Sun - day-school scho-lar, lar, lar, lar, I dear - ly love my pa and ma,
2. On Sun-day I put a - way my toys, toys, toys, toys, I nev - er play with naught-y boys,
Basses.
f
Chorus
f
Solo.
mf
Chorus.
f
Solo.
mf
ma, ma, ma; I dear - ly love my teach - er true, true, true, true, And
boys, boys, boys; For they to wick - ed men will grow, grow, grow, grow, And
Chorus.
f
do what - e'er she tells me to, to, to, to. Teach - er, teach - er,
then I don't know where they'll go, go, go, go. Teach - er, teach - er,
why am I so hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, in my Sun - day - school?

3 I send my money to Bourra, gar, gar, gar, gar,
Away off there in Africa so far, far, far, far;
I save up all my pennies and my tin, tin, tin, tin,
The heathen kid to save from sin, sin, sin, sin.

4 When we recite our golden texts so true, true, true, true,
We get tickets all pink and black and blue, blue, blue, blue;
We draw a gilt-edged book when we get nine, nine, nine, nine,
I'm always first to turn in mine, mine, mine, mine.

5 When gentle spring comes on apace, pace, pace, pace,
You always find me in my place, place, place, place;
To Sunday-school I hustle pretty quick, quick, quick, quick,
To get my ticket for the pic-i-nic, nic, nic, nic.

By permission.

# TRIBUTE TO WESLEYAN.

## ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

Words by B. H. Smith. Music by R. C. Smedley.

Tenors.
1. A - cross the fer - tile prai - ries Of dear old Ill - i - nois, . .
2. With shouts of joy and tri - umph Ad - vance the might - y throng,
3. We at thy shrine who lin - ger Burn with a deep - er love; . .
Basses.
Strains that are waft - ed on the breeze Tell us of mirth and joy; A thou-sand voi - ces
Throughout the na - tion's broad ex - panse, Vic - to - ri - ous in song; Till thousands of new
Our col - lege life still bright-er grows, As toward its close we move; And when the time of
swell the song, U - ni - ted as in one, For loy - al sons are ren - der - ing . .
voi - ces Their loy - al spir - it share, And scores and scores of new-born sons . .
part - ing comes, Still loy - al ev - 'ry man, We'll join the throng that's ren - der - ing . .
Chorus.
Trib - ute to Wes - ley - an. . . Wes - ley - an, dear Wes - ley - an,
Hon - or their ban - ner fair. .
Trib - ute to Wes - ley - an. . .
How dear thou art to me; Wes - ley-an, dear Wes - ley - an, For-ward to vic - to - ry. . .

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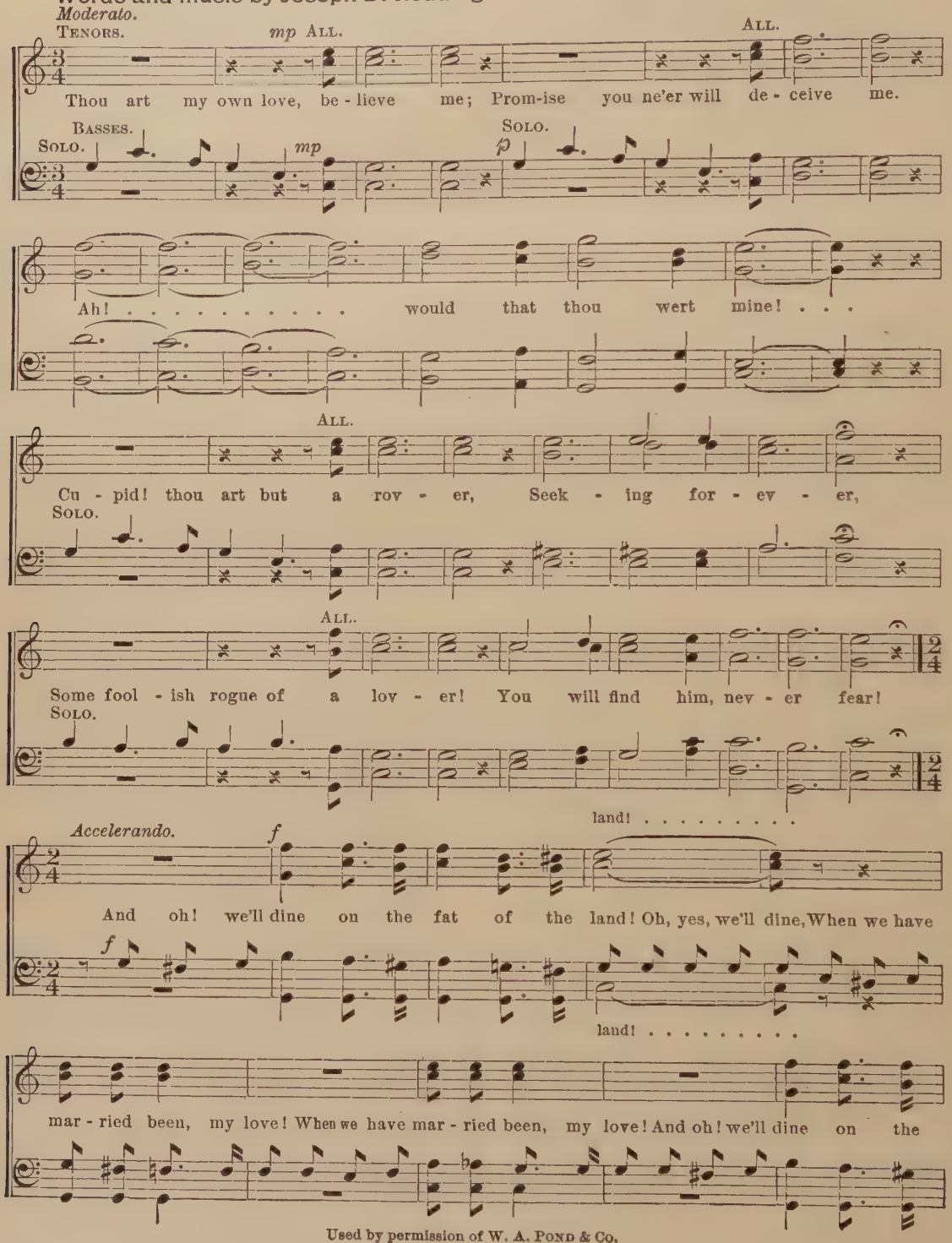
# THOU ART MY OWN LOVE.

Words and music by Joseph D. Redding. Arranged by E. J. Biedermann.


Moderato.
TENORS.
mp ALL.
ALL.
Thou art my own love, be - lieve me; Prom-ise you ne'er will de - ceive me.
BASSES.
SOLO.
mp
SOLO.
p
Ah! . . . . . would that thou wert mine! . . .
ALL.
Cu - pid! thou art but a rov - er, Seek - ing for - ev - er,
SOLO.
ALL.
Some fool - ish rogue of a lov - er! You will find him, nev - er fear!
SOLO.
land! . . . . . .
Accelerando.
f
And oh! we'll dine on the fat of the land! Oh, yes, we'll dine, When we have
f
land! . . . . . .
mar - ried been, my love! When we have mar - ried been, my love! And oh! we'll dine on the

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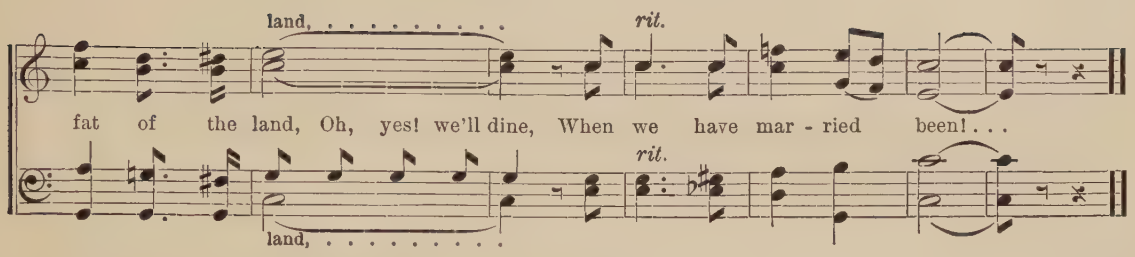
## THOU ART MY OWN LOVE.

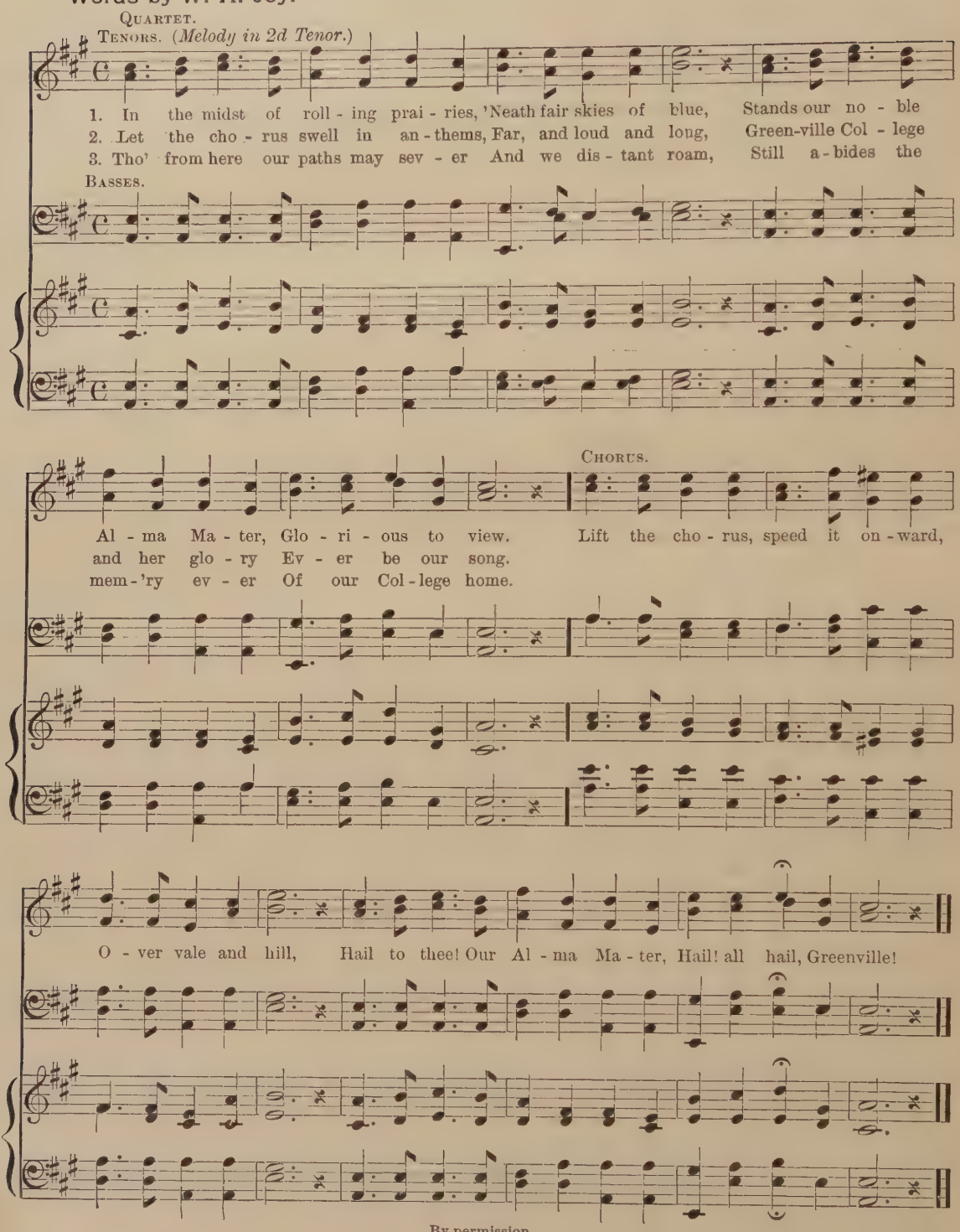



## MY BONNIE.

1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . . . My Bon - nie lies o - ver the
2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, . . . Last night as I lay on my
3. Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . . . And blow, ye winds, o - ver the
4. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . . . The winds have blown o - ver the
sea; . . . . . My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . . . Oh, bring back my
bed; . . . . . Last night as I lay on my pil - low, . . . I dreamt that my
sea; . . . . . Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . . . And bring back my
sea; . . . . . The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . . . And bro't back my
Chorus.
Bon - nie to me. . . . . .
Bon - nie was dead. . . . . .
Bon - nie to me. . . . . .
Bon - nie to me. . . . . .
Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to
me, to me; Bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me. . .

# ALMA MATER.—GREENVILLE.

Words by W. A. Joy.


Quartet.
Tenors. (Melody in 2d Tenor.)
1. In the midst of roll - ing prai - ries, 'Neath fair skies of blue, Stands our no - ble
2. Let the cho - rus swell in an - thems, Far, and loud and long, Green-ville Col - lege
3. Tho' from here our paths may sev - er And we dis - tant roam, Still a - bides the
Basses.
Chorus.
Al - ma Ma - ter, Glo - ri - ous to view. Lift the cho - rus, speed it on - ward,
and her glo - ry Ev - er be our song.
mem - 'ry ev - er Of our Col - lege home.
O - ver vale and hill, Hail to thee! Our Al - ma Ma - ter, Hail! all hail, Greenville!

By permission.

# FOR LINCOLN WE WILL EVER STAND.

## LINCOLN UNIVERSITY.

Words and music by Alexander S. Thompson.

Moderato.
Tenors.
1. We'll raise the voice in joy - ful strain, Our song it shall re -
2. May her old halls be ev - er dear, May her fair fame spread
3. Her fu - ture may it e'er be bright, May naught a - rise to
Basses.
sound a - gain; For Lin - coln we will ev - er stand A
far and near; We'll ev - er cher - ish loy - al - ty For
quench her light; God grant, that for - tune's smile, a store Of
Our wish for her shall
May all her sons with
That use - - - ful - ness may
firm u - nit - ed bro - ther band. Our wish for her
our dear u - ni - ver - si - ty. May all her sons
wealth in - to her lap may pour; That use - ful - ness
al - ways be:
one ac - cord
be her boast,
shall al - ways be: That she may win an en - vied place, And
with one ac - cord Her stan - dard raise 'fore all the world, In
may be her boast, That she may train both brain and hand, And
take high hon - ors in the race: Her watch - word ev - er: u - ni - ty.
no - ble cause it is un-furled: The cause of man, of Christ the Lord.
in the van - guard take her stand: Her fol - lowers may they be a host.

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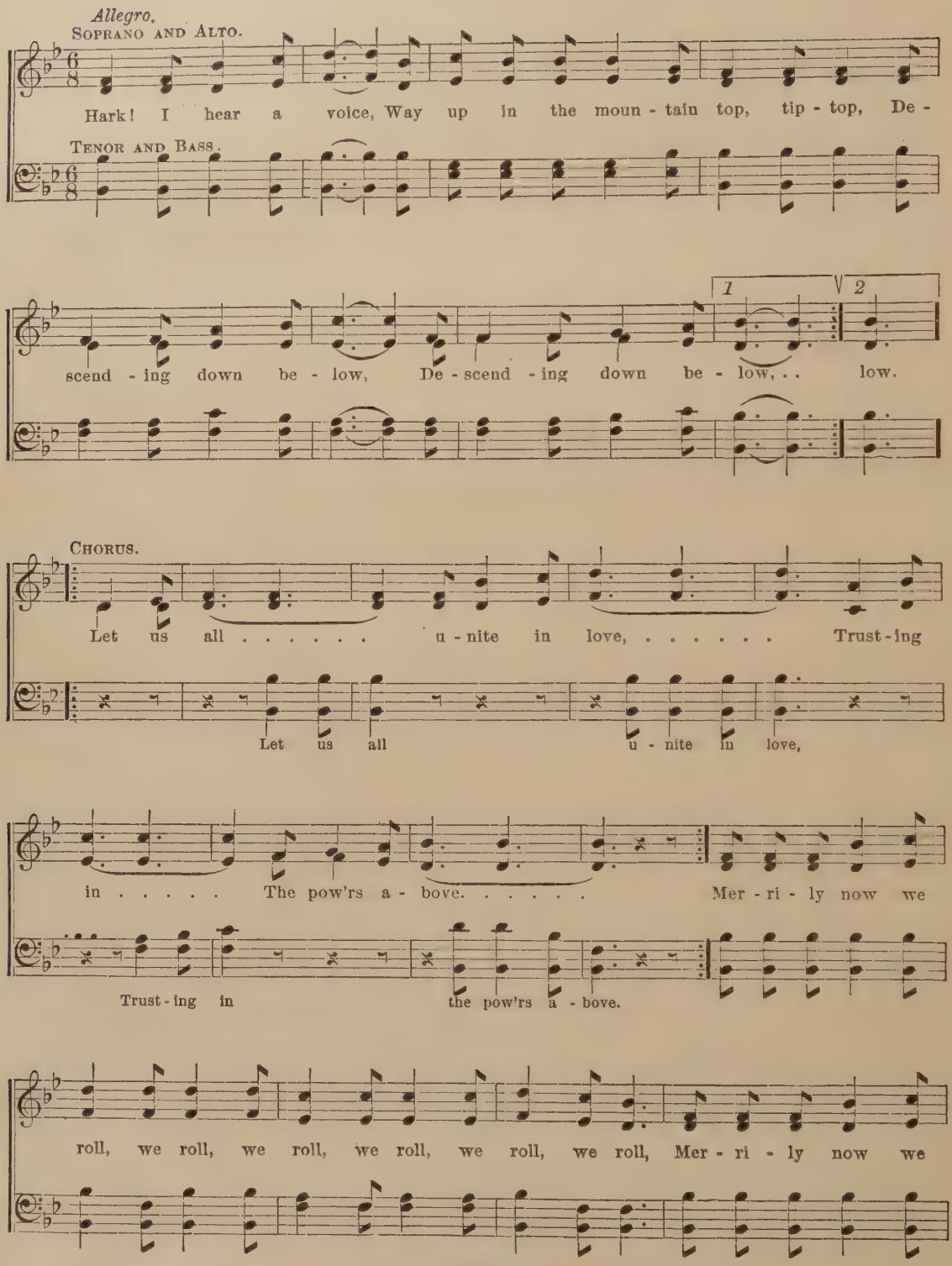
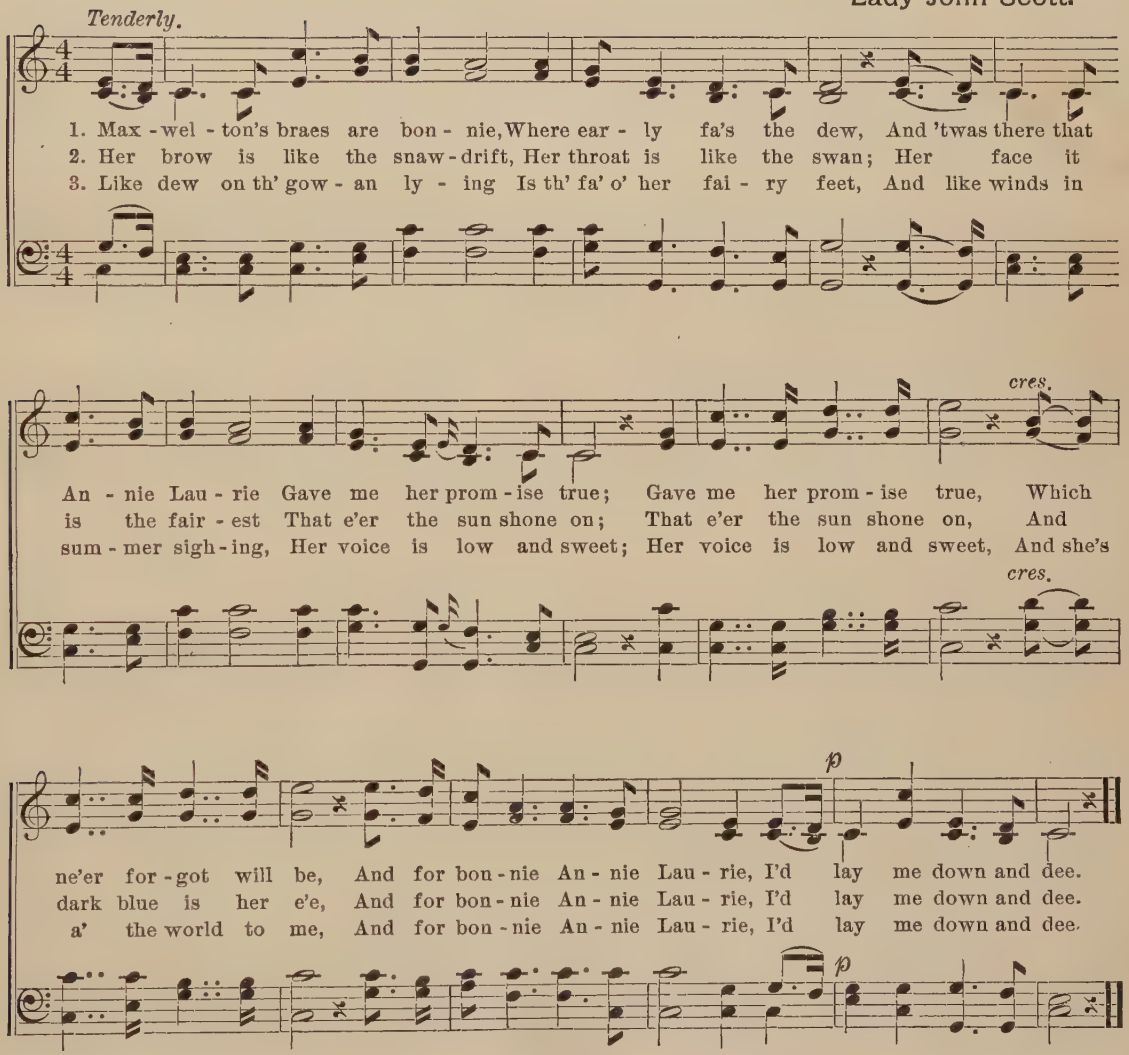
# HARK! I HEAR A VOICE.


Allegro.
Soprano and Alto.
Hark! I hear a voice, Way up in the moun - tain top, tip - top, De -
Tenor and Bass.
scend - ing down be - low, De - scend - ing down be - low, . . low.
1
2
Chorus.
Let us all . . . . . u - nite in love, . . . . . Trust - ing
Let us all u - nite in love,
in . . . . . The pow'rs a - bove. . . . . Mer - ri - ly now we
Trust - ing in the pow'rs a - bove.
roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, Mer - ri - ly now we

## HARK! I HEAR A VOICE.

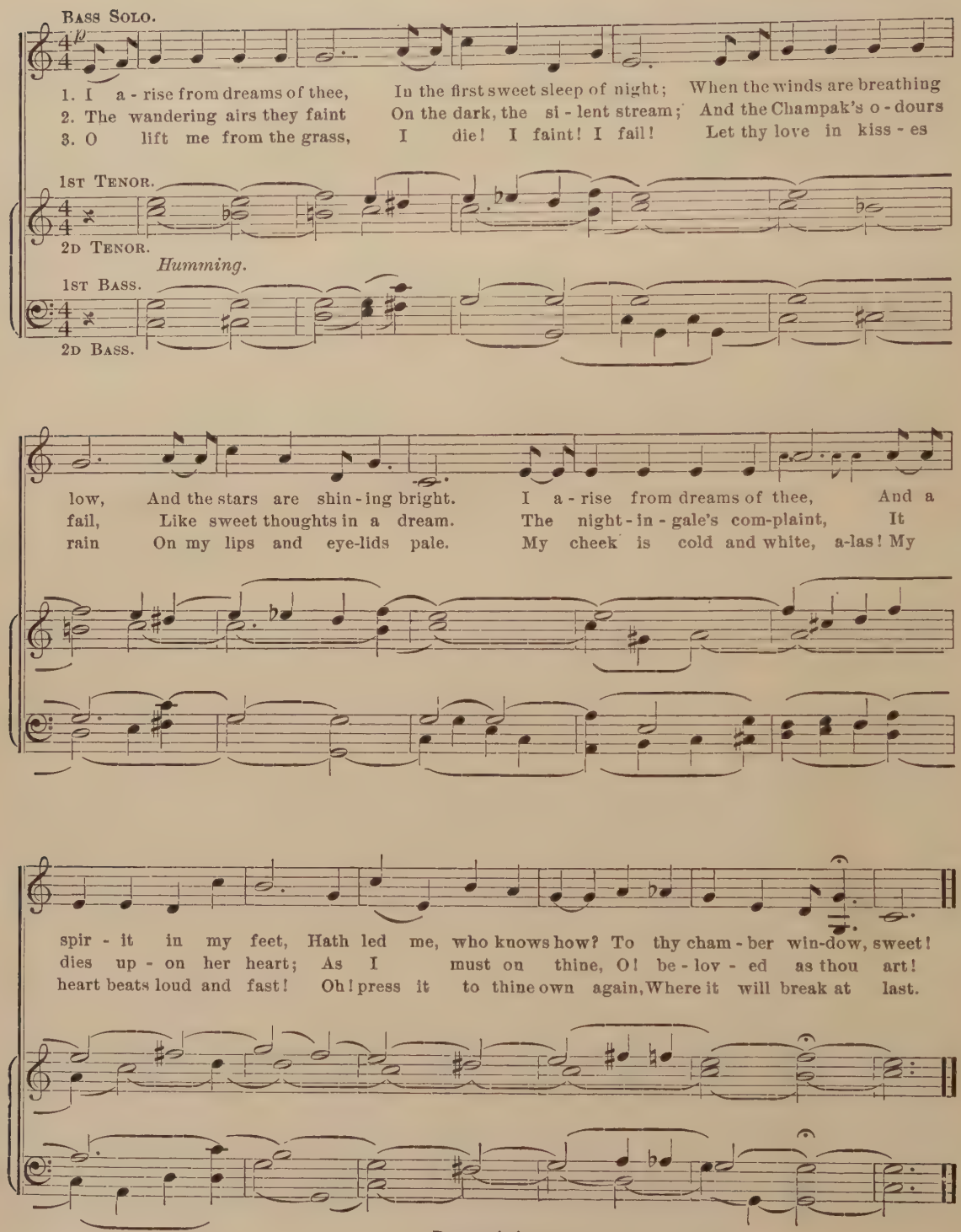
## ANNIE LAURIE.

Lady John Scott.


Tenderly.
1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that
2. Her brow is like the snaw - drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it
3. Like dew on th' gow - an ly - ing Is th' fa' o' her fai - ry feet, And like winds in
cres.
An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true; Gave me her prom - ise true, Which
is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And
sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's
cres.
p
ne'er for - got will be, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
dark blue is her e'e, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
a' the world to me, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
p

# I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE.

Tourtellot.


Bass Solo.
1. I a - rise from dreams of thee, In the first sweet sleep of night; When the winds are breathing
2. The wandering airs they faint On the dark, the si - lent stream; And the Champak's o - dours
3. O lift me from the grass, I die! I faint! I fail! Let thy love in kiss - es
1st Tenor.
2d Tenor.
Humming.
1st Bass.
2d Bass.
low, And the stars are shin - ing bright. I a - rise from dreams of thee, And a
fail, Like sweet thoughts in a dream. The night - in - gale's com-plaint, It
rain On my lips and eye-lids pale. My cheek is cold and white, a-las! My
spir - it in my feet, Hath led me, who knows how? To thy cham - ber win-dow, sweet!
dies up - on her heart; As I must on thine, O! be - lov - ed as thou art!
heart beats loud and fast! Oh! press it to thine own again, Where it will break at last.

By permission.

# SING AUGUSTANA'S PRAISES.

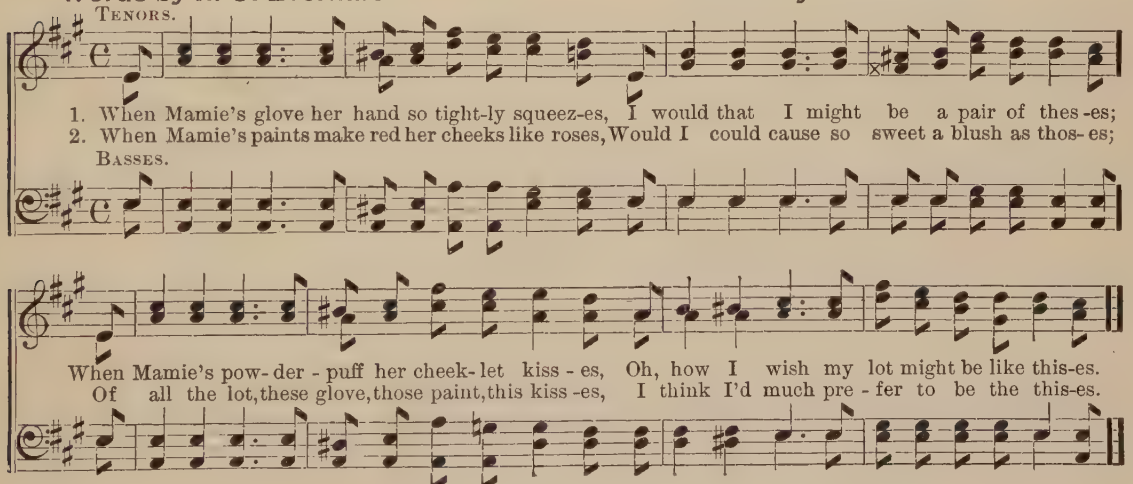
## AUGUSTANA COLLEGE.

Soprano and Alto.
p
1. Shall old ac-quaintance be for-got, And mem-'ry's gar-land fade? Nay, deck a-new the
2. She stands, a loft-y bea-con bright, Firm founded on the hill; How far we sail, her
3. A might-y for-tress 'mid the trees, She tow-ers bold and true, Un-fold-ing proud-ly
Tenor and Bass.
Chorus.
cres.
mf
hal-lowed spot, Where hearts their hom-age paid! Let car-ols ring from hall to hall, Nor
glo-rious light Shall guide the sail-ors still.
to the breeze Her col-ors, Gold and Blue.
f
let their ar-dor fail! Sing Au-gus-ta-na's prais-es all! Shout Au-gus-ta-na's Hail!

By permission.

# MAMIE'S CHARMS.

Words by R. O. Everhart. Music by Walter Howe Jones.


Tenors.
1. When Mamie's glove her hand so tight-ly squeez-es, I would that I might be a pair of thes-es;
2. When Mamie's paints make red her cheeks like roses, Would I could cause so sweet a blush as thos-es;
Basses.
When Mamie's pow-der-puff her cheek-let kiss-es, Oh, how I wish my lot might be like this-es.
Of all the lot, these glove, those paint, this kiss-es, I think I'd much pre-fer to be the this-es.

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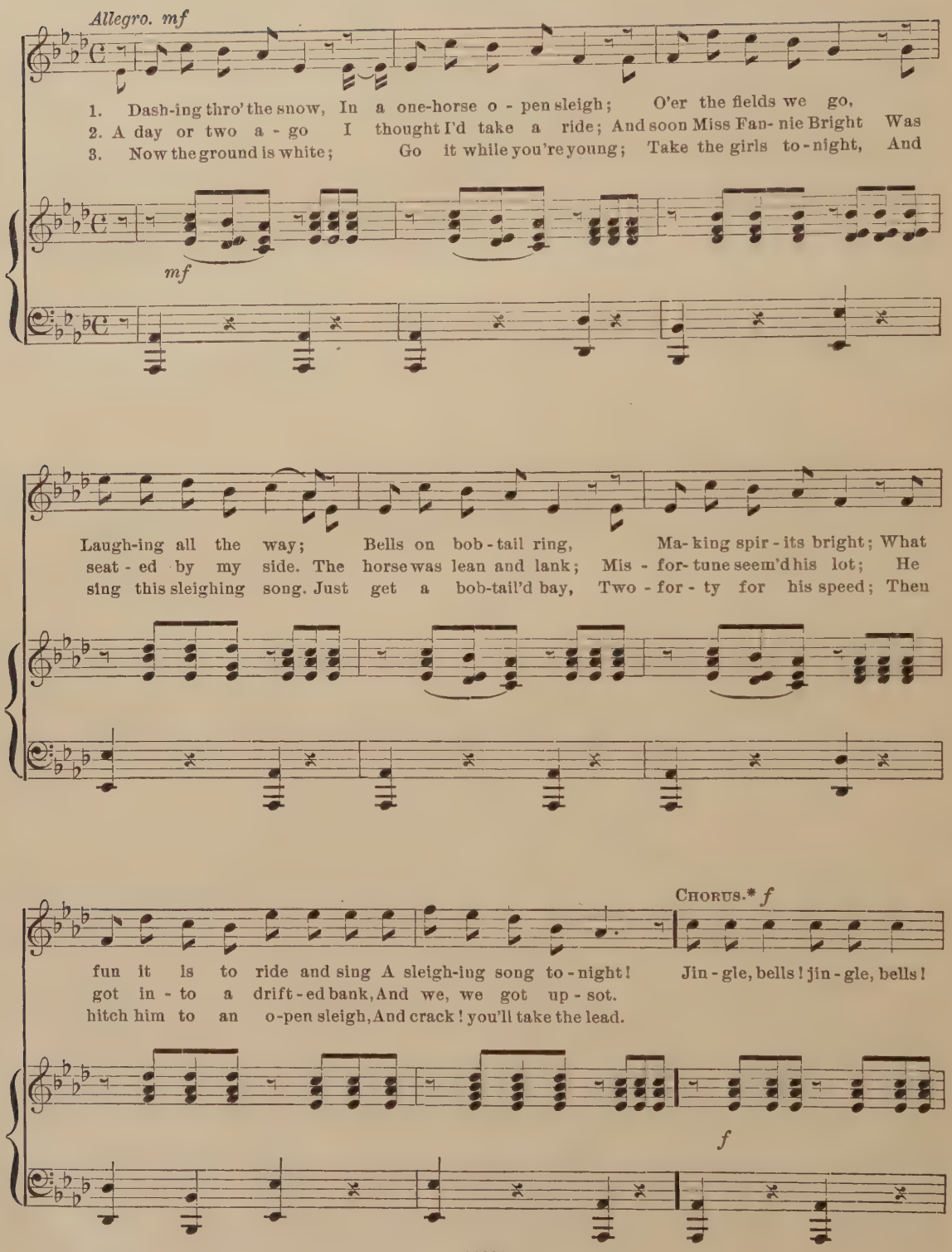
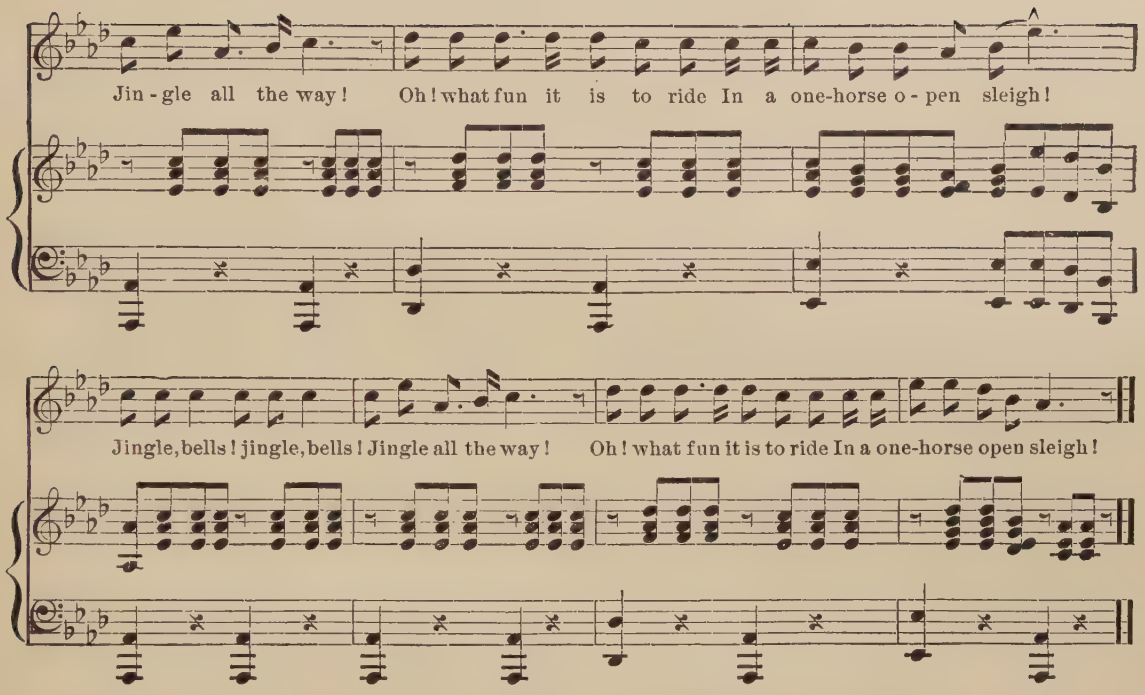
# JINGLE, BELLS.


Allegro. mf
1. Dash-ing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh; O'er the fields we go,
2. A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride; And soon Miss Fan- nie Bright Was
3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young; Take the girls to-night, And
mf
Laugh-ing all the way; Bells on bob-tail ring, Ma- king spir - its bright; What
seat - ed by my side. The horse was lean and lank; Mis - for- tune seem'd his lot; He
sing this sleighing song. Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two - for - ty for his speed; Then
Chorus.* f
fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to - night! Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells!
got in - to a drift - ed bank, And we, we got up - sot.
hitch him to an o-pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.
f

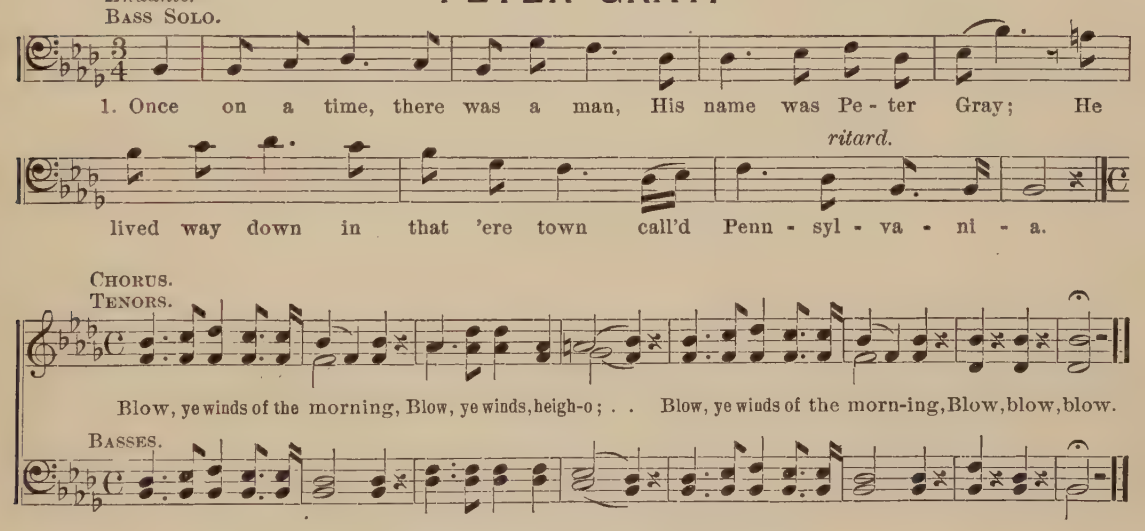
*Accompanied by jingling glasses

## JINGLE, BELLS.


Jin - gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!
Jingle, bells! jingle, bells! Jingle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh!

## PETER GRAY.

*Andante.*
BASS SOLO.


1. Once on a time, there was a man, His name was Pe - ter Gray; He
ritard.
lived way down in that 'ere town call'd Penn - syl - va - ni - a.
CHORUS.
TENORS.
Blow, ye winds of the morning, Blow, ye winds, heigh-o; . . Blow, ye winds of the morn-ing, Blow, blow, blow.
BASSES.

2 Now Peter Gray he fell in love, all with a nice young girl;
The first three letters of her name were L–U–C, Anna Quirl.—CHO.

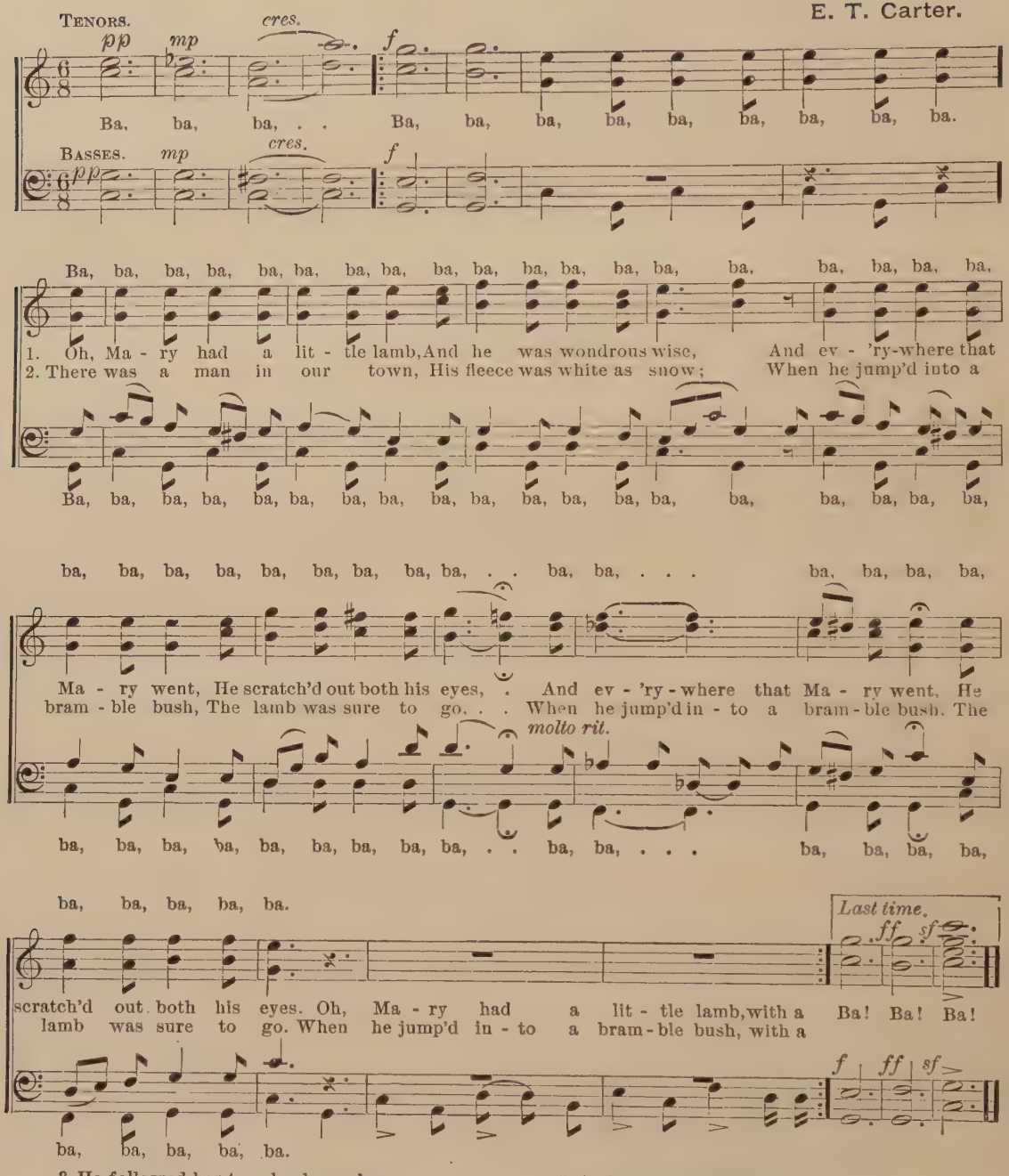
3 But just as they were going to wed, her papa he said "No!"
And consequently she was sent way off to Ohio.—CHO.

4 And Peter Gray he went to trade for furs and other skins,
Till he was caught and scalp–y–ed, by the bloody Indians.—CHO.

5 When Lucy Anna heard the news, she straightway took to bed,
And never did get up again until she di–i–ed.—CHO.

# MARY'S LITTLE WISE MAN.

E. T. Carter.


Tenors.
pp
mp
cres.
f
Ba, ba, ba, . . Ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba.
Basses.
pp
mp
cres.
f
Ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba,
1. Oh, Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, And he was wondrous wise, And ev - 'ry-where that
2. There was a man in our town, His fleece was white as snow; When he jump'd into a
Ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba,
ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, . . ba, ba, . . . ba, ba, ba, ba,
Ma - ry went, He scratch'd out both his eyes, . And ev - 'ry - where that Ma - ry went, He
bram - ble bush, The lamb was sure to go, . . When he jump'd in - to a bram - ble bush, The
molto rit.
ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, . . ba, ba, . . . ba, ba, ba, ba,
ba, ba, ba, ba, ba.
Last time.
ff
sf
scratch'd out both his eyes. Oh, Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, with a Ba! Ba! Ba!
lamb was sure to go. When he jump'd in - to a bram - ble bush, with a
f
ff
sf
ba, ba, ba, ba, ba.

3 He followed her to school one day,
With all his might and main;
‖ :It made the children laugh and play, :‖
To scratch them in again.

4 And when he saw his eyes were out,
Which was against the rule,
‖ :He jumped into another bush, :‖
To see the lamb at school.

5 And so the teacher turned him out
His wife could eat no lean,
‖ :And waited patiently about, :‖
And licked the platter clean.

6 What makes the lamb love Mary so?
For he himself had said it,
‖ :'Cause Mary loves the lamb, you know, :‖
And it's greatly to his credit.

# COLLEGIUM.

## HOPE COLLEGE.

Words by Henricus E. Dosker. Music by Johannes B. Nykerk.

Tenors.
1. Col - le - gi - um, Col - le - gi - um, te nunc ex - tol - li - mus, Vi - vis con-junc - tis
2. Col - le - gi - um, Col - le - gi - um, fes - tos nunc a - gi - mus, "Jam to - ta A - ca -
3. Col - le - gi - um, Col - le - gi - um, ar - ri - de fi - li - is, Pro - ba nos - tro - rum
4. Col - le - gi - um, Ar - gen - te - um, te nunc ex - tol - li - mus, Cras au - ro co - ro -
Basses.
vo - ci - bus, Om - ni - um nos - trum plau - si - bus, A - mo - re et ho - no - ri - bus Sa -
de - mi - a, No - bis - cum a - met gau - di - a," A - mo - re et ho - no - ri - bus Sa -
o - pe - ra, Spe sem - per nos il - lu - mi - na, A - mo - re et ho - no - ri - bus Sa -
na - bi - mus Et la - bi - is tre - men - ti - bus, A - mo - re et ho - no - ri - bus Sa -
lu - tem di - ci - mus, A - mo - re et ho - no - ri - bus Sa - lu - tem di - ci - mus.

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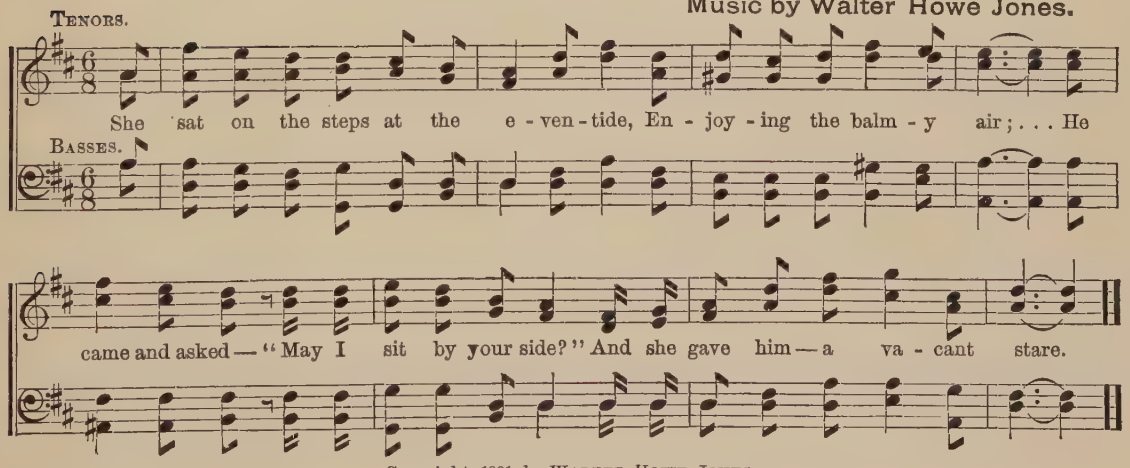
# THE VACANT STARE.

Music by Walter Howe Jones.


Tenors.
She sat on the steps at the e - ven - tide, En - joy - ing the balm - y air; . . . He
Basses.
came and asked — "May I sit by your side?" And she gave him — a va - cant stare.

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# HILLSDALE AND THE BLUE.

## HILLSDALE COLLEGE.

Words by C. E. Greenlee.

Music by Grace D. Monroe.

Arranged by James Kendrick.

Soprano and Alto.
mf
1. We hail thee, har - bin - ger of peace And fount of clas - sic lore; To thee we raise a song of praise As oth - ers have be - fore. Let
2. The trav - 'ler in yon pass - ing train Be - holds thee from his car, And points with pride o'er coun - try - side To greet thee from a - far; For
3. May thy clock - strike by day and night Pro - claim the mes - sage still; Thy tow'r looks down o'er vale and town, Staid guar - dian of the hill. We'll
Tenor and Bass.
mf
none but friends thy name pro - claim, And none but foes be still; Thy
while swift wheels of mod - ern life Are rush - ing to and fro, Thy
bind thy mot - to to our hearts, That "Strength de - lights in trial;" And
clas - sic halls our hom - age calls The queen of Col - lege Hill.
bell still calls to qui - et halls, To think, and be, and know.
face the strife and toil of life, With hope and self - de - nial.
Chorus.
f
Then while we make the wel - kin ring, Let hearts grow strong, grow strong and
ring, Let hearts grow strong and
f
ring,

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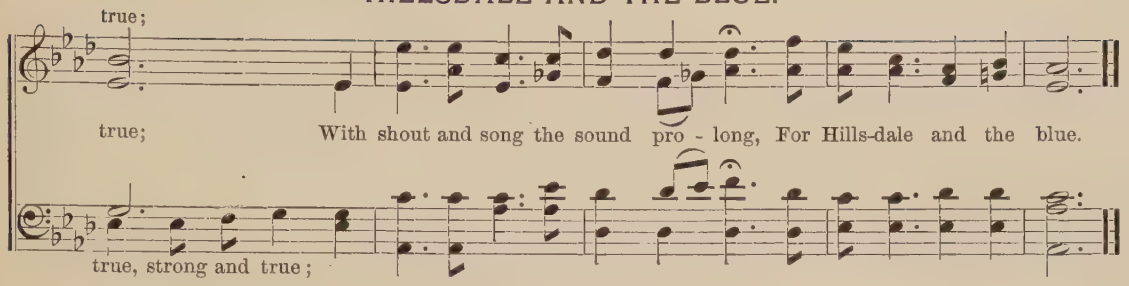
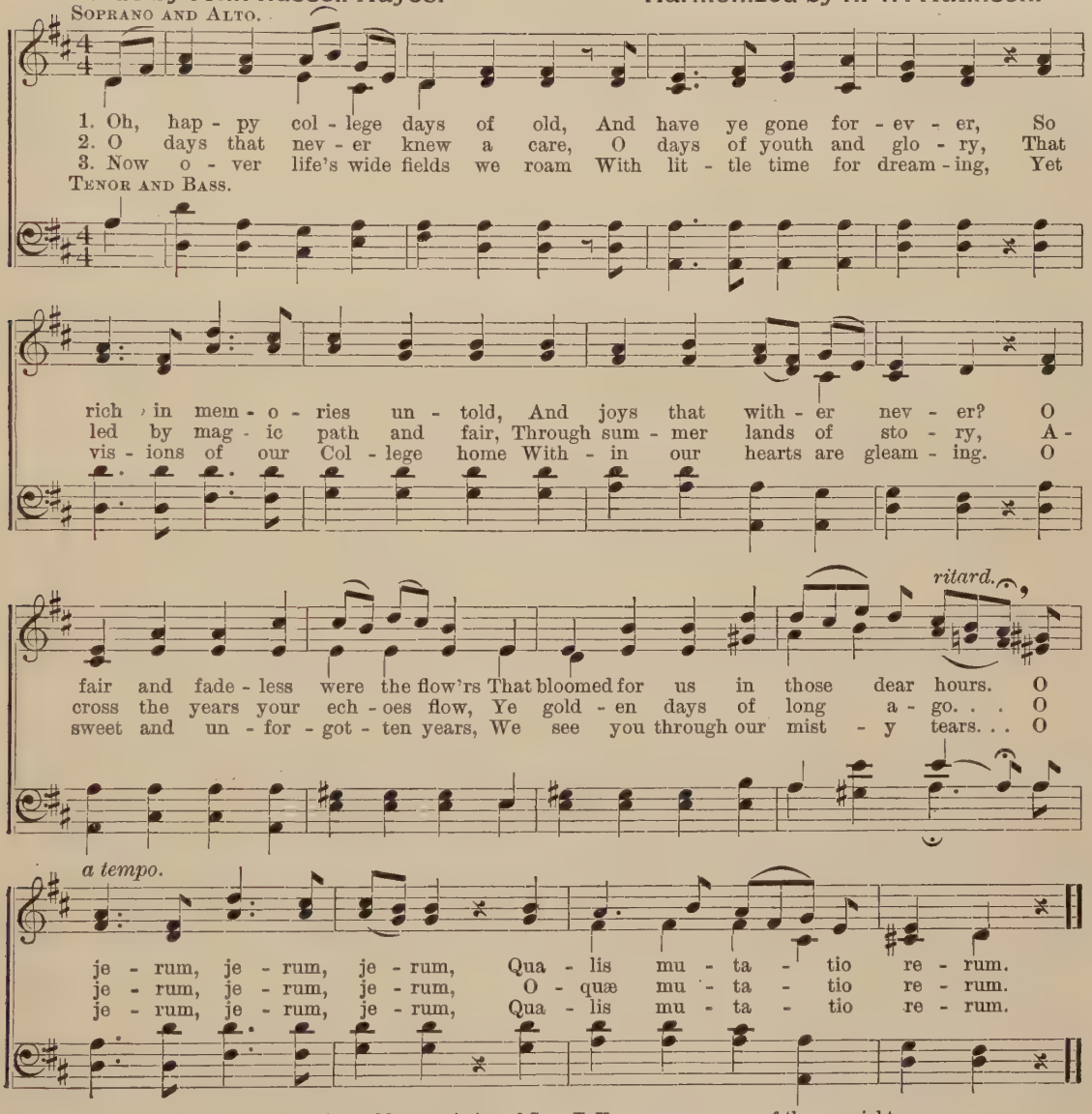
## HILLSDALE AND THE BLUE.




## COLLEGE DAYS OF OLD.

Words by John Russell Hayes. Harmonized by R. W. Atkinson.


Soprano and Alto.
1. Oh, hap - py col - lege days of old, And have ye gone for - ev - er, So
2. O days that nev - er knew a care, O days of youth and glo - ry, That
3. Now o - ver life's wide fields we roam With lit - tle time for dream - ing, Yet
Tenor and Bass.
rich in mem - o - ries un - told, And joys that with - er nev - er? O
led by mag - ic path and fair, Through sum - mer lands of sto - ry, A -
vis - ions of our Col - lege home With - in our hearts are gleam - ing. O
ritard.
fair and fade - less were the flow'rs That bloomed for us in those dear hours. O
cross the years your ech - oes flow, Ye gold - en days of long a - go. . . O
sweet and un - for - got - ten years, We see you through our mist - y tears. . . O
a tempo.
je - rum, je - rum, je - rum, Qua - lis mu - ta - tio re - rum.
je - rum, je - rum, je - rum, O - quæ mu - ta - tio re - rum.
je - rum, je - rum, je - rum, Qua - lis mu - ta - tio re - rum.

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# THE COLLEGE ON THE HILL.

## ST. OLAF COLLEGE.

Words by C. K. Solberg.

Soprano and Alto.
1. All hail the col - lege on the hill, Our Al - ma Ma - ter dear! We love her light, se -
2. Her sons and daughters far and near Will shield her pre - cious name, And stay the foes that
3. Though time may come when rude de - cay A - waits her state - ly frame, May ne'er a - rise that
4. How glad - ly we re - call the days Of col - lege work and play, The cheer - ful words and
Tenor and Bass.
Chorus.
rene and still, We love her ways of cheer. 1,2,3. Let ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry voice U -
may ap - pear To thwart her no - ble aim. 4. As we have left these days be - hind And
dis - mal day That knows not of her fame.
win - ning ways Of class and schoolmates dear.
nite to sing her praise; With one ac - cord let all re-joice To think of col - lege days.
bid those friends a - dieu, We now en - joy to call to mind Past days on Man - i - tou.

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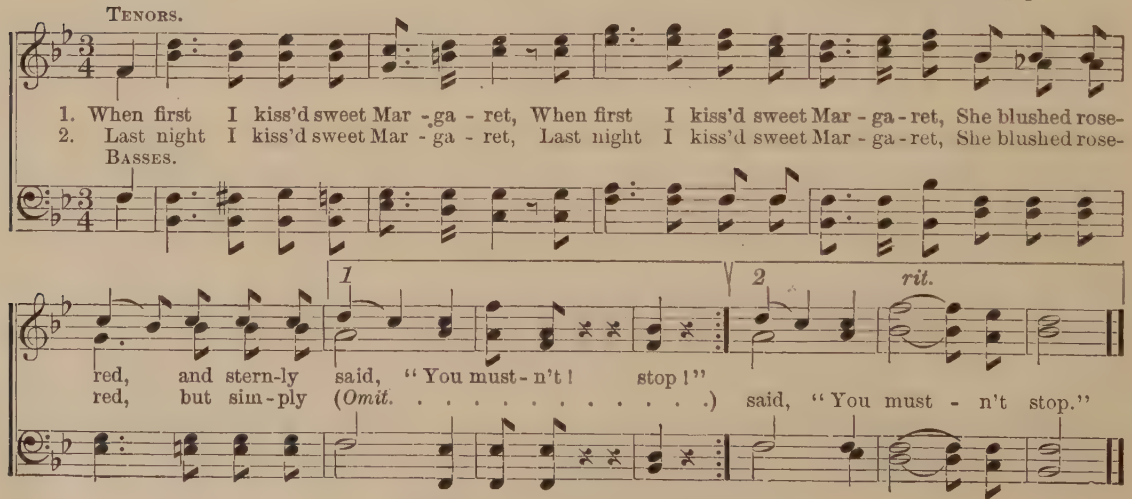
# WHEN FIRST I KISSED SWEET MARGARET.


Tenors.
1. When first I kiss'd sweet Mar - ga - ret, When first I kiss'd sweet Mar - ga - ret, She blushed rose-
2. Last night I kiss'd sweet Mar - ga - ret, Last night I kiss'd sweet Mar - ga - ret, She blushed rose-
Basses.
1
2
rit.
red, and stern-ly said, "You must - n't! stop!"
red, but sim - ply (Omit. . . . . .) said, "You must - n't stop."

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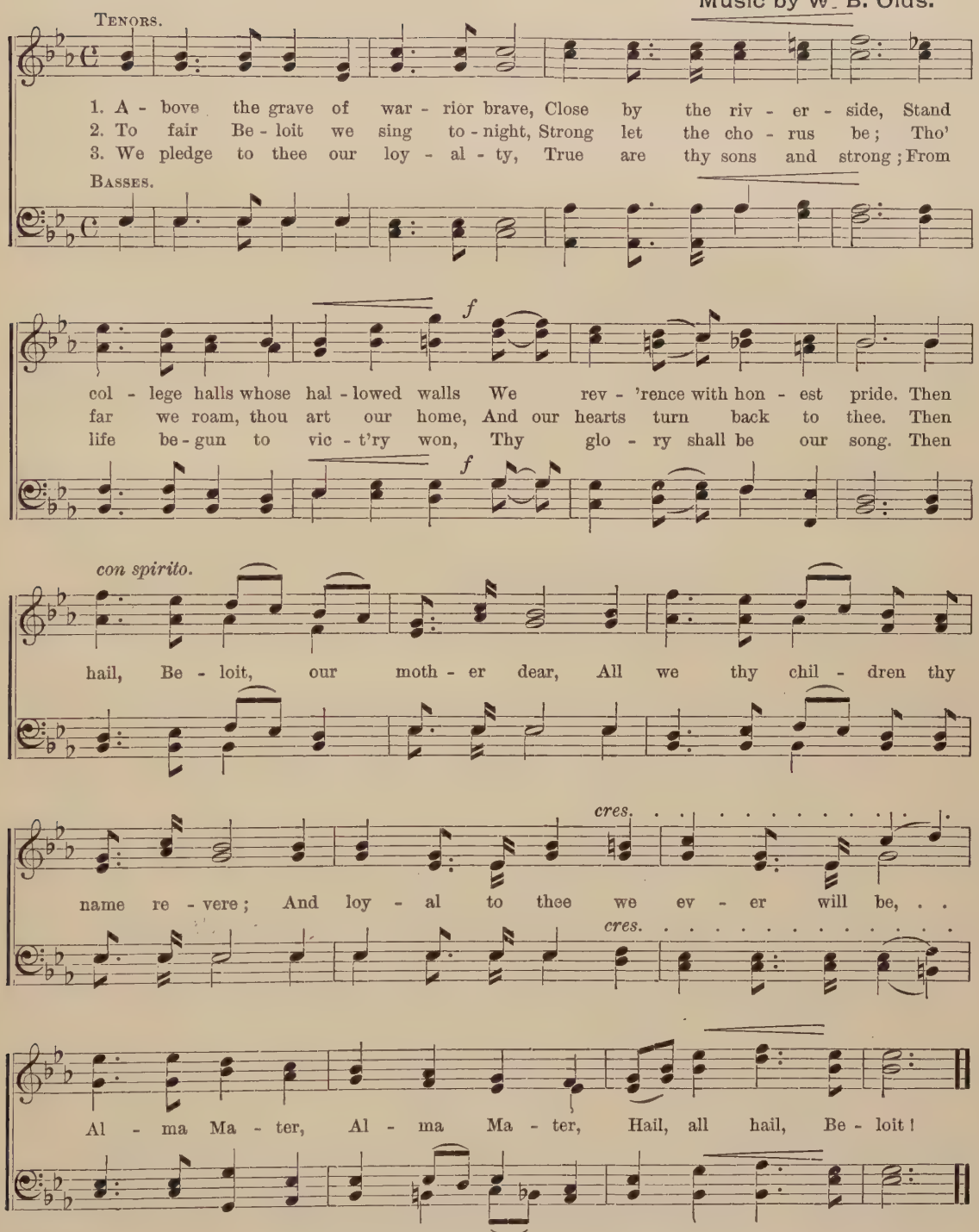
# HAIL, BELOIT.

## BELOIT COLLEGE.

Music by W. B. Olds.


Tenors.
1. A - bove the grave of war - rior brave, Close by the riv - er - side, Stand
2. To fair Be - loit we sing to - night, Strong let the cho - rus be; Tho'
3. We pledge to thee our loy - al - ty, True are thy sons and strong; From
Basses.
f
col - lege halls whose hal - lowed walls We rev - 'rence with hon - est pride. Then
far we roam, thou art our home, And our hearts turn back to thee. Then
life be - gun to vic - t'ry won, Thy glo - ry shall be our song. Then
f
con spirito.
hail, Be - loit, our moth - er dear, All we thy chil - dren thy
cres.
name re - vere; And loy - al to thee we ev - er will be, . .
cres.
Al - ma Ma - ter, Al - ma Ma - ter, Hail, all hail, Be - loit!

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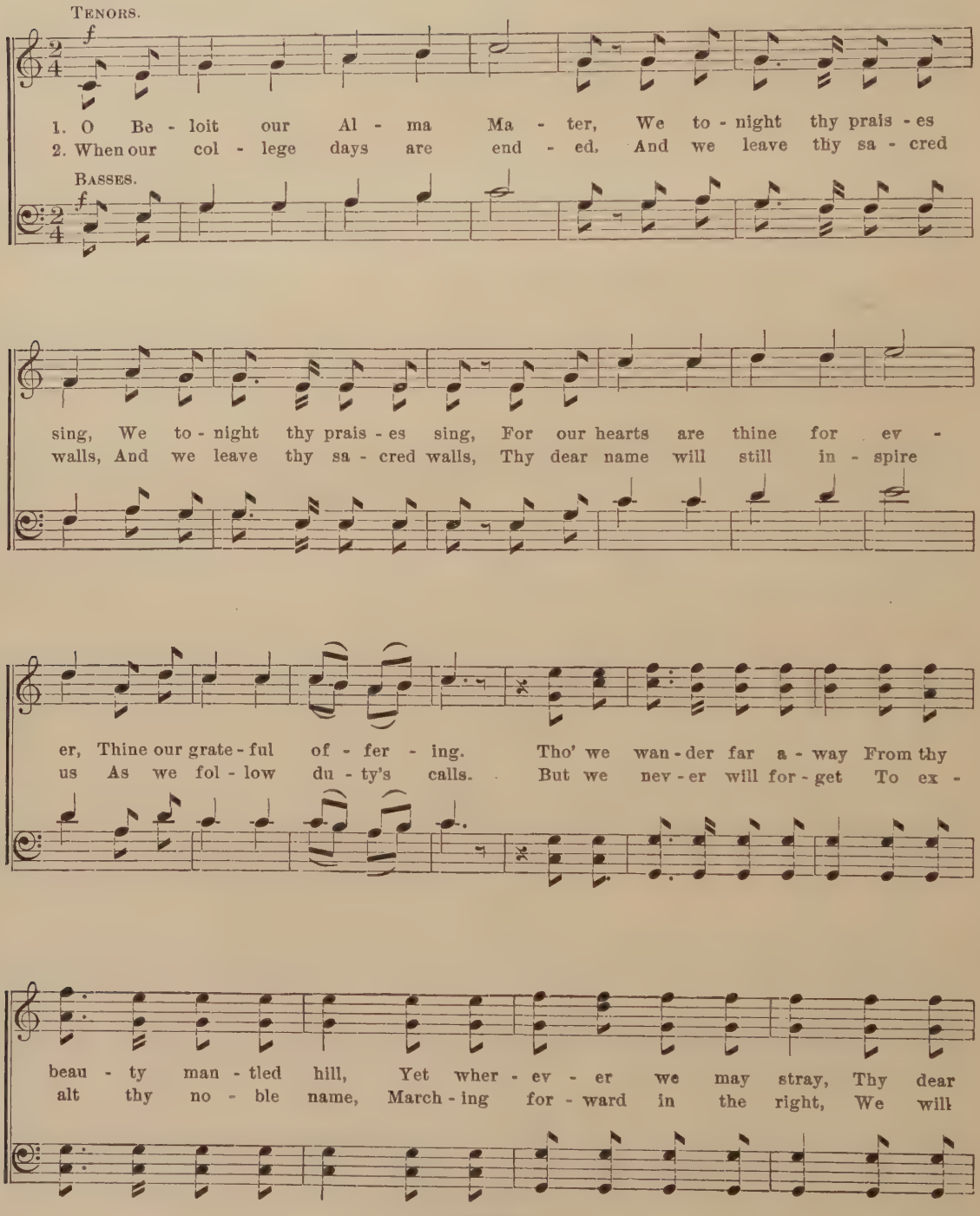
# BELOIT SONG.

## BELOIT COLLEGE.

Words by R. J. Eddy. Arranged from German melodies.


TENORS.
f
1. O Be - loit our Al - ma Ma - ter, We to - night thy prais - es
2. When our col - lege days are end - ed, And we leave thy sa - cred
BASSES.
f
sing, We to - night thy prais - es sing, For our hearts are thine for ev -
walls, And we leave thy sa - cred walls, Thy dear name will still in - spire
er, Thine our grate - ful of - fer - ing. Tho' we wan - der far a - way From thy
us As we fol - low du - ty's calls. But we nev - er will for - get To ex -
beau - ty man - tled hill, Yet wher - ev - er we may stray, Thy dear
alt thy no - ble name, March - ing for - ward in the right, We will

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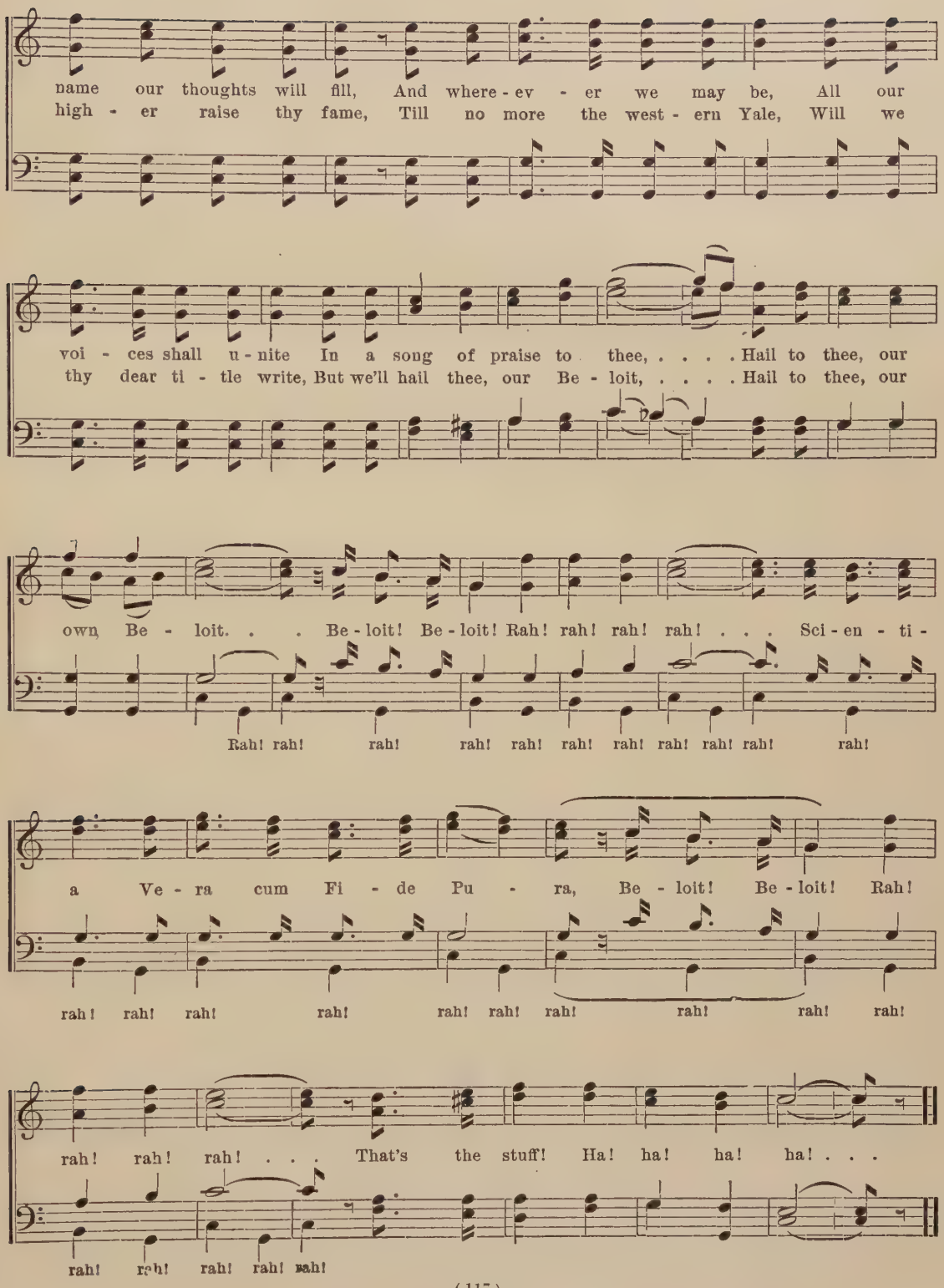
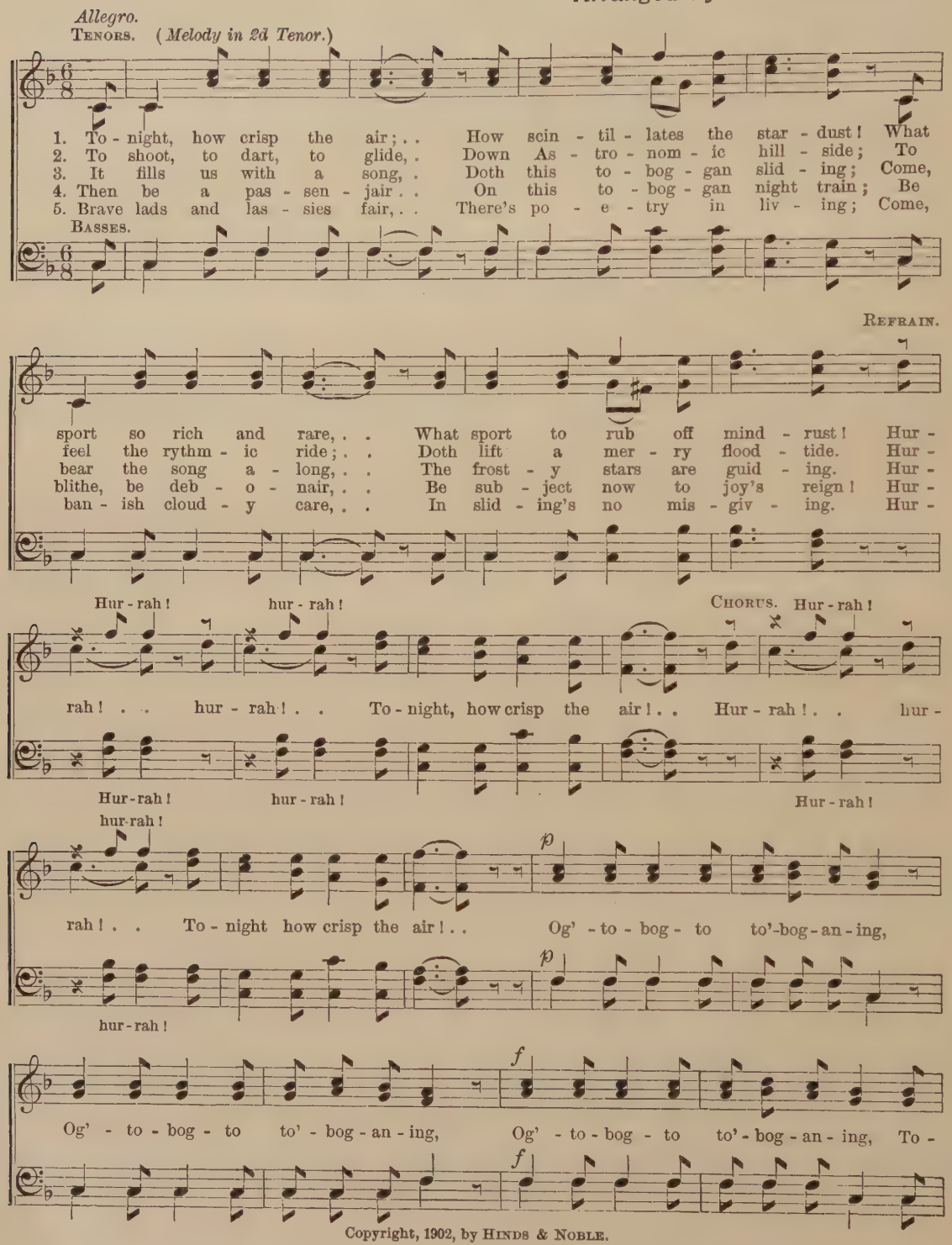
# BELOIT SONG.


name our thoughts will fill, And where-ev-er we may be, All our
high-er raise thy fame, Till no more the west-ern Yale, Will we
voi-ces shall u-nite In a song of praise to thee, . . . . Hail to thee, our
thy dear ti-tle write, But we'll hail thee, our Be-loit, . . . . Hail to thee, our
own Be-loit. . . Be-loit! Be-loit! Rah! rah! rah! rah! . . . Sci-en-ti-
Rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah!
a Ve-ra cum Fi-de Pu-ra, Be-loit! Be-loit! Rah!
rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah!
rah! rah! rah! . . . That's the stuff! Ha! ha! ha! ha! . . .
rah! rah! rah! rah! rah!

# A TOBOGGAN SONG.

Arranged by R. W. Atkinson.


Allegro.
Tenors. (Melody in 2d Tenor.)
1. To - night, how crisp the air; . . How scin - til - lates the star - dust! What
2. To shoot, to dart, to glide, . Down As - tro - nom - ic hill - side; To
3. It fills us with a song, . Doth this to - bog - gan slid - ing; Come,
4. Then be a pas - sen - jair . . On this to - bog - gan night train; Be
5. Brave lads and las - sies fair, . . There's po - e - try in liv - ing; Come,
Basses.
Refrain.
sport so rich and rare, . . What sport to rub off mind - rust! Hur -
feel the rythm - ic ride; . . Doth lift a mer - ry flood - tide. Hur -
bear the song a - long, . . The frost - y stars are guid - ing. Hur -
blithe, be deb - o - nair, . . Be sub - ject now to joy's reign! Hur -
ban - ish cloud - y care, . . In slid - ing's no mis - giv - ing. Hur -
Hur - rah! hur - rah!
Chorus. Hur - rah!
rah! . . hur - rah! . . To - night, how crisp the air! . . Hur - rah! . . hur -
Hur - rah! hur - rah!
Hur - rah!
hur - rah!
p
rah! . . To - night how crisp the air! . . Og' - to - bog - to to'-bog - an - ing,
p
hur - rah!
f
Og' - to - bog - to to' - bog - an - ing, Og' - to - bog - to to' - bog - an - ing, To -
f

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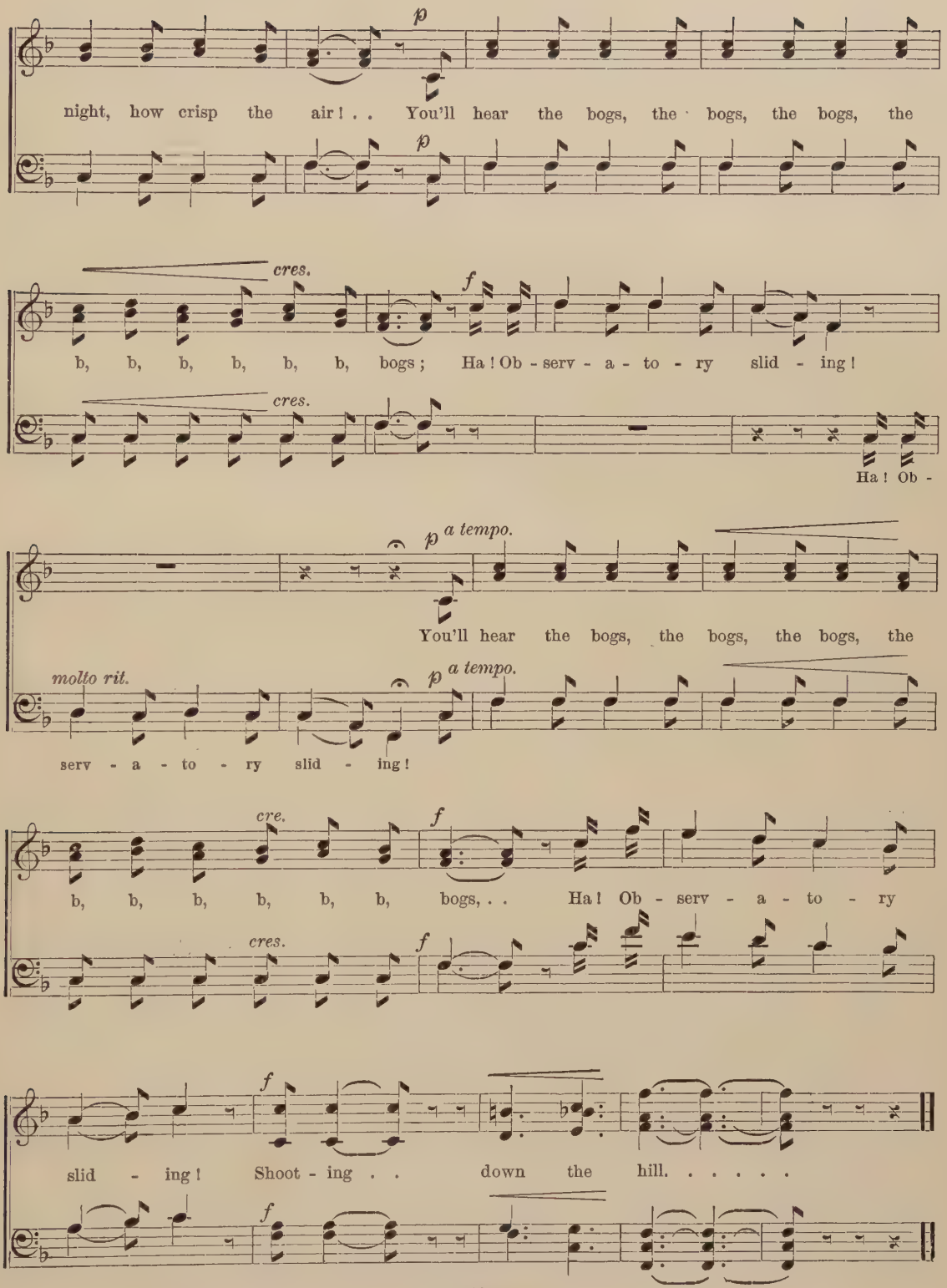
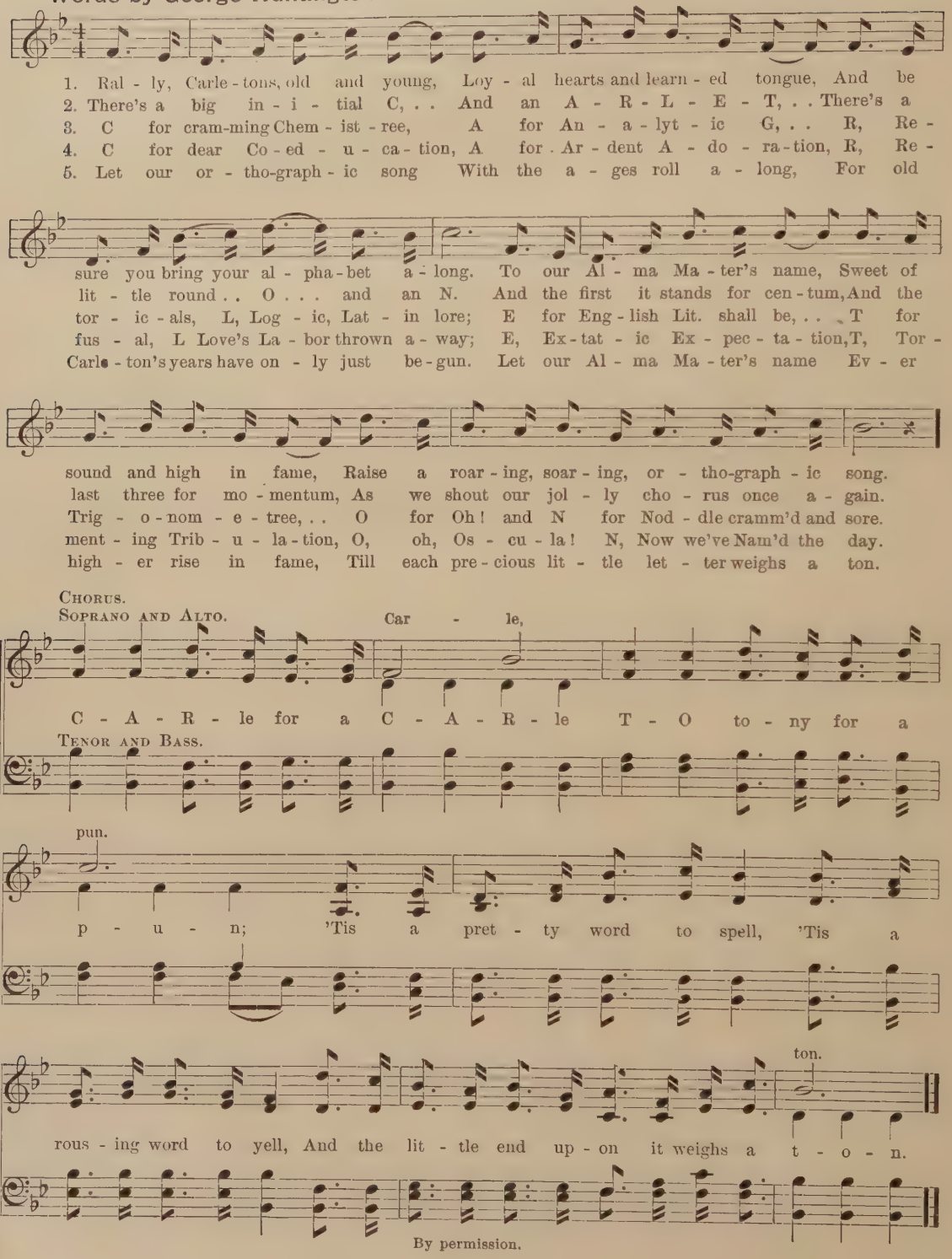
## A TOBOGGAN SONG.


p
night, how crisp the air! . . You'll hear the bogs, the bogs, the bogs, the
p
cres.
f
b, b, b, b, b, b, bogs; Ha! Ob - serv - a - to - ry slid - ing!
cres.
Ha! Ob -
p a tempo.
You'll hear the bogs, the bogs, the bogs, the
molto rit.
p a tempo.
serv - a - to - ry slid - ing!
cre.
f
b, b, b, b, b, b, bogs, . . Ha! Ob - serv - a - to - ry
cres.
f
f
slid - ing! Shoot - ing . . down the hill. . . . . .
f

# CARLETON SPELLING SONG.

## CARLETON COLLEGE.

Words by George Huntington.


1. Ral - ly, Carle - tons, old and young, Loy - al hearts and learn - ed tongue, And be
2. There's a big in - i - tial C, . . And an A - R - L - E - T, . . There's a
3. C for cram-ming Chem - ist - ree, A for An - a - lyt - ic G, . . R, Re -
4. C for dear Co - ed - u - ca - tion, A for . Ar - dent A - do - ra - tion, R, Re -
5. Let our or - tho-graph - ic song With the a - ges roll a - long, For old
sure you bring your al - pha - bet a - long. To our Al - ma Ma - ter's name, Sweet of
lit - tle round . . O . . . and an N. And the first it stands for cen - tum, And the
tor - ic - als, L, Log - ic, Lat - in lore; E for Eng - lish Lit. shall be, . . T for
fus - al, L Love's La - bor thrown a - way; E, Ex - tat - ic Ex - pec - ta - tion, T, Tor -
Carle - ton's years have on - ly just be - gun. Let our Al - ma Ma - ter's name Ev - er
sound and high in fame, Raise a roar - ing, soar - ing, or - tho-graph - ic song.
last three for mo - mentum, As we shout our jol - ly cho - rus once a - gain.
Trig - o - nom - e - tree, . . O for Oh! and N for Nod - dle cramm'd and sore.
ment - ing Trib - u - la - tion, O, oh, Os - cu - la! N, Now we've Nam'd the day.
high - er rise in fame, Till each pre - cious lit - tle let - ter weighs a ton.
Chorus.
Soprano and Alto.
Car - le,
C - A - R - le for a C - A - R - le T - O to - ny for a
Tenor and Bass.
pun.
p - u - n; 'Tis a pret - ty word to spell, 'Tis a
ton.
rous - ing word to yell, And the lit - tle end up - on it weighs a t - o - n.

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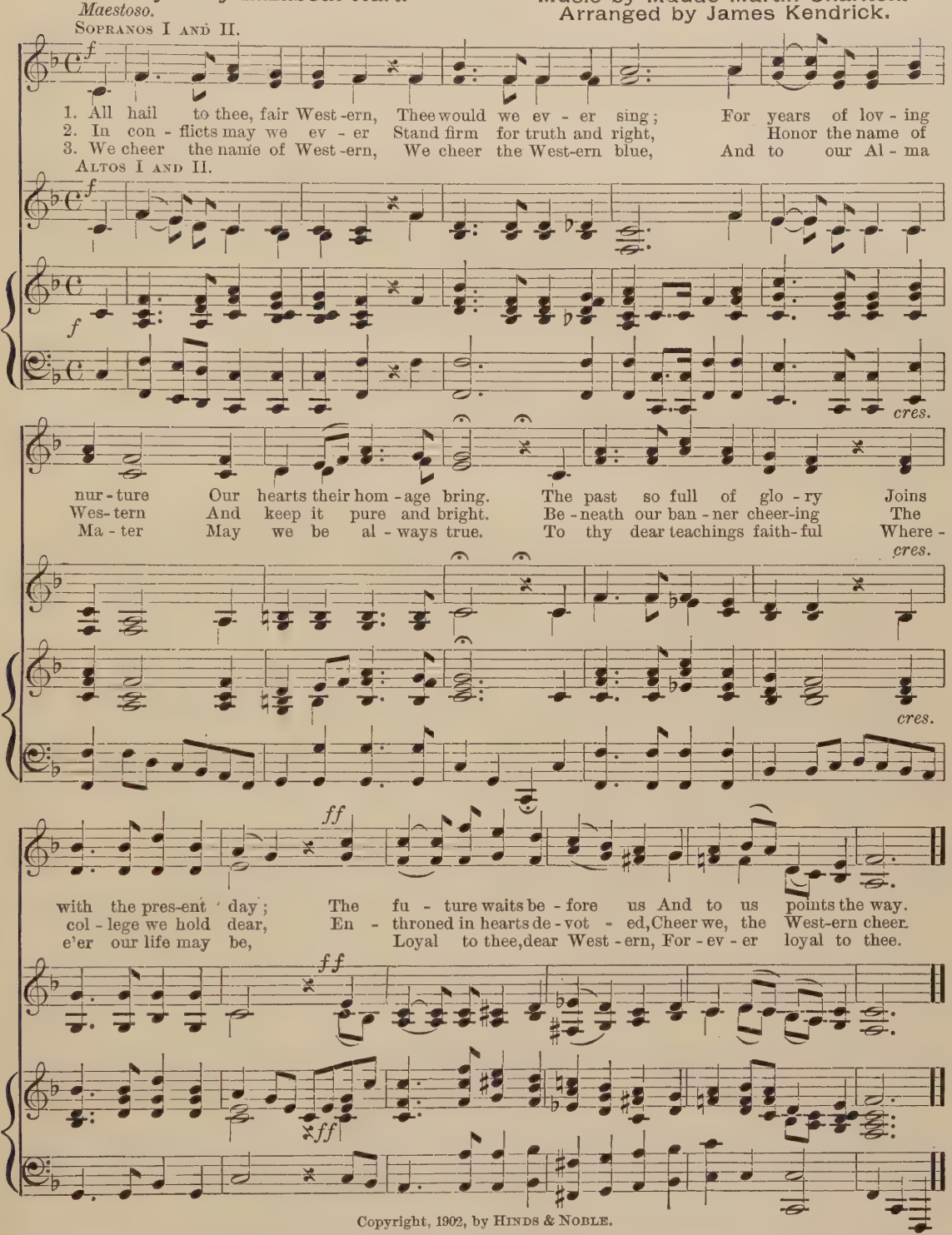
# ALL HAIL TO THEE, FAIR WESTERN.

## WESTERN COLLEGE.

Words by Mary Elizabeth Hart.

Music by Maude Martin Charlton.
Arranged by James Kendrick.


Maestoso.
Sopranos I and II.
Altos I and II.
1. All hail to thee, fair West-ern, Thee would we ev - er sing; For years of lov - ing
2. In con - flicts may we ev - er Stand firm for truth and right, Honor the name of
3. We cheer the name of West-ern, We cheer the West-ern blue, And to our Al - ma
cres.
nur - ture Our hearts their hom - age bring. The past so full of glo - ry Joins
Wes - tern And keep it pure and bright. Be - neath our ban - ner cheer-ing The
Ma - ter May we be al - ways true. To thy dear teachings faith-ful Where -
cres.
cres.
ff
with the pres-ent day; The fu - ture waits be - fore us And to us points the way.
col - lege we hold dear, En - throned in hearts de - vot - ed, Cheer we, the West-ern cheer.
e'er our life may be, Loyal to thee, dear West - ern, For - ev - er loyal to thee.
ff
ff

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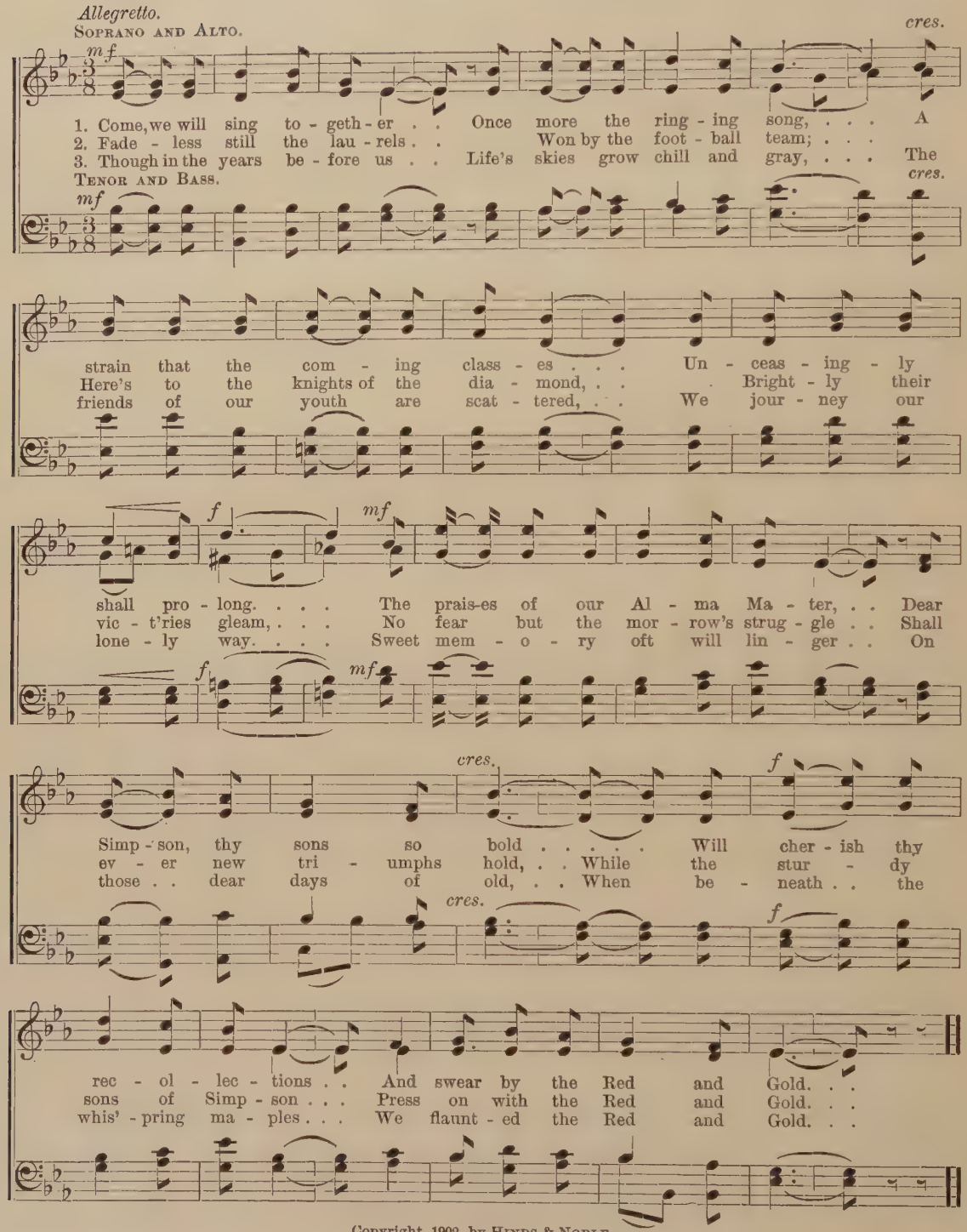
# THE RED AND GOLD.

## SIMPSON COLLEGE.

Arranged by James Kendrick.


Allegretto.
Soprano and Alto.
mf
cres.
1. Come, we will sing to - geth - er . . Once more the ring - ing song, . . . A
2. Fade - less still the lau - rels . . Won by the foot - ball team; . . .
3. Though in the years be - fore us . . Life's skies grow chill and gray, . . . The
Tenor and Bass.
mf
cres.
strain that the com - ing class - es . . . Un - ceas - ing - ly
Here's to the knights of the dia - mond, . . Bright - ly their
friends of our youth are scat - tered, . . We jour - ney our
f
mf
shall pro - long. . . . The prais-es of our Al - ma Ma - ter, . . Dear
vic - t'ries gleam, . . . No fear but the mor - row's strug - gle . . Shall
lone - ly way. . . . Sweet mem - o - ry oft will lin - ger . . On
f
mf
cres.
f
Simp - son, thy sons so bold . . . . . Will cher - ish thy
ev - er new tri - umphs hold, . . While the stur - dy
those . . dear days of old, . . When be - neath . . the
cres.
f
rec - ol - lec - tions . . And swear by the Red and Gold. . .
sons of Simp - son . . . Press on with the Red and Gold. . .
whis' - pring ma - ples . . . We flaunt - ed the Red and Gold. . .

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# ICH CAN SPRECH - A.

Words by G. H. H.

*Allegretto.*

Soprano and Alto.
Al - ma Ma - ter, Al - ma Ma - ter Ich can sprech - a, Ich can
Tenor and Bass.
1. Ich can sprech my klei - ne Deutsch-a, Ya, ya, ya, dat is my Deutsch-a.
2. Ich can sprech my klei - ne Fran-cois, Oui, oui, oui, dat is my Fran-cois.
3. Ich can sprech my klei - ne Greek-a, Ho, he, to, dat is my Geeek - a.
sprech - a, 4. Ich can sprech my klei - ne Lat - in, Hic, haec, hoc, dat is my Lat - in.
5. Ich can sing I - ta - li - a - no, Tra, la, la, I - ta - li - a - no.
6. Ich can tell my ten - der pas - sion, Oh, oh, oh, my ten - der pas - sion.
7. Ich can take my klei - ne bounce-a, Up, up, up, my klei - ne bounce-a.
8. Ich can give my col - lege yell - a, Rah, rah, rah, my col - lege yell - a.

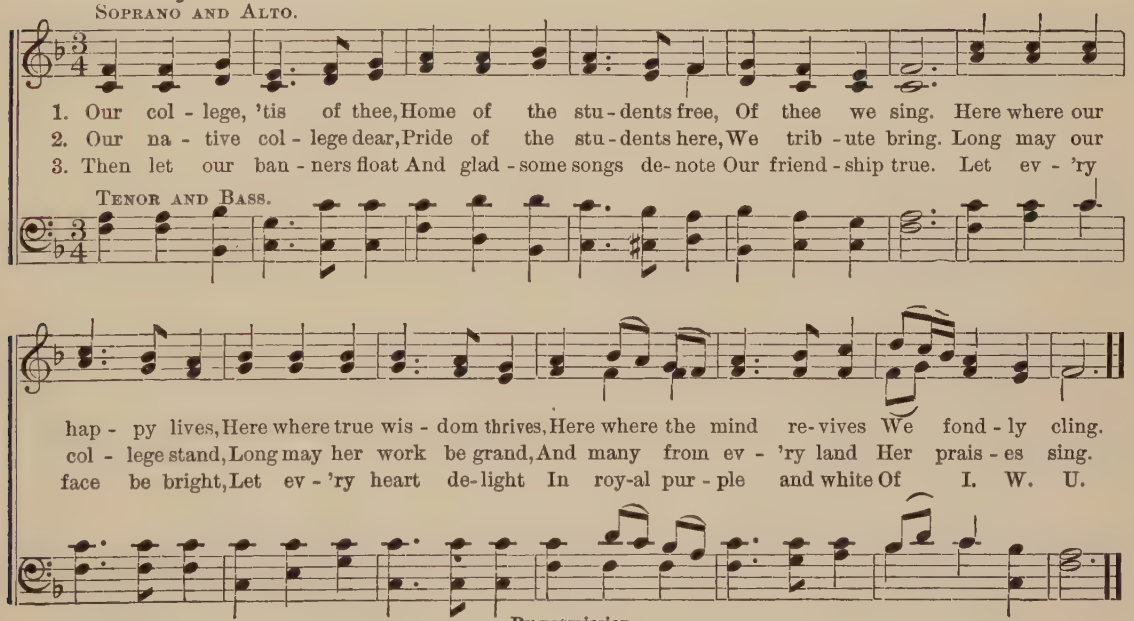
At the close of each stanza, its refrain is given, followed by the refrains of all the preceding stanzas, with pantomime appropriate to each. The yell of the local college may be substituted for the last refrain, or added to it, dividing it into as many phrases as the music requires.

By permission.

# LONG MAY OUR COLLEGE STAND.

## IOWA WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

Words by N. W. Huston.

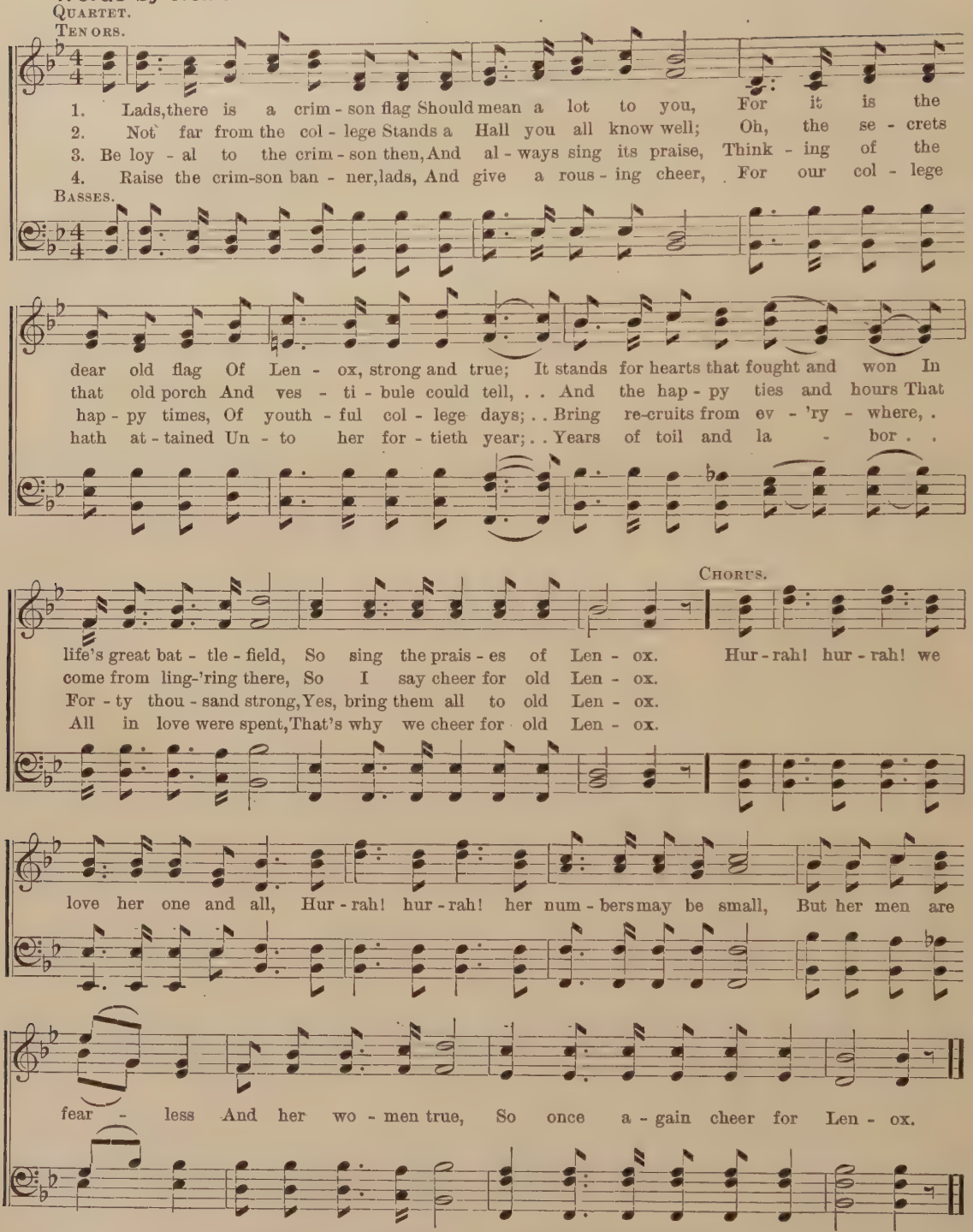

Soprano and Alto.
1. Our col - lege, 'tis of thee, Home of the stu - dents free, Of thee we sing. Here where our
2. Our na - tive col - lege dear, Pride of the stu - dents here, We trib - ute bring. Long may our
3. Then let our ban - ners float And glad - some songs de - note Our friend - ship true. Let ev - 'ry
Tenor and Bass.
hap - py lives, Here where true wis - dom thrives, Here where the mind re - vives We fond - ly cling.
col - lege stand, Long may her work be grand, And many from ev - 'ry land Her prais - es sing.
face be bright, Let ev - 'ry heart de - light In roy-al pur - ple and white Of I. W. U.

By permission.

# LENOX CRIMSON.

## LENOX COLLEGE.

Words by Nellie B. Turner.


QUARTET.
TENORS.
1. Lads, there is a crim - son flag Should mean a lot to you, For it is the
2. Not far from the col - lege Stands a Hall you all know well; Oh, the se - crets
3. Be loy - al to the crim - son then, And al - ways sing its praise, Think - ing of the
4. Raise the crim-son ban - ner, lads, And give a rous - ing cheer, For our col - lege
BASSES.
dear old flag Of Len - ox, strong and true; It stands for hearts that fought and won In
that old porch And ves - ti - bule could tell, . . And the hap - py ties and hours That
hap - py times, Of youth - ful col - lege days; . . Bring re-cruits from ev - 'ry - where, .
hath at - tained Un - to her for - tieth year; . . Years of toil and la - bor . .
CHORUS.
life's great bat - tle - field, So sing the prais - es of Len - ox. Hur - rah! hur - rah! we
come from ling-'ring there, So I say cheer for old Len - ox.
For - ty thou - sand strong, Yes, bring them all to old Len - ox.
All in love were spent, That's why we cheer for old Len - ox.
love her one and all, Hur - rah! hur - rah! her num - bers may be small, But her men are
fear - less And her wo - men true, So once a - gain cheer for Len - ox.

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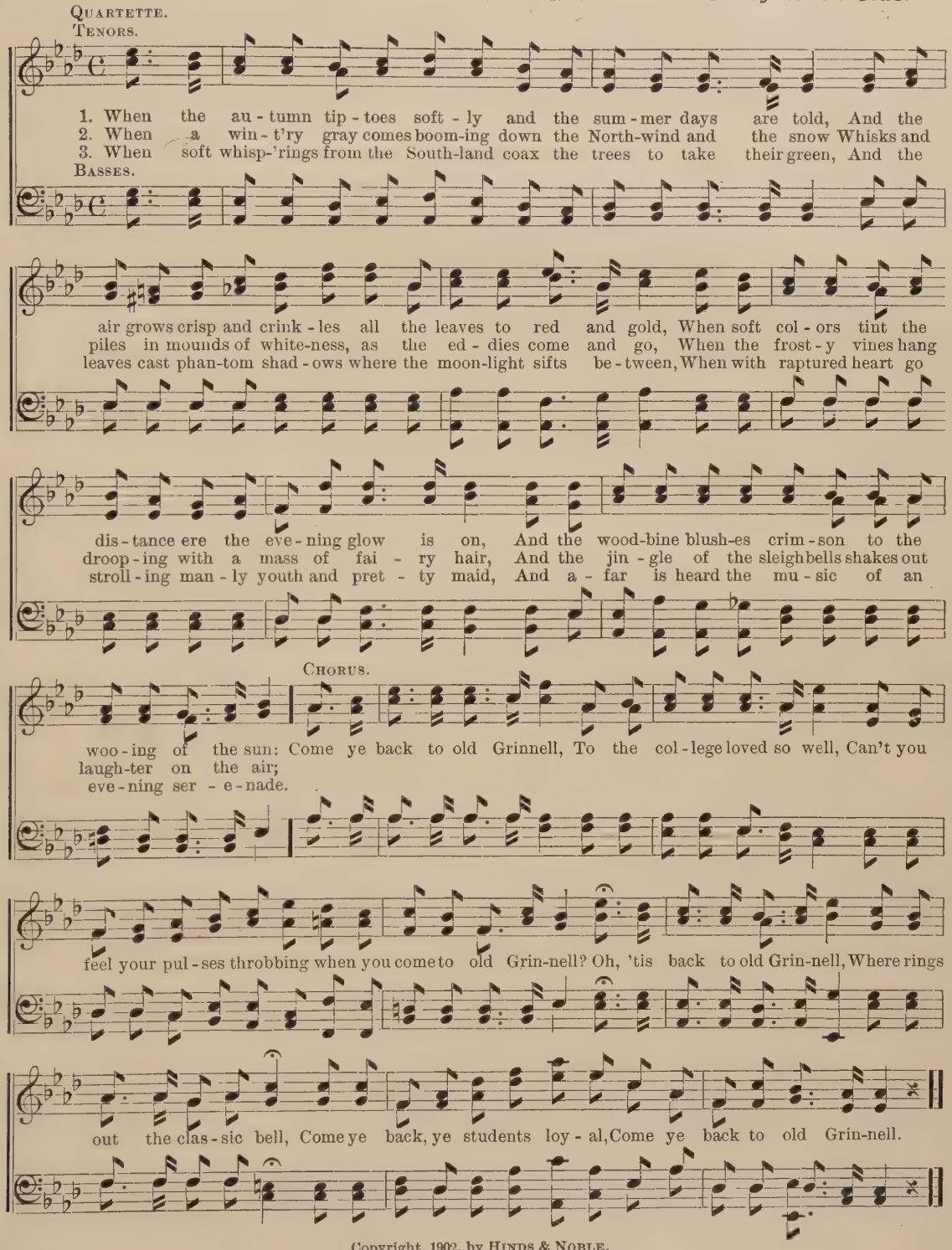
# COME YE BACK TO OLD GRINNELL.

Words by W. B. Otis. IOWA COLLEGE. Music by W. B. Olds.


QUARTETTE.
TENORS.
1. When the au - tumn tip - toes soft - ly and the sum - mer days are told, And the
2. When a win - t'ry gray comes boom-ing down the North-wind and the snow Whisks and
3. When soft whisp-'rings from the South-land coax the trees to take their green, And the
BASSES.
air grows crisp and crink - les all the leaves to red and gold, When soft col - ors tint the
piles in mounds of white-ness, as the ed - dies come and go, When the frost - y vines hang
leaves cast phan-tom shad - ows where the moon-light sifts be - tween, When with raptured heart go
dis - tance ere the eve - ning glow is on, And the wood-bine blush-es crim - son to the
droop - ing with a mass of fai - ry hair, And the jin - gle of the sleigh bells shakes out
stroll - ing man - ly youth and pret - ty maid, And a - far is heard the mu - sic of an
CHORUS.
woo - ing of the sun: Come ye back to old Grinnell, To the col - lege loved so well, Can't you
laugh-ter on the air;
eve - ning ser - e - nade.
feel your pul - ses throbbing when you come to old Grin-nell? Oh, 'tis back to old Grin-nell, Where rings
out the clas - sic bell, Come ye back, ye students loy - al, Come ye back to old Grin-nell.

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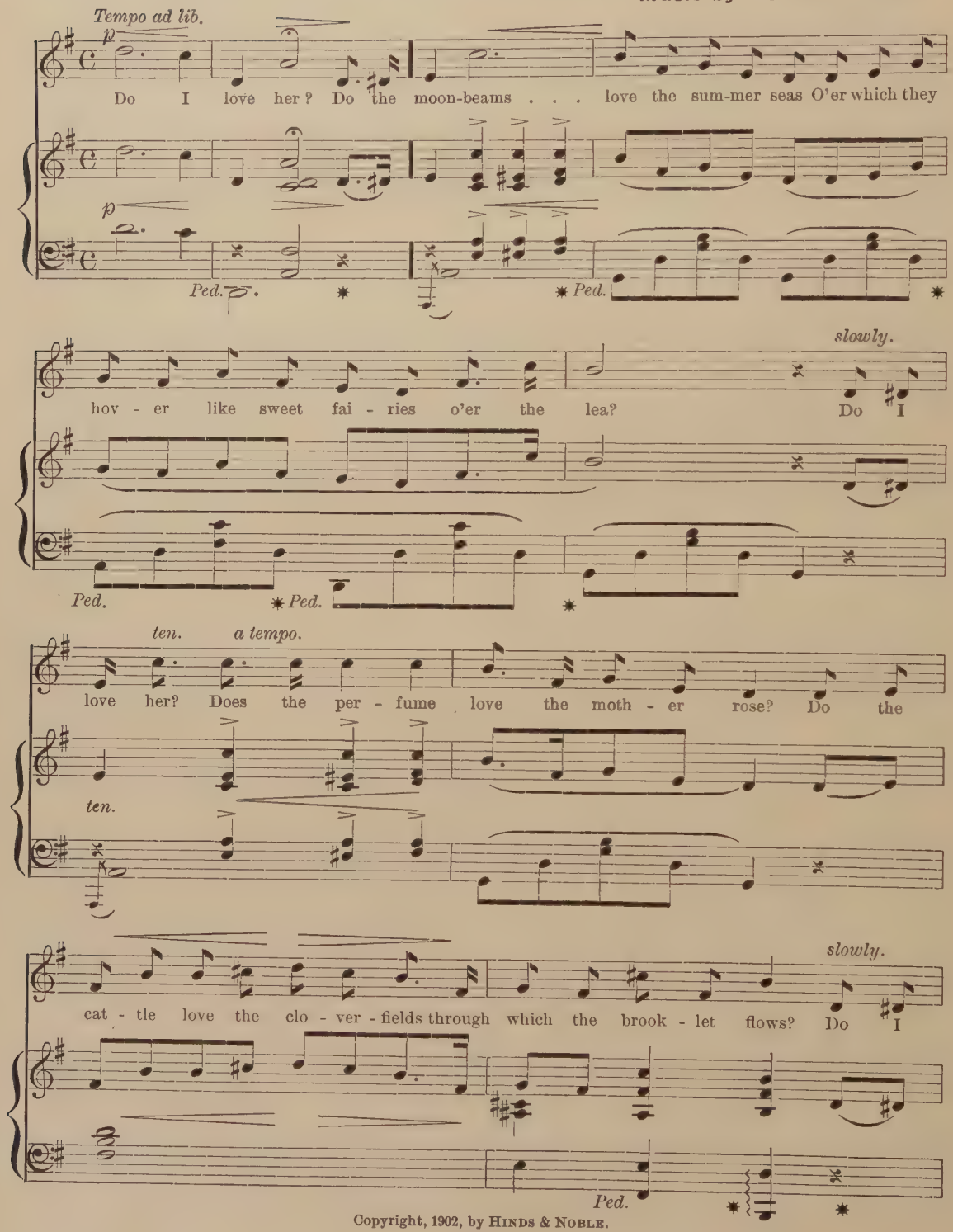
# DO I LOVE HER?

Music by Horace Lozier.


Tempo ad lib.
p
Do I love her? Do the moon-beams . . . love the sum-mer seas O'er which they
Ped. * Ped.
slowly.
hov - er like sweet fai - ries o'er the lea? Do I
Ped. * Ped.
ten. a tempo.
love her? Does the per - fume love the moth - er rose? Do the
ten.
slowly.
cat - tle love the clo - ver - fields through which the brook - let flows? Do I
Ped.
Ped.

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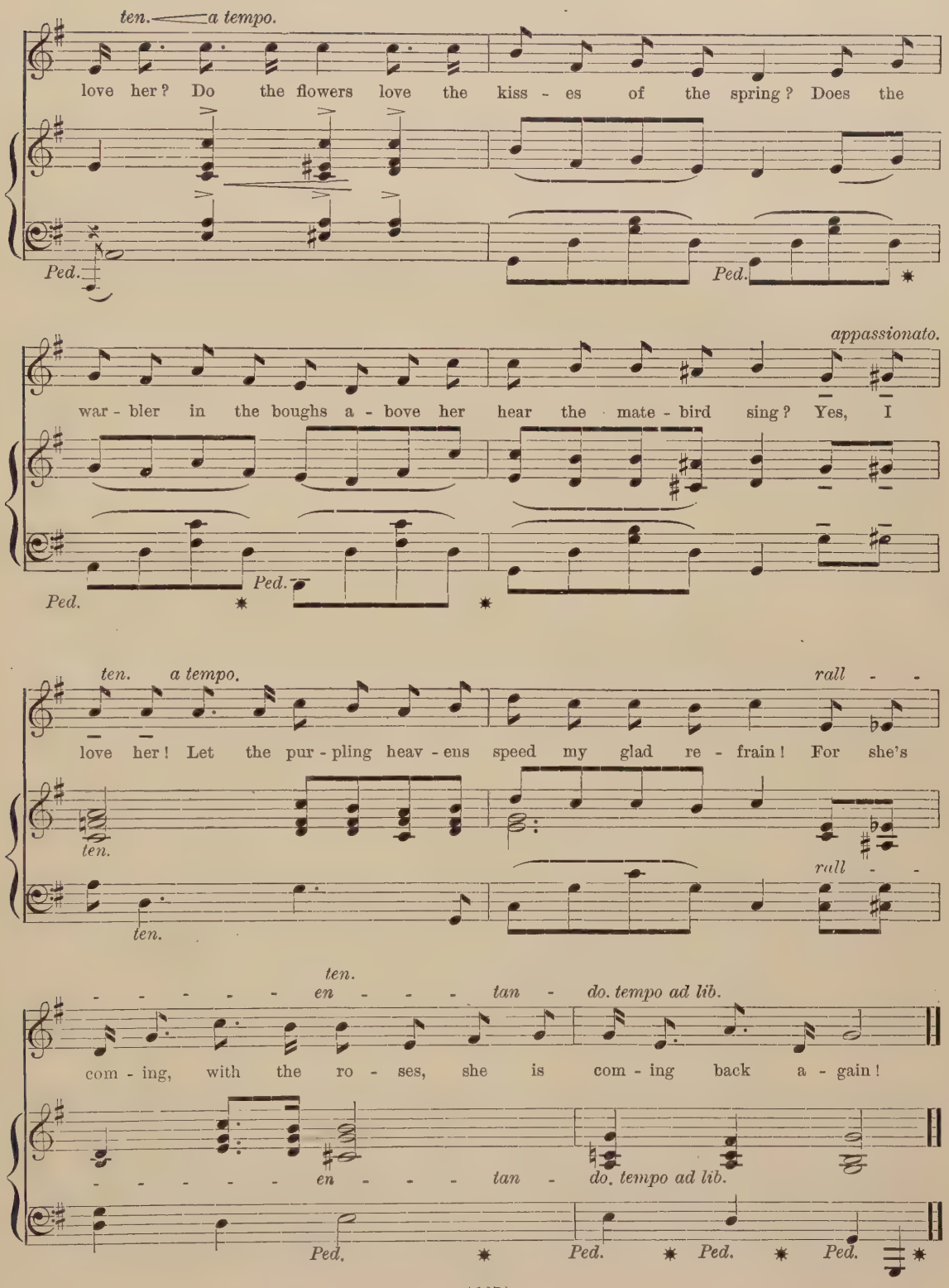

ten. a tempo.
love her? Do the flowers love the kiss - es of the spring? Does the
Ped. Ped.
appassionato.
war - bler in the boughs a - bove her hear the mate - bird sing? Yes, I
Ped. Ped.
ten. a tempo.
rall - -
love her! Let the pur - pling heav - ens speed my glad re - frain! For she's
ten.
ten.
rall - -
ten.
- - - - - - en - - - - tan - do. tempo ad lib.
com - ing, with the ro - ses, she is com - ing back a - gain!
- - - - - - en - - - - tan - do. tempo ad lib.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

# THE SCARLET AND BLACK.

## IOWA COLLEGE.

Words by Mrs. R. G. Cole.

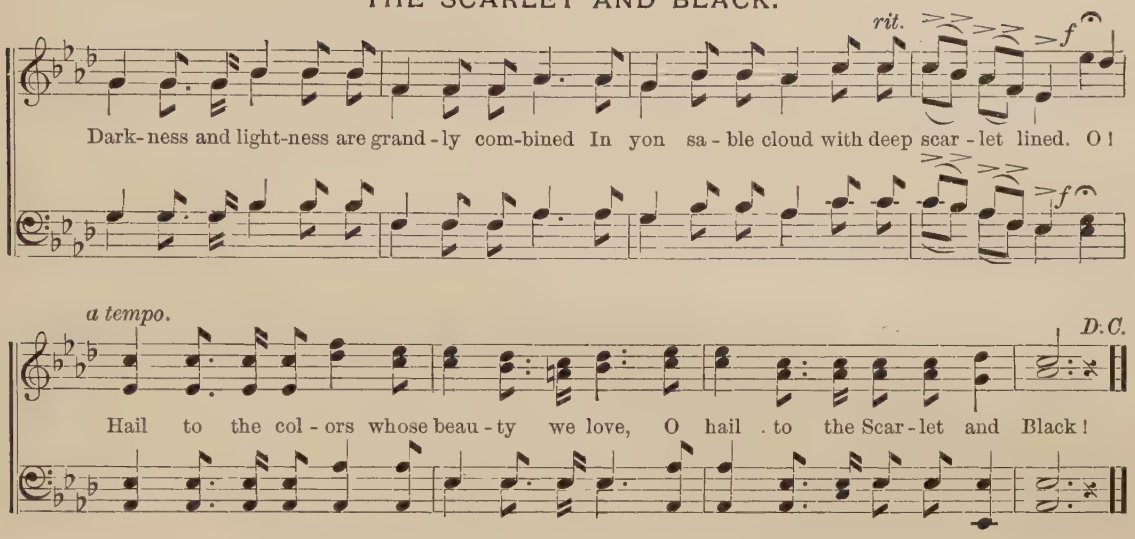
From Balfe.
Arranged by R. G. Cole.

Tenors.
Animato.
f
(Melody in 2d Tenor.)
1. Sing to the Col-lege with ban-ner so bright, O sing to the Scar-let and Black;
3. Long live the Col-lege whose col-ors we wear, O long live the Scar-let and Black!
Basses.
Sing to the dark-ness and sing to the light, O sing to the Scar-let and Black!
Long may her prais-es re-sound thro' the air To the no-ble old Scar-let and Black!
rit.
Black is the night with her dark, ten-der wings, And scar-let the sun as it glo-ri-ous-ly sinks; O!
Hon-or and glo-ry be ev-er with thee, Thou dear Al-ma Ma-ter, sub-lime I. C. O!
a tempo.
Fine.
Sing to the Col-lege with ban-ner so bright, O sing to the Scar-let and Black!
Long live the Col-lege whose col-ors we wear, (ff) Hurrah for the Scar-let and Black!
Softly and slowly.
2. Black are the eyes of the maid-en so fair, And scar-let her blush-ing cheeks;
Black are the tress-es of soft rav-en hair, And scar-let her pout-ing lips.

Note. When sung by mixed voices, let the Soprano sing the Melody in 2d Tenor; the Alto the 1st Tenor part, an octave lower; the Tenor the 1st Bass part, etc.

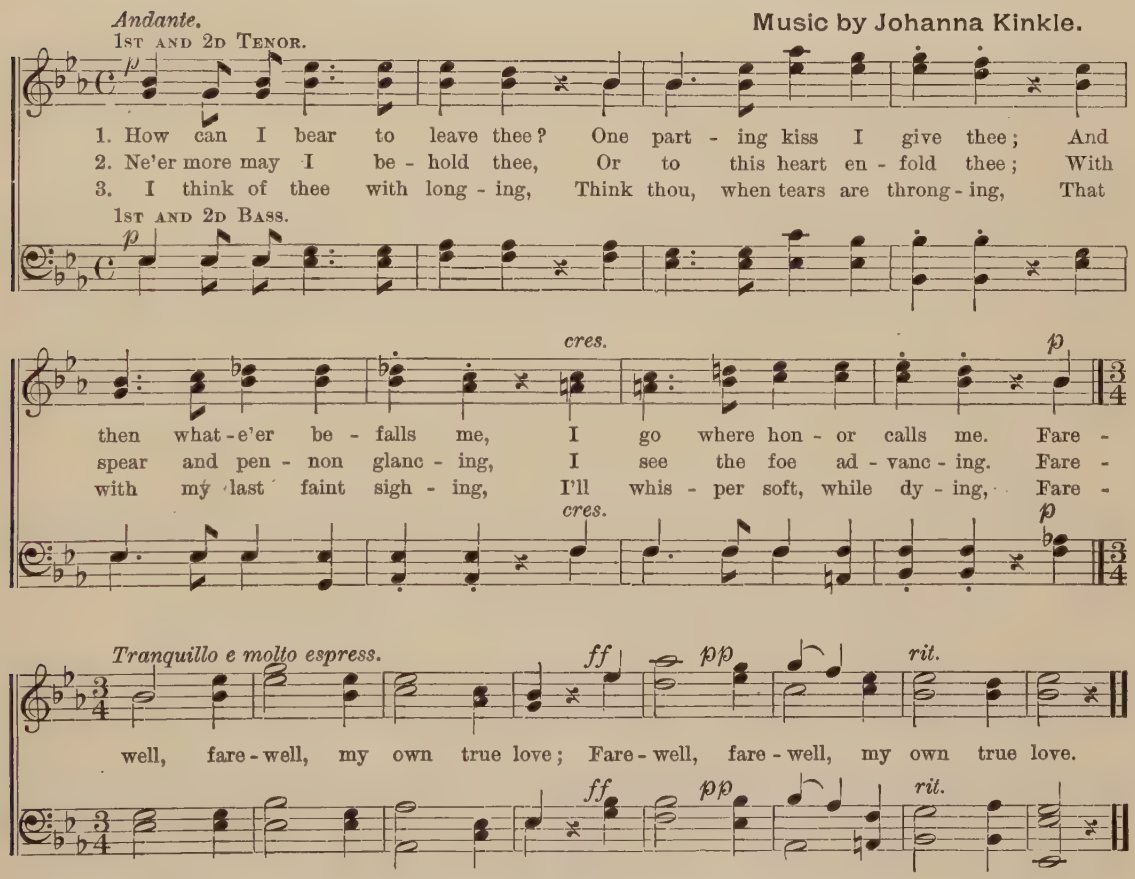
By permission.

## THE SCARLET AND BLACK.


rit.
f
Dark-ness and light-ness are grand-ly com-bined In yon sa-ble cloud with deep scar-let lined. O!
a tempo.
D.C.
Hail to the col-ors whose beau-ty we love, O hail to the Scar-let and Black!

## SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

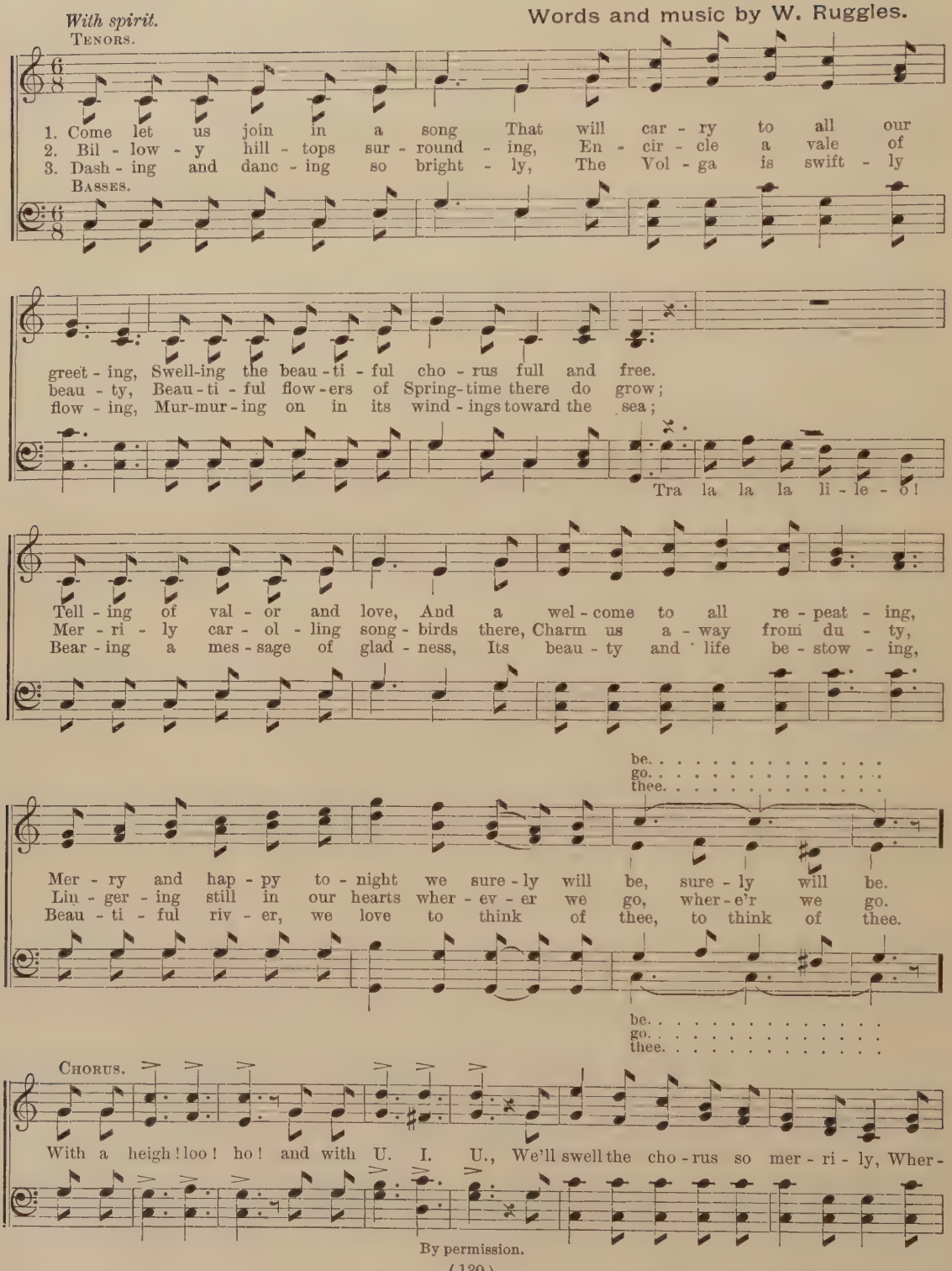
Music by Johanna Kinkle.


Andante.
1st and 2d Tenor.
p
1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part-ing kiss I give thee; And
2. Ne'er more may I be-hold thee, Or to this heart en-fold thee; With
3. I think of thee with long-ing, Think thou, when tears are throng-ing, That
1st and 2d Bass.
p
cres.
p
then what-e'er be-falls me, I go where hon-or calls me. Fare-
spear and pen-non glanc-ing, I see the foe ad-vanc-ing. Fare-
with my last faint sigh-ing, I'll whis-per soft, while dy-ing, Fare-
cres.
p
Tranquillo e molto espress.
ff
pp
rit.
well, fare-well, my own true love; Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love.
ff
pp
rit.

# OUR COLLEGE HOME.

## UPPER IOWA UNIVERSITY.

Words and music by W. Ruggles.


With spirit.
Tenors.
1. Come let us join in a song That will car - ry to all our
2. Bil - low - y hill - tops sur - round - ing, En - cir - cle a vale of
3. Dash - ing and danc - ing so bright - ly, The Vol - ga is swift - ly
Basses.
greet - ing, Swell-ing the beau - ti - ful cho - rus full and free.
beau - ty, Beau - ti - ful flow - ers of Spring-time there do grow;
flow - ing, Mur-mur - ing on in its wind - ings toward the sea;
Tra la la la li - le - o!
Tell - ing of val - or and love, And a wel - come to all re - peat - ing,
Mer - ri - ly car - ol - ling song - birds there, Charm us a - way from du - ty,
Bear - ing a mes - sage of glad - ness, Its beau - ty and life be - stow - ing,
be.
go.
thee.
Mer - ry and hap - py to - night we sure - ly will be, sure - ly will be.
Lin - ger - ing still in our hearts wher - ev - er we go, wher - e'r we go.
Beau - ti - ful riv - er, we love to think of thee, to think of thee.
be.
go.
thee.
Chorus.
With a heigh! loo! ho! and with U. I. U., We'll swell the cho - rus so mer - ri - ly, Wher -

By permission.

## OUR COLLEGE HOME.

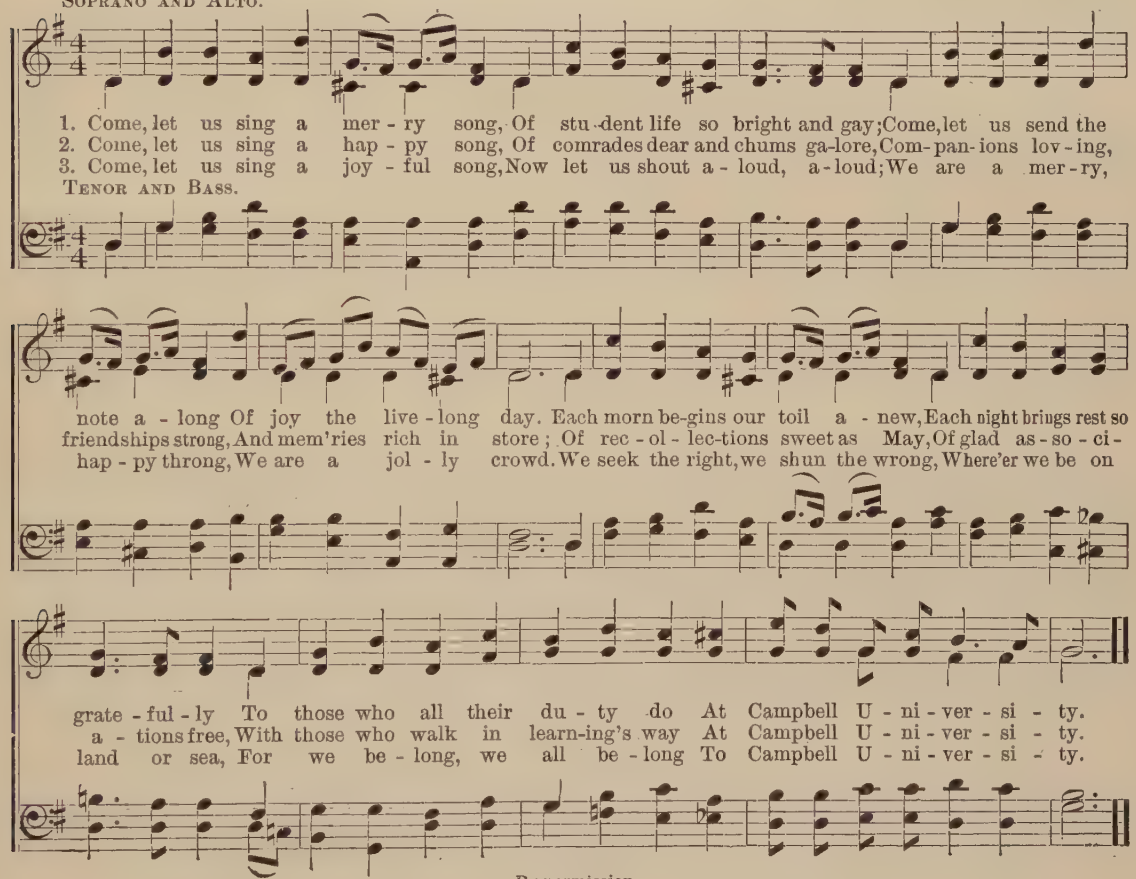
# COME, LET US SING.

### CAMPBELL UNIVERSITY.

Words by Ella W. Brown. Music arranged.

*Tempo di Marcia.*

SOPRANO AND ALTO.


1. Come, let us sing a mer - ry song, Of stu - dent life so bright and gay; Come, let us send the
2. Come, let us sing a hap - py song, Of comrades dear and chums ga-lore, Com-pan-ions lov - ing,
3. Come, let us sing a joy - ful song, Now let us shout a - loud, a - loud; We are a mer - ry,
TENOR AND BASS.
note a - long Of joy the live - long day. Each morn be-gins our toil a - new, Each night brings rest so
friendships strong, And mem'ries rich in store; Of rec - ol - lec-tions sweet as May, Of glad as - so - ci -
hap - py throng, We are a jol - ly crowd. We seek the right, we shun the wrong, Where'er we be on
grate - ful - ly To those who all their du - ty do At Campbell U - ni - ver - si - ty.
a - tions free, With those who walk in learn-ing's way At Campbell U - ni - ver - si - ty.
land or sea, For we be - long, we all be - long To Campbell U - ni - ver - si - ty.

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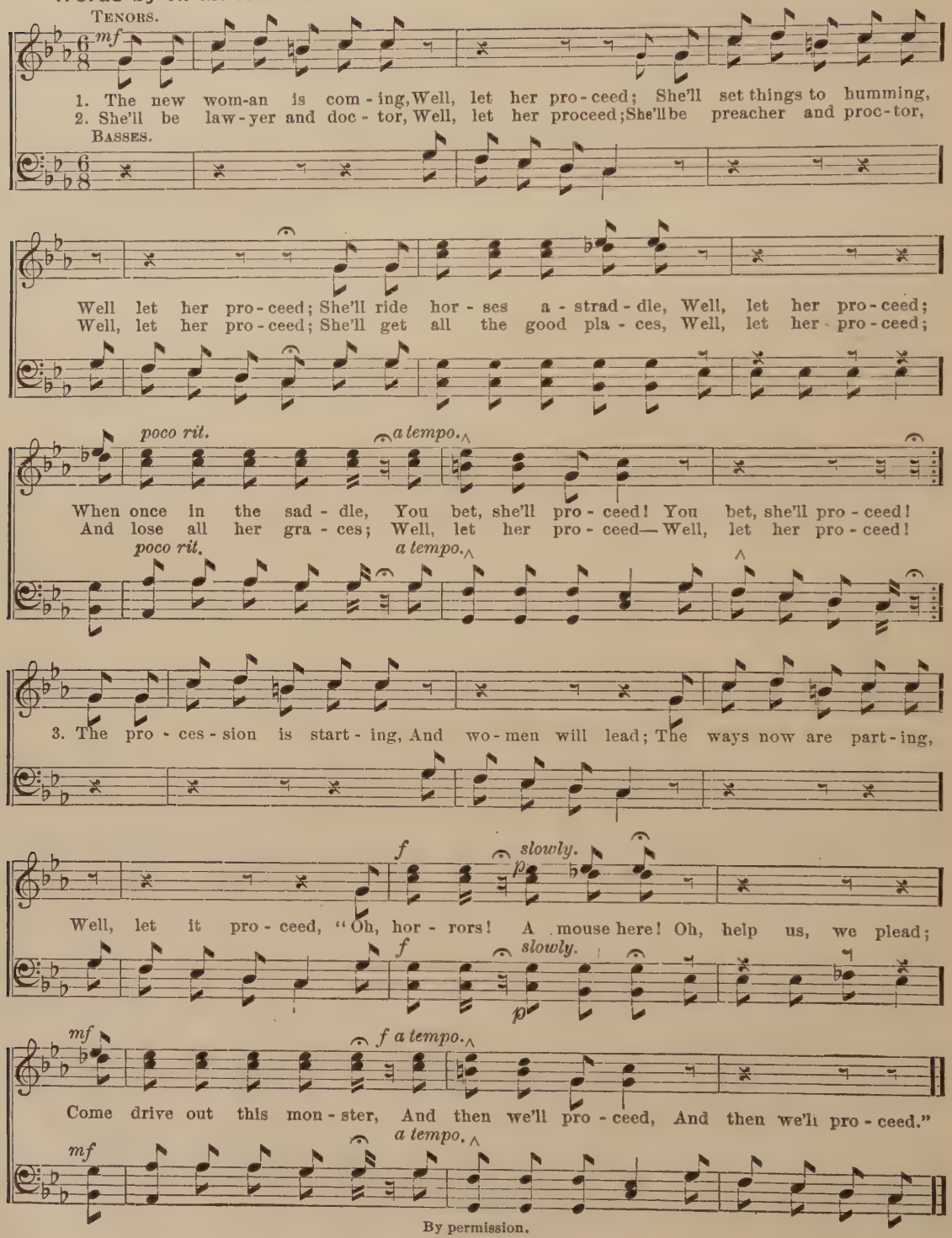
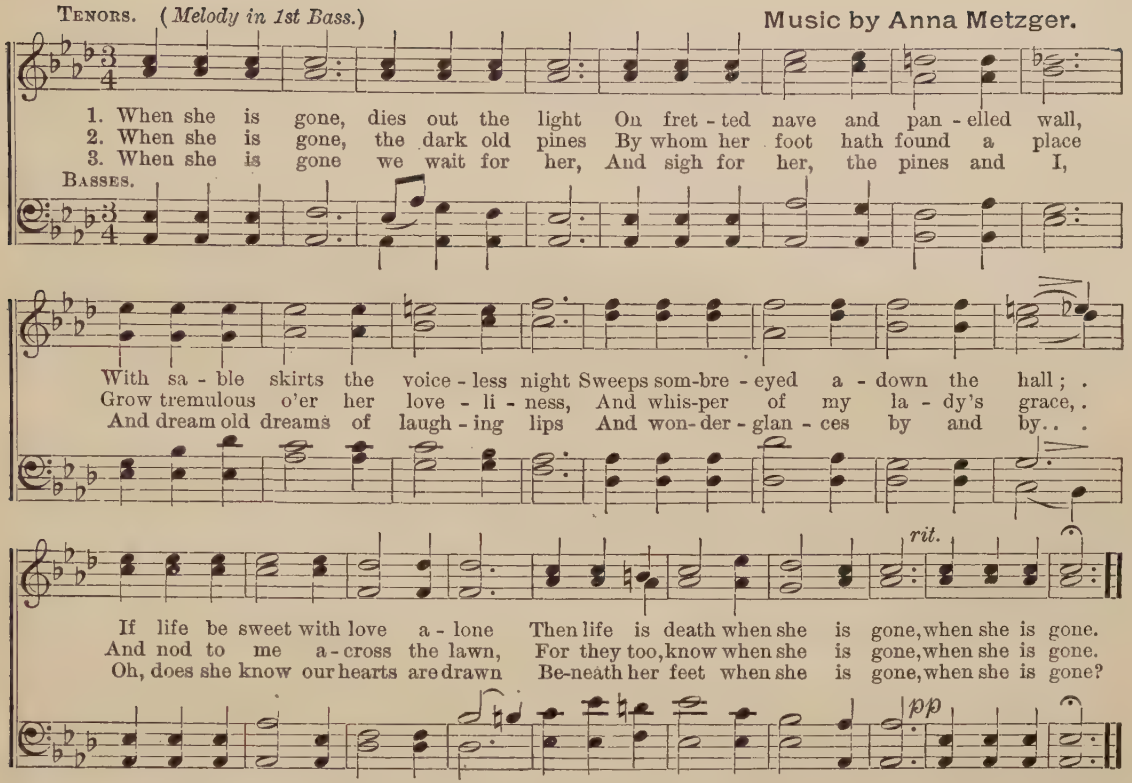
# THE NEW WOMAN.

Words by R. M. Haines. Music by R. G. Cole.


Tenors.
mf
1. The new wom-an is com-ing, Well, let her pro-ceed; She'll set things to humming,
2. She'll be law-yer and doc-tor, Well, let her proceed; She'll be preacher and proc-tor,
Basses.
Well let her pro-ceed; She'll ride hor-ses a-strad-dle, Well, let her pro-ceed;
Well, let her pro-ceed; She'll get all the good pla-ces, Well, let her pro-ceed;
poco rit.
a tempo.
When once in the sad-dle, You bet, she'll pro-ceed! You bet, she'll pro-ceed!
And lose all her gra-ces; Well, let her pro-ceed—Well, let her pro-ceed!
poco rit.
a tempo.
3. The pro-ces-sion is start-ing, And wo-men will lead; The ways now are part-ing,
f
slowly.
p
Well, let it pro-ceed, "Oh, hor-rors! A mouse here! Oh, help us, we plead;
f
slowly.
p
mf
f a tempo.
Come drive out this mon-ster, And then we'll pro-ceed, And then we'll pro-ceed."
mf
a tempo.

By permission.

# WHEN SHE IS GONE.


Tenors. (Melody in 1st Bass.)
Music by Anna Metzger.
1. When she is gone, dies out the light On fret - ted nave and pan - elled wall,
2. When she is gone, the dark old pines By whom her foot hath found a place
3. When she is gone we wait for her, And sigh for her, the pines and I,
Basses.
With sa - ble skirts the voice - less night Sweeps som-bre - eyed a - down the hall; .
Grow tremulous o'er her love - li - ness, And whis-per of my la - dy's grace, .
And dream old dreams of laugh - ing lips And won-der - glan - ces by and by. . .
rit.
If life be sweet with love a - lone Then life is death when she is gone, when she is gone.
And nod to me a - cross the lawn, For they too, know when she is gone, when she is gone.
Oh, does she know our hearts are drawn Be-neath her feet when she is gone, when she is gone?
pp

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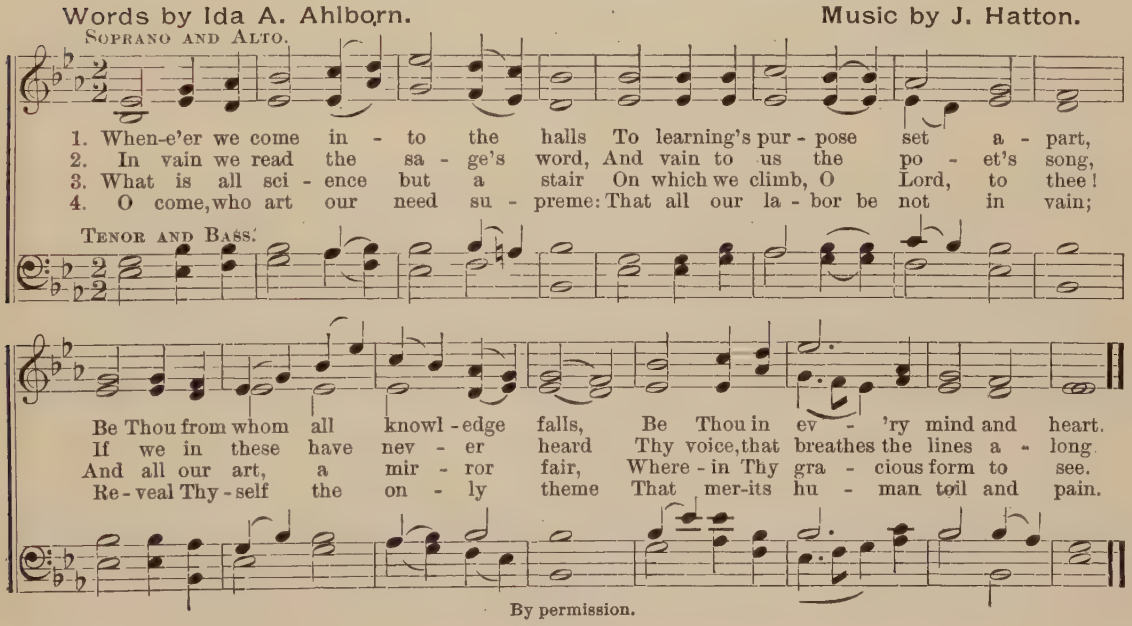
# BAKER UNIVERSITY HYMN.

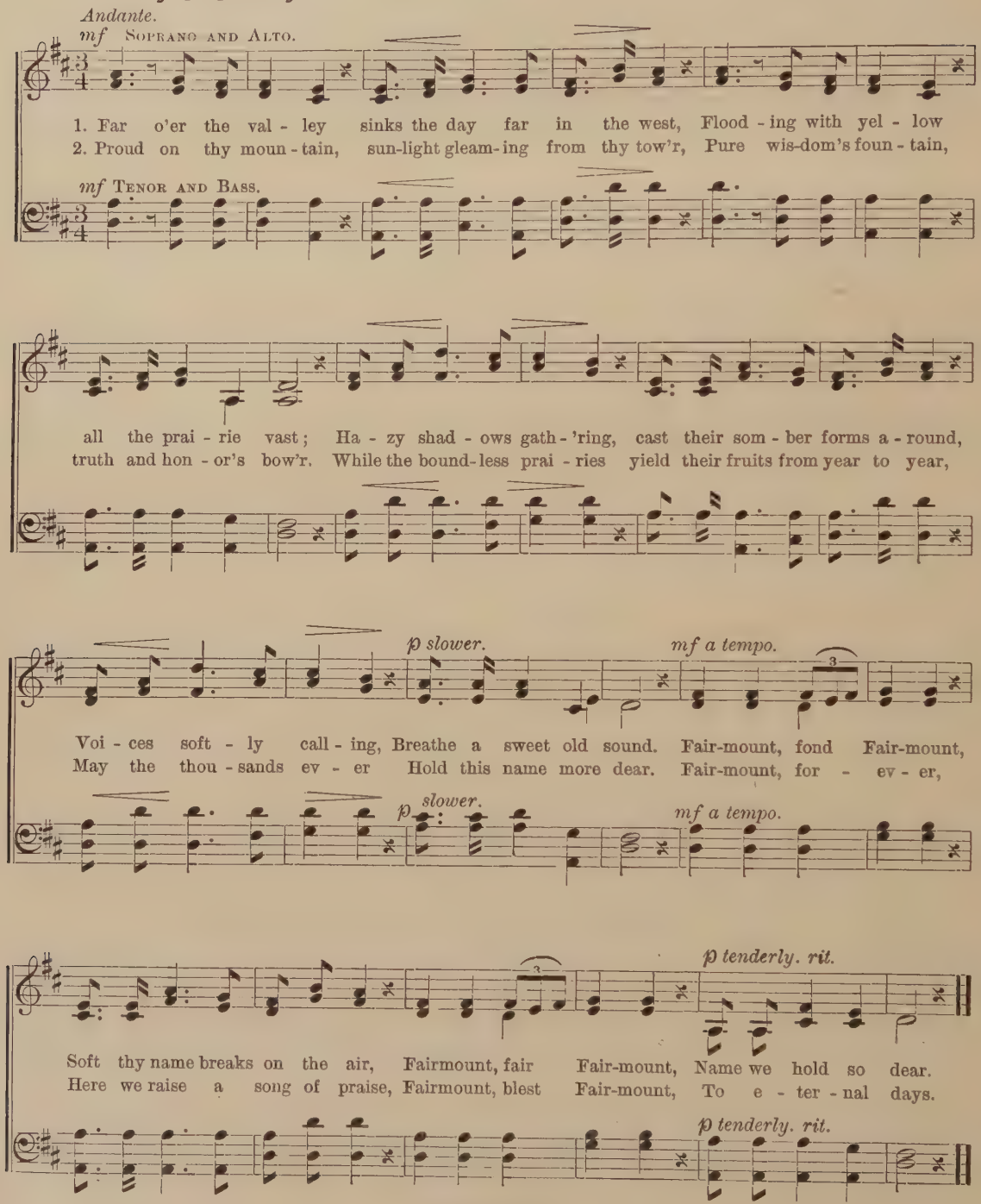

Words by Ida A. Ahlborn.
Music by J. Hatton.
Soprano and Alto.
1. When-e'er we come in - to the halls To learning's pur - pose set a - part,
2. In vain we read the sa - ge's word, And vain to us the po - et's song,
3. What is all sci - ence but a stair On which we climb, O Lord, to thee!
4. O come, who art our need su - preme: That all our la - bor be not in vain;
Tenor and Bass.
Be Thou from whom all knowl - edge falls, Be Thou in ev - 'ry mind and heart.
If we in these have nev - er heard Thy voice, that breathes the lines a - long.
And all our art, a mir - ror fair, Where - in Thy gra - cious form to see.
Re - veal Thy - self the on - ly theme That mer-its hu - man toil and pain.

By permission.

# FAIRMOUNT, FOND FAIRMOUNT.

## FAIRMOUNT COLLEGE.

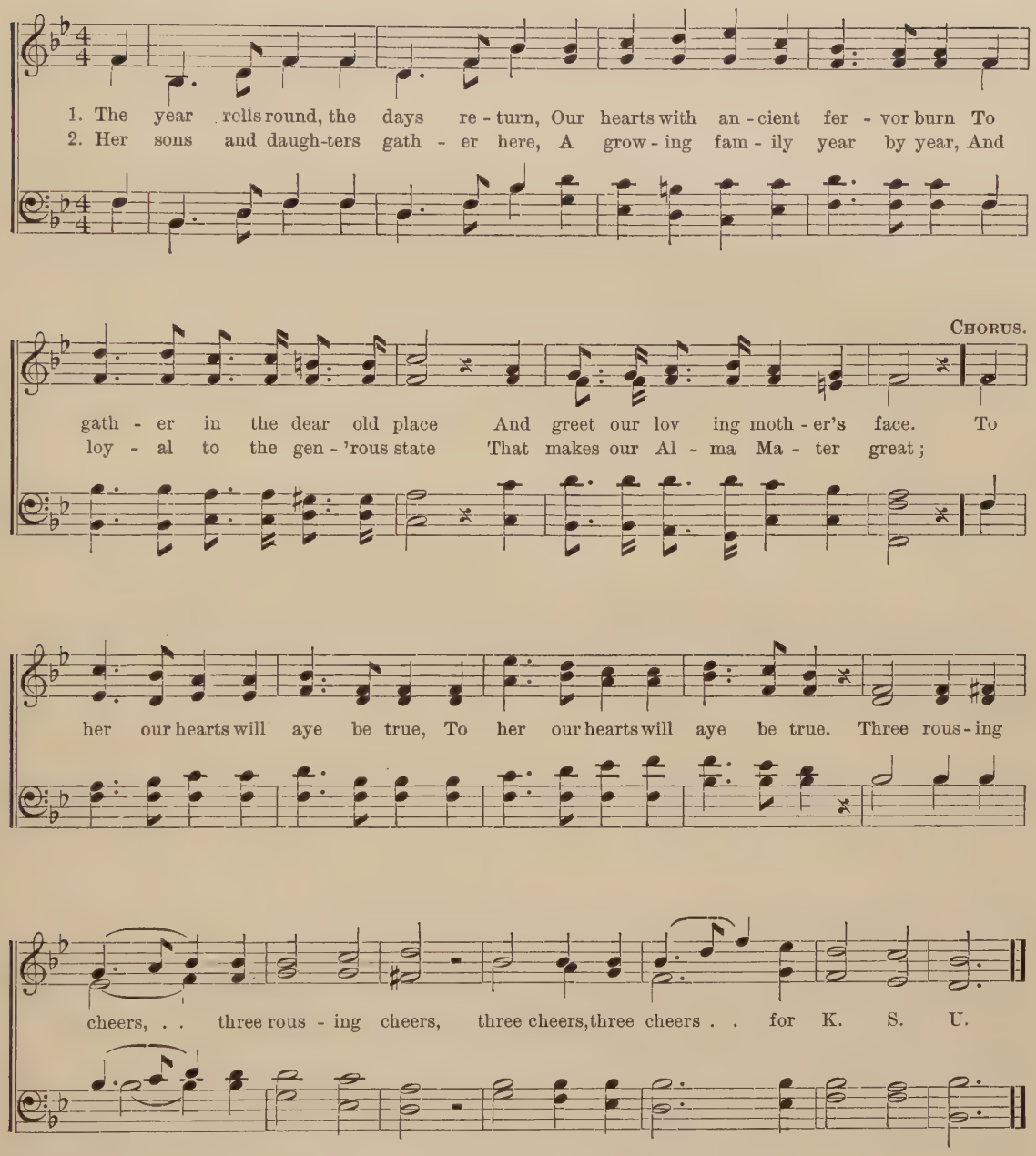
Words by C. C. Isely.


Andante.
mf Soprano and Alto.
1. Far o'er the val - ley sinks the day far in the west, Flood - ing with yel - low
2. Proud on thy moun - tain, sun-light gleam - ing from thy tow'r, Pure wis-dom's foun - tain,
mf Tenor and Bass.
all the prai - rie vast; Ha - zy shad - ows gath - 'ring, cast their som - ber forms a - round,
truth and hon - or's bow'r. While the bound - less prai - ries yield their fruits from year to year,
p slower.
mf a tempo.
Voi - ces soft - ly call - ing, Breathe a sweet old sound. Fair-mount, fond Fair-mount,
May the thou - sands ev - er Hold this name more dear. Fair-mount, for - ev - er,
p slower.
mf a tempo.
p tenderly. rit.
Soft thy name breaks on the air, Fairmount, fair Fair-mount, Name we hold so dear.
Here we raise a song of praise, Fairmount, blest Fair-mount, To e - ter - nal days.
p tenderly. rit.

By permission.

# THREE CHEERS FOR K. S. U.

## UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS.

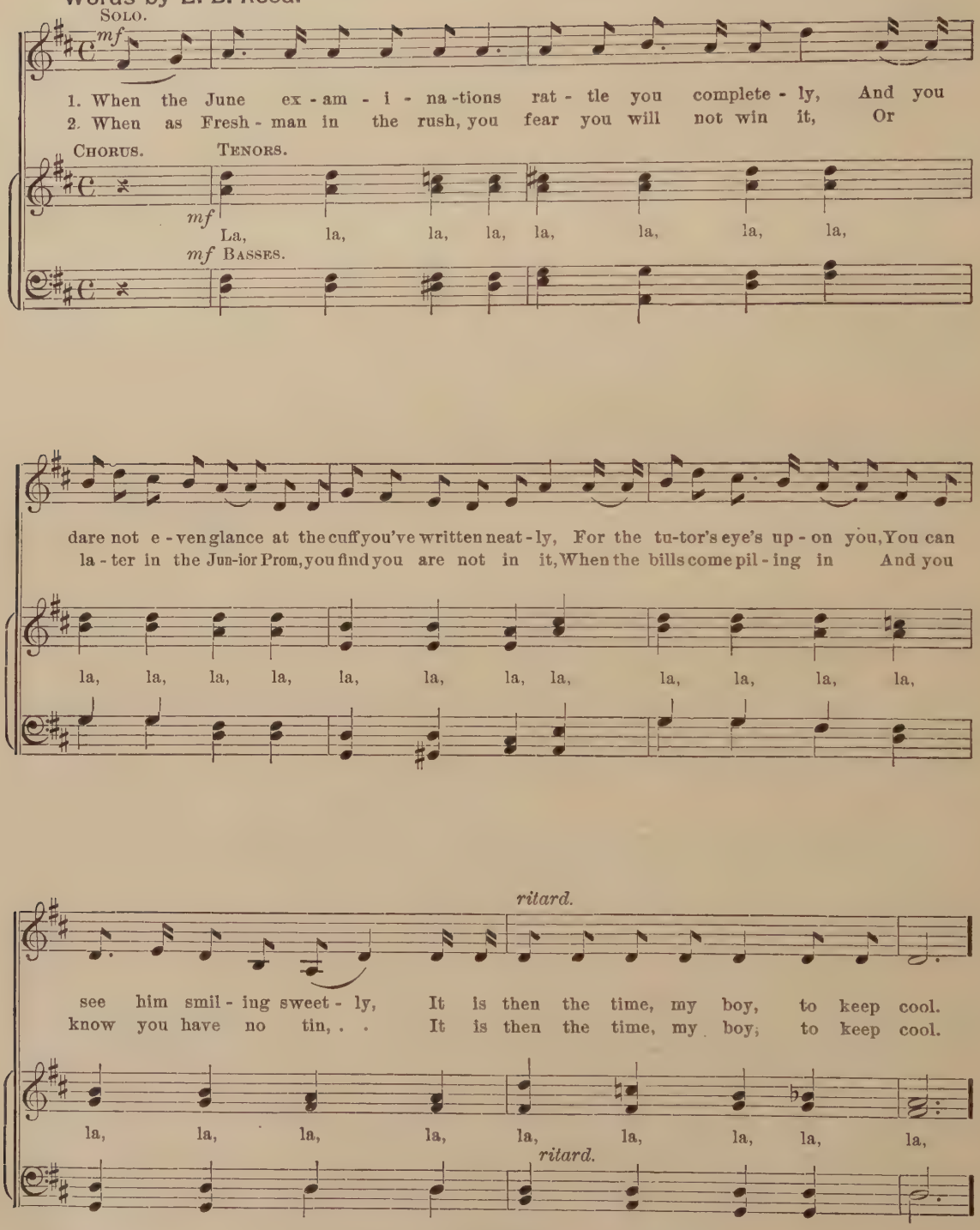

1. The year rolls round, the days re - turn, Our hearts with an - cient fer - vor burn To
2. Her sons and daugh-ters gath - er here, A grow - ing fam - ily year by year, And
Chorus.
gath - er in the dear old place And greet our lov ing moth - er's face. To
loy - al to the gen - 'rous state That makes our Al - ma Ma - ter great;
her our hearts will aye be true, To her our hearts will aye be true. Three rous - ing
cheers, . . three rous - ing cheers, three cheers, three cheers . . for K. S. U.

3 If envious tongues assail her fame
We'll load the winds with her good name,
And point with honest Kansas pride
To wisdom's portals opened wide.

By permission.

# KEEP COOL.

Words by E. B. Reed. Music by W. N. Runyon.


Solo.
mf
1. When the June ex - am - i - na - tions rat - tle you complete - ly, And you
2. When as Fresh - man in the rush, you fear you will not win it, Or
Chorus. Tenors.
mf
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
mf Basses.
dare not e - ven glance at the cuff you've written neat - ly, For the tu-tor's eye's up - on you, You can
la - ter in the Jun-ior Prom, you find you are not in it, When the bills come pil - ing in And you
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
ritard.
see him smil - ing sweet - ly, It is then the time, my boy, to keep cool.
know you have no tin, . . It is then the time, my boy, to keep cool.
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
ritard.

By permission.

## KEEP COOL.

3 When your father writes you he expects you'll take a Kappa key,
And your mother says of course you'll get the valedictory,
Instead of which you get a letter from the faculty,
It is then the time, my boy, to keep cool. — Cho.

4 When walking to the chapel across the college green,
The last bell rings, your hair's unbrushed, your collar can't be seen,
And then comes smiling towards you last night's most smiling queen,
It is then the time, my boy, to keep cool. — Cho.

# MY OTTAWA.

### OTTAWA UNIVERSITY.

Words by Franklin Johnson.

Soprano and Alto.
1. Sweet Al - ma Ma - ter, As thou hast cher - ished me, So will I
2. Sweet Al - ma Ma - ter, A - round and o'er thee lie Fair scenes of
3. Sweet Al - ma Ma - ter, Long may thy halls a - bide A - mid these
4. Sweet Al - ma Ma - ter, The God thou dost a - dore In - crease thee
Tenor and Bass.
cher - ish thee, My Ot - ta - wa: Thanks chief - ly for thy care
field and sky, My Ot - ta - wa: But thou art fair - er far
mead - ows wide, My Ot - ta - wa: Long as the Swan - stream flows,
more and more, My Ot - ta - wa: May thou - sands to thee flow,
To make all learn - ing fair With light of Psalm and prayer, My Ot - ta - wa.
To me, thy child, than are The smiles of earth or star, My Ot - ta - wa.
Long as the sun - flower blows, Long as a night - star glows, My Ot - ta - wa.
And thou - sands from thee go To heal earth's sin and woe, My Ot - ta - wa.

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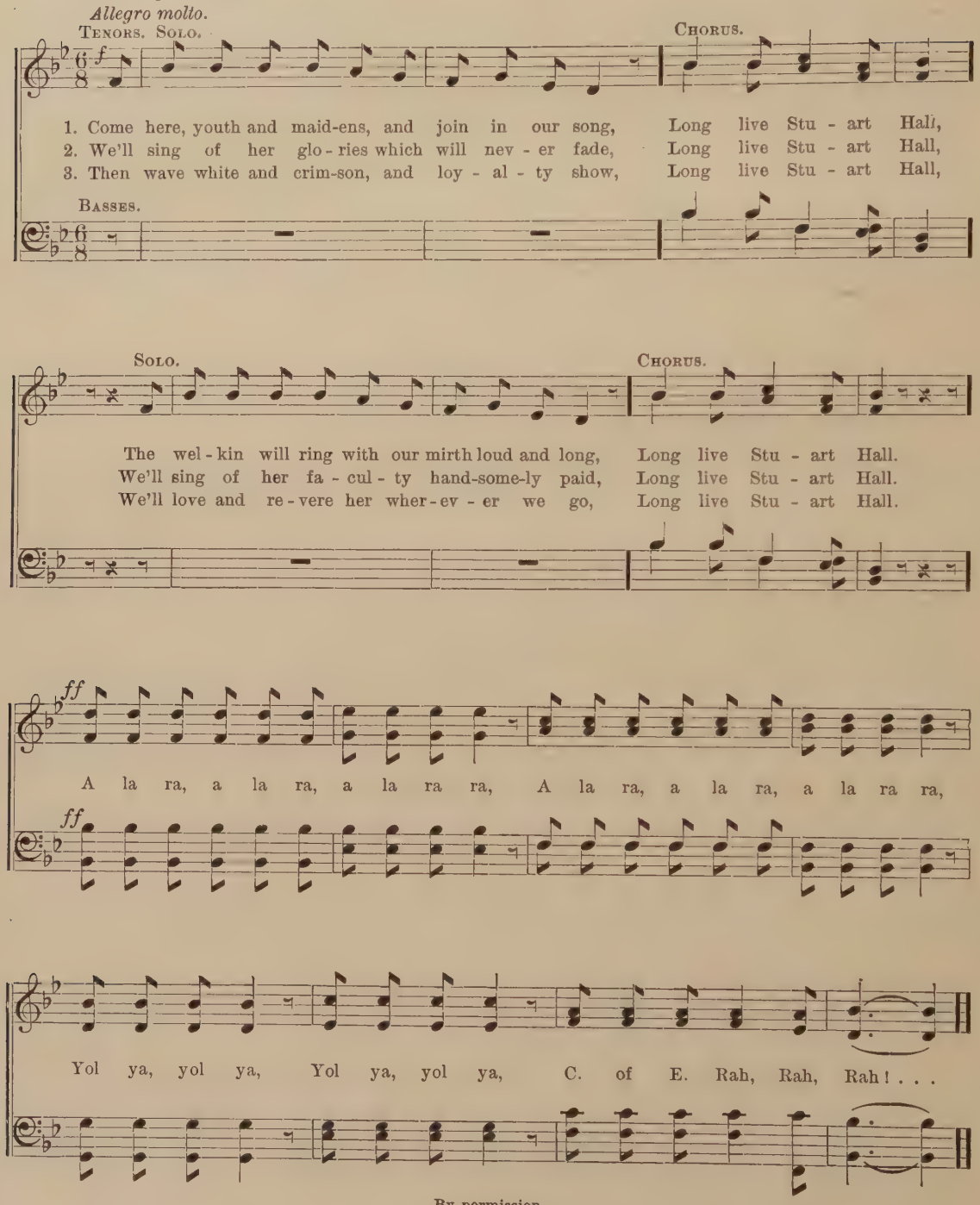
# LONG LIVE STUART HALL.

## COLLEGE OF EMPORIA.

Words by Chester H. C. Dudley.


Allegro molto.
Tenors. Solo.
Chorus.
1. Come here, youth and maid-ens, and join in our song, Long live Stu - art Hall,
2. We'll sing of her glo - ries which will nev - er fade, Long live Stu - art Hall,
3. Then wave white and crim-son, and loy - al - ty show, Long live Stu - art Hall,
Basses.
Solo.
Chorus.
The wel - kin will ring with our mirth loud and long, Long live Stu - art Hall.
We'll sing of her fa - cul - ty hand-some-ly paid, Long live Stu - art Hall.
We'll love and re - vere her wher - ev - er we go, Long live Stu - art Hall.
A la ra, a la ra, a la ra ra, A la ra, a la ra, a la ra ra,
Yol ya, yol ya, Yol ya, yol ya, C. of E. Rah, Rah, Rah! . . .

By permission.

# HAIL THEE, OUR BETHANY.

## BETHANY COLLEGE.

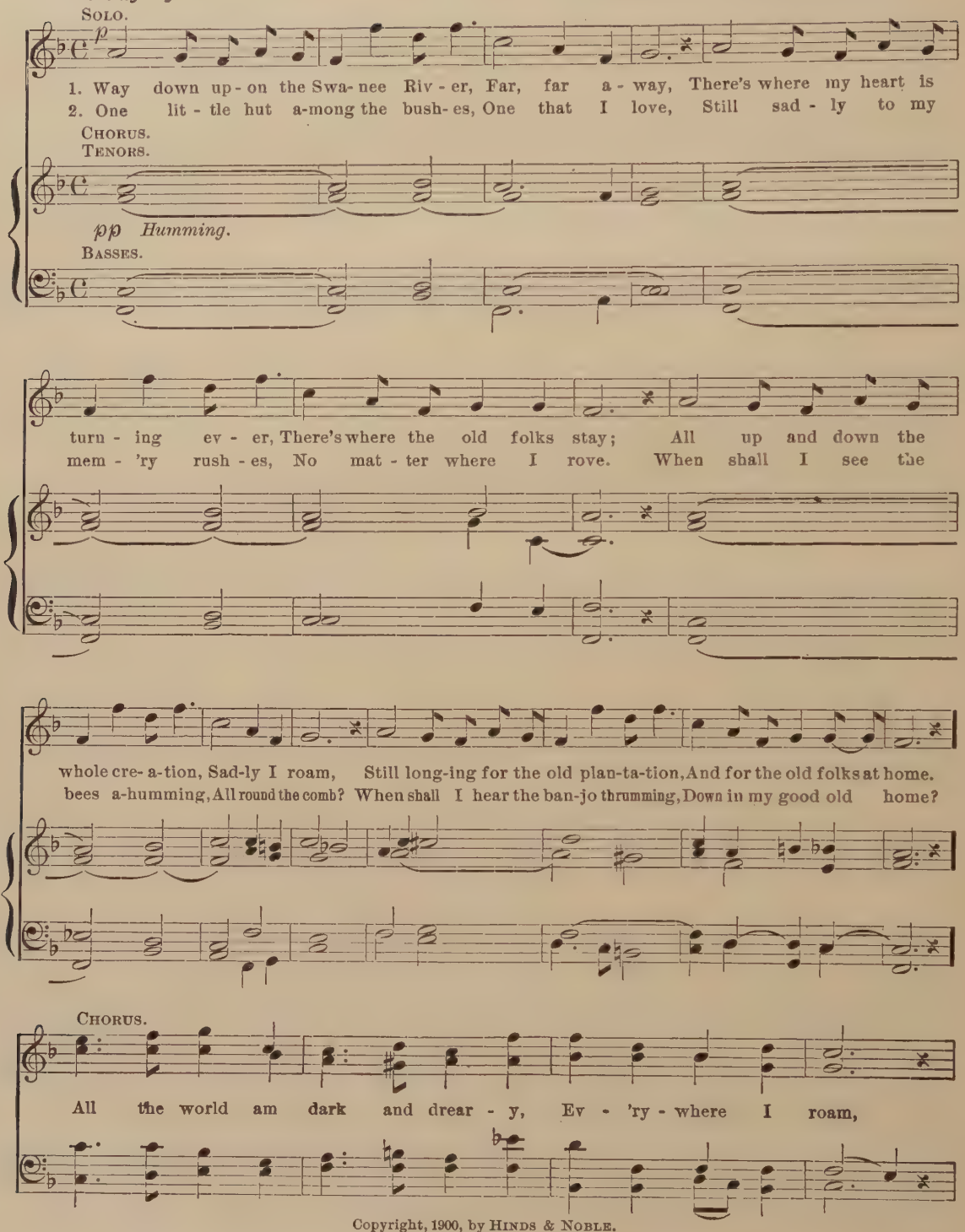
Allegro maestoso.
Soprano and Alto.
Arranged.
1. Hail thee, our Beth - an - y! For peace and har - mon - y Pave the way!
2. The seed of no - ble truth Sown in the spring of youth To the skies
3. In har - vest thou - sand fold The sto - ry shall be told, Hail to thee,
Tenor and Bass.
Strike dis-may to foes of pro - gress ev - er! Pave the way! Strike dis-may to
Shall a - rise and bless thee boun - teous Giv - er! To the skies Shall a - rise and
Beth - an - y! may thou be loy - al ev - er! Hail to thee, Beth - an - y! may
CODA after last verse.
1
2
foes of pro - gress ev - er! Hail, O, Hail, O, Hail thee, our Beth - an - y. - y.
bless the boun - teous Giv - er!
thou be loy - al ev - er!

By permission.

# BA-BE-BI-BO-BU.

# SWANEE RIVER.

Melody by S. C. Foster. Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.


Solo.
p
1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee Riv - er, Far, far a - way, There's where my heart is
2. One lit - tle hut a-mong the bush - es, One that I love, Still sad - ly to my
Chorus.
Tenors.
pp Humming.
Basses.
turn - ing ev - er, There's where the old folks stay; All up and down the
mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove. When shall I see the
whole cre- a-tion, Sad-ly I roam, Still long-ing for the old plan-ta-tion, And for the old folks at home.
bees a-humming, All round the comb? When shall I hear the ban-jo thrumming, Down in my good old home?
Chorus.
All the world am dark and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam,

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## SWANEE RIVER.

# THE SHOWER.

*Allegretto.*

Words and music by R. Le Roy Scofield.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.
p
1. Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, So . . comes the show'r,
2. Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, O'er . . hill and dale,
3. Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, Is the rain - drops lay,
Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter,
TENOR AND BASS.
p
Clit - ter, clat - ter, clit - ter, clat - ter, O'er field and flow'r;
Clit - ter, clat - ter, clit - ter, clat - ter, Through wood - y vale;
Clit - ter, clat - ter, clit - ter, clat - ter, All through the day;
Clit - ter, clat - ter, clit - ter, clat - ter,
Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, Wel - come the rain, And the
Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, Rain does its best, With a
Pit - ter. pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, Who cares for rain, With a
co - ed - u - ca - tion - al um - brel - la seat - ing twain.
co - ed - u - ca - tion - al um - brel - la we do the rest.
co - ed - u - ca - tion - al um - brel - la seat - ing twain?

By permission.

# RAH-RAH-RAH FOR MIDLAND.

## MIDLAND COLLEGE.

Words by Granville H. Meixell.

Soprano and Alto.
1. For Mid - land let us cheer and sing,— Rah - rah - rah for Mid - land!
2. Her sons are brave, her daugh - ters true,— Rah - rah - rah for Mid - land!
3. Her fame shall spread from shore to shore,— Rah - rah - rah for Mid - land!
4. Then let us shout and let us sing,— Rah - rah - rah for Mid - land!
Tenor and Bass.
For her let our proud tri - umphs ring,— Rah - rah - rah for Mid - land!
Her friends are firm, her foes are few,— Rah - rah - rah for Mid - land!
Her worth be cher - ished more and more,— Rah - rah - rah for Mid - land!
In tri - umph let our voi - ces ring,— Rah - rah - rah for Mid - land!
Un - touch'd by strife, un - mov'd by fear, She stands su - preme with -
Up - held by faith - ful hearts and pure, She stands for - ev - er
Un - furl'd by no - ble hands and brave, Her col - ors bright shall
En - shrin'd in loy - al hearts and true, Her name we'll guard, her
out a peer; Her halls we love, her name re - vere, Rah - rah - rah for Mid - land!
fix'd and sure; Her glo - ry shall for aye en - dure— Rah - rah - rah for Mid - land!
ev - er wave; Her mis - sion be to bless and save— Rah - rah - rah for Mid - land!
hon - or, too; Each vic - t'ry hail with shouts a - new— Rah - rah - rah for Mid - land!

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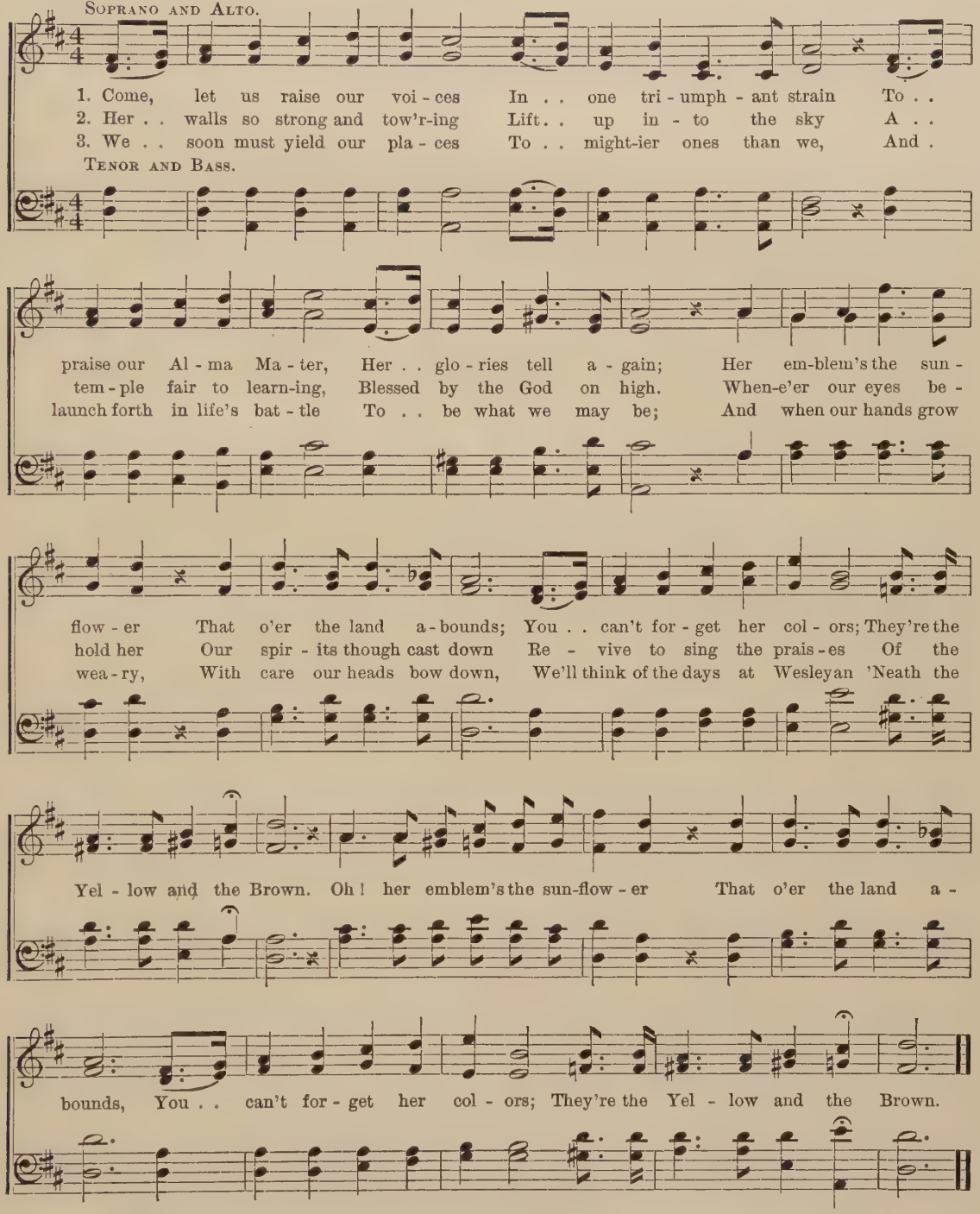
# THE YELLOW AND THE BROWN.

## NEBRASKA WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

Words by Otis Hinson. Arranged by E. J. Biedermann.


Soprano and Alto.
1. Come, let us raise our voi - ces In . . one tri - umph - ant strain To . .
2. Her . . walls so strong and tow'r-ing Lift . . up in - to the sky A . .
3. We . . soon must yield our pla - ces To . . might-ier ones than we, And .
Tenor and Bass.
praise our Al - ma Ma - ter, Her . . glo - ries tell a - gain; Her em-blem's the sun -
tem - ple fair to learn-ing, Blessed by the God on high. When-e'er our eyes be -
launch forth in life's bat - tle To . . be what we may be; And when our hands grow
flow - er That o'er the land a - bounds; You . . can't for - get her col - ors; They're the
hold her Our spir - its though cast down Re - vive to sing the prais - es Of the
wea - ry, With care our heads bow down, We'll think of the days at Wesleyan 'Neath the
Yel - low and the Brown. Oh! her emblem's the sun-flow - er That o'er the land a -
bounds, You . . can't for - get her col - ors; They're the Yel - low and the Brown.

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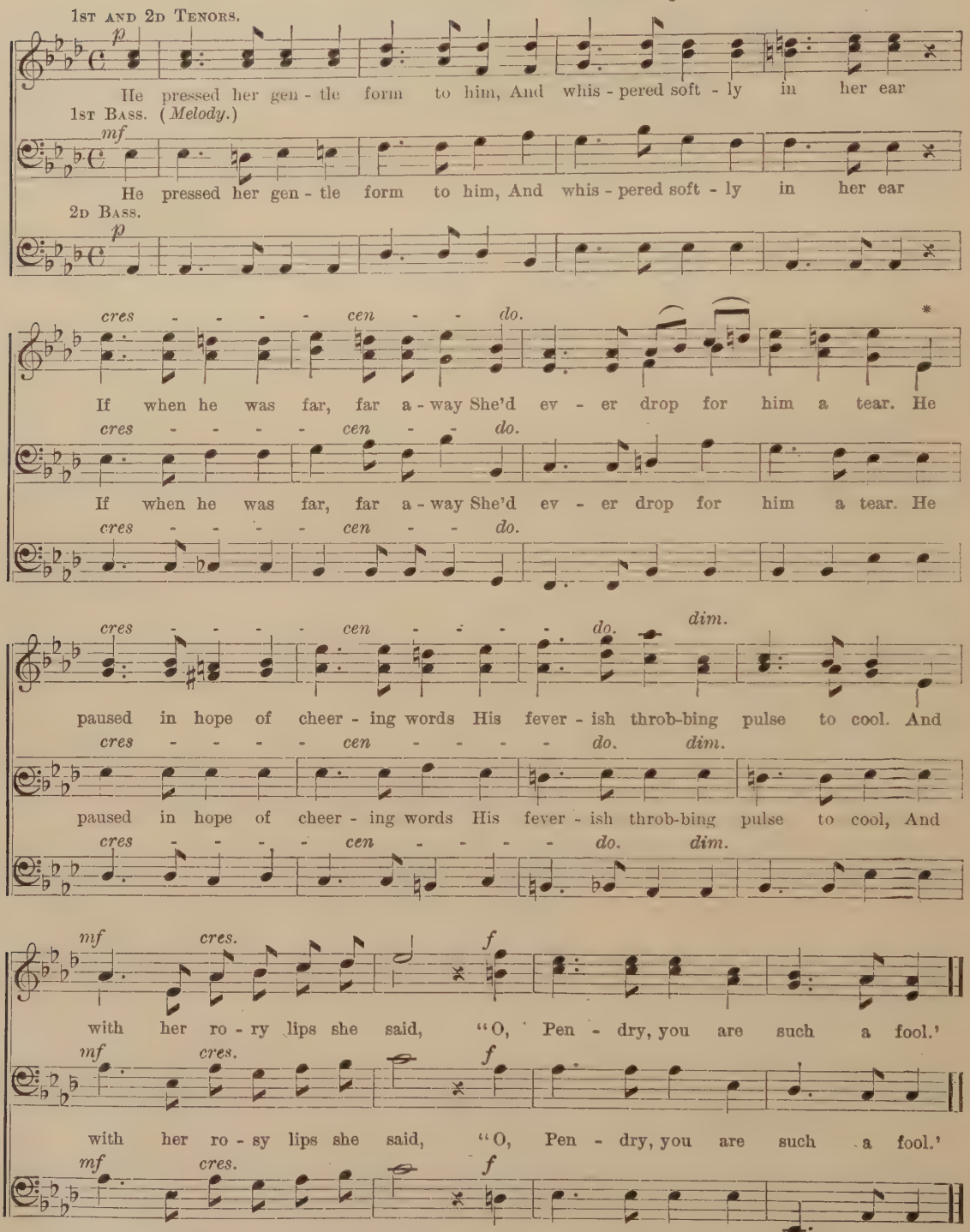
# "O, PENDRY, YOU ARE SUCH A FOOL."

Music by Walter Howe Jones.


1st and 2d Tenors.
p
He pressed her gen - tle form to him, And whis - pered soft - ly in her ear
1st Bass. (Melody.)
mf
He pressed her gen - tle form to him, And whis - pered soft - ly in her ear
2d Bass.
p
cres - - - - - cen - - do.
If when he was far, far a - way She'd ev - er drop for him a tear. He
cres - - - - - cen - - do.
If when he was far, far a - way She'd ev - er drop for him a tear. He
cres - - - - - cen - - do.
dim.
paused in hope of cheer - ing words His fever - ish throb-bing pulse to cool. And
cres - - - - - cen - - - - do. dim.
paused in hope of cheer - ing words His fever - ish throb-bing pulse to cool, And
cres - - - - cen - - - - do. dim.
mf cres. f
with her ro - ry lips she said, "O, Pen - dry, you are such a fool.'
mf cres. f
with her ro - sy lips she said, "O, Pen - dry, you are such a fool.'
mf cres. f

* If preferred, the 1st Bass may sing the words up to this point, the other parts being hummed with closed lips.

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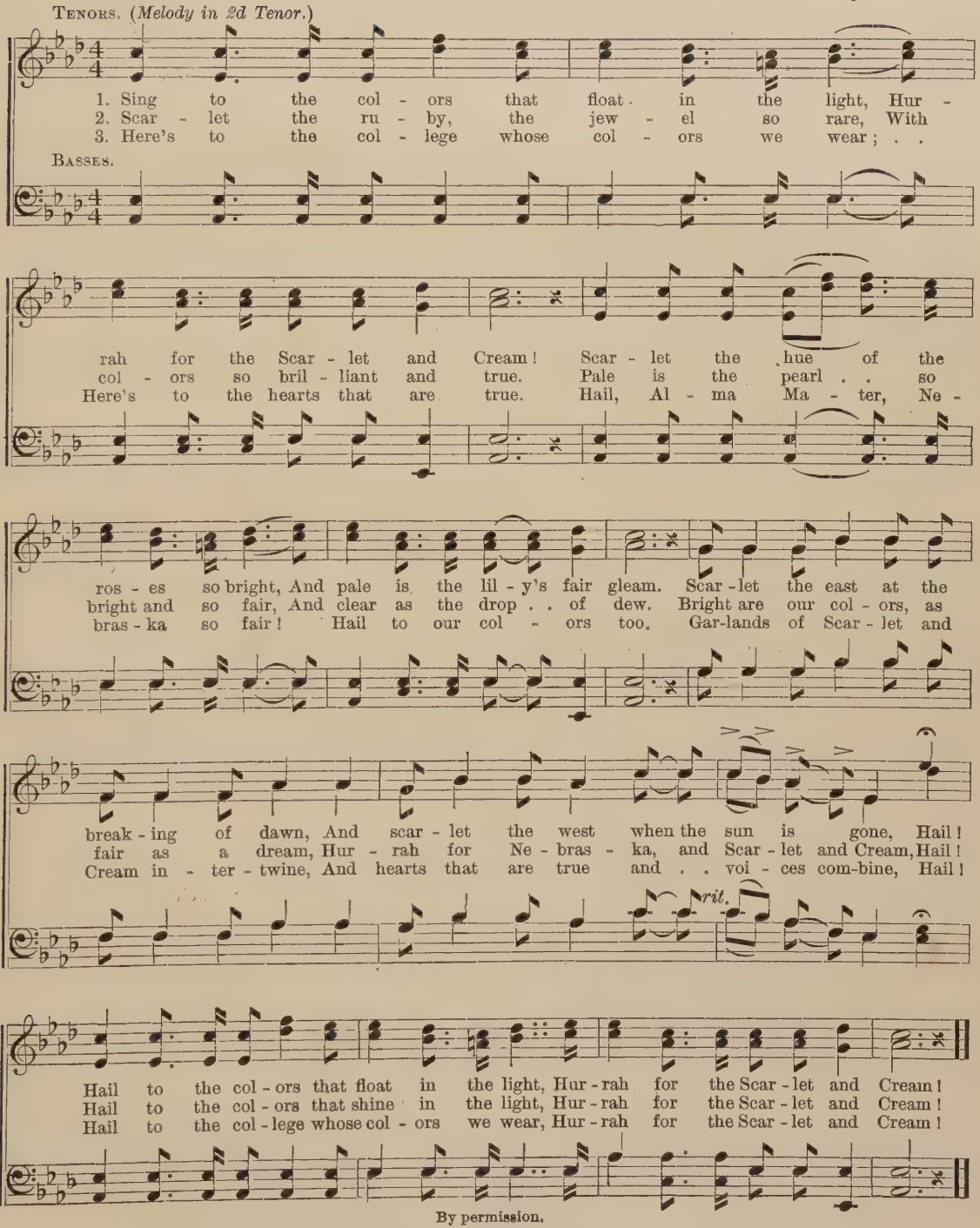
# SCARLET AND CREAM.

## UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

*With animation.* **Music by Balfe.**


Tenors. (Melody in 2d Tenor.)
1. Sing to the col - ors that float in the light, Hur -
2. Scar - let the ru - by, the jew - el so rare, With
3. Here's to the col - lege whose col - ors we wear; . .
Basses.
rah for the Scar - let and Cream! Scar - let the hue of the
col - ors so bril - liant and true. Pale is the pearl . . so
Here's to the hearts that are true. Hail, Al - ma Ma - ter, Ne -
ros - es so bright, And pale is the lil - y's fair gleam. Scar - let the east at the
bright and so fair, And clear as the drop . . of dew. Bright are our col - ors, as
bras - ka so fair! Hail to our col - ors too. Gar-lands of Scar - let and
break - ing of dawn, And scar - let the west when the sun is gone, Hail!
fair as a dream, Hur - rah for Ne - bras - ka, and Scar - let and Cream, Hail!
Cream in - ter - twine, And hearts that are true and . . voi - ces com-bine, Hail!
rit.
Hail to the col - ors that float in the light, Hur - rah for the Scar - let and Cream!
Hail to the col - ors that shine in the light, Hur - rah for the Scar - let and Cream!
Hail to the col - lege whose col - ors we wear, Hur - rah for the Scar - let and Cream!

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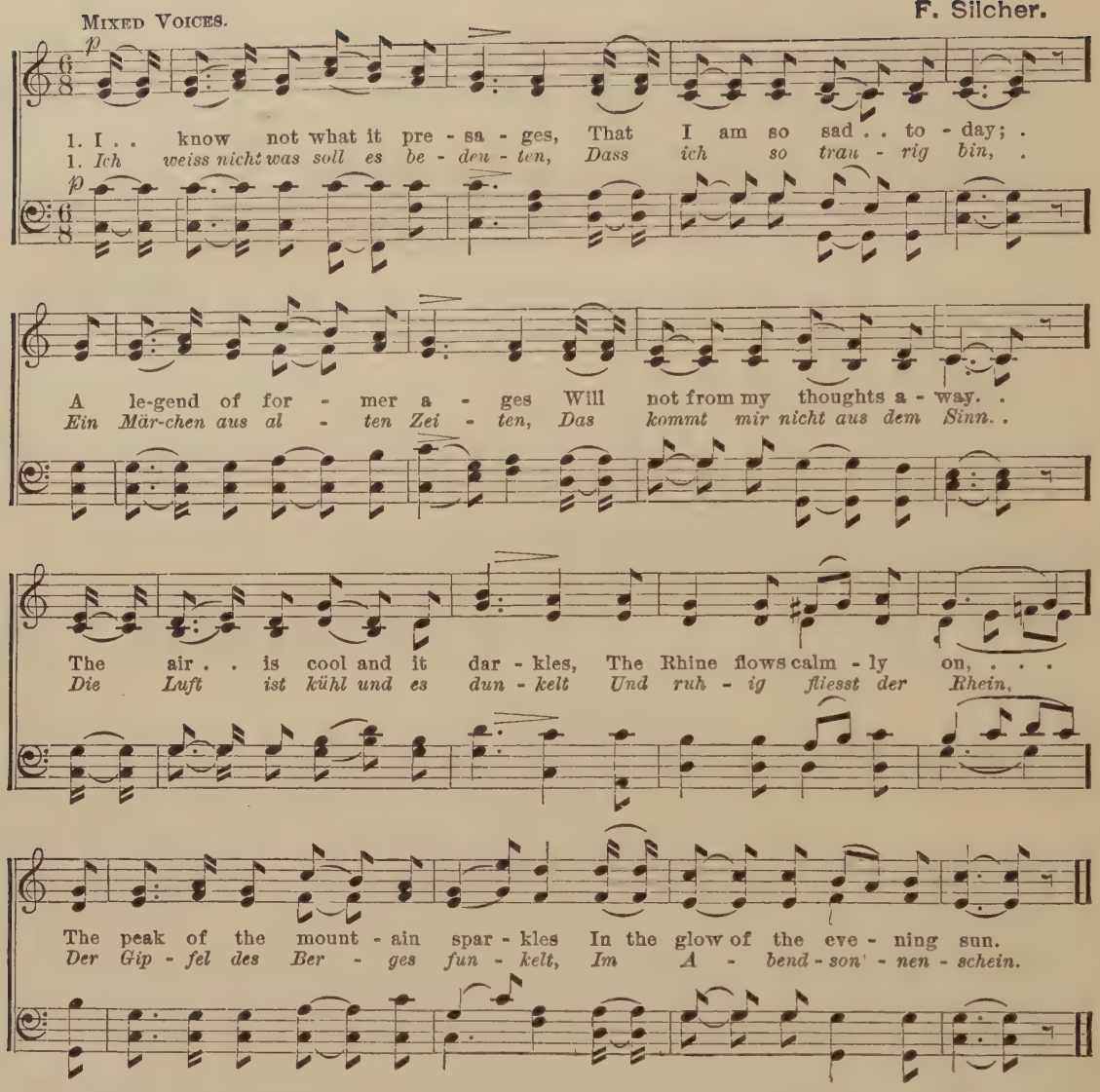
# THE LORELEY.

F. Silcher.


Mixed Voices.
p
1. I . . know not what it pre - sa - ges, That I am so sad . . to - day; .
1. Ich weiss nicht was soll es be - deu - ten, Dass ich so trau - rig bin, .
A le-gend of for - mer a - ges Will not from my thoughts a - way. .
Ein Mär-chen aus al - ten Zei - ten, Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn. .
The air . . is cool and it dar - kles, The Rhine flows calm - ly on, . . .
Die Luft ist kühl und es dun - kelt Und ruh - ig fliesst der Rhein,
The peak of the mount - ain spar - kles In the glow of the eve - ning sun.
Der Gip - fel des Ber - ges fun - kelt, Im A - bend - son' - nen - schein.

2 The most beautiful maid is reclining
On the cliff, so wondrous fair;
Her glorious jewels are shining,
She is combing her golden hair;
With a golden comb she combs it,
And sings a song thereby,
That thrills with its mystic meaning
And powerful melody.

3 It seizes with wildest yearning
The boatman, entranc'd in his skiff;
He sees not the treacherous breakers,
He gazes alone on the cliff.
And soon will the waves engulf them,
Both boat and boatman strong,
For thus in her toils hath she bound them,
The Loreley with her song.

2 *Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet*
*Dort oben wunderbar*
*Ihr gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet*
*Sie kämmt sich ihr goldenes Haar*
*Sie kämmt es mit gold'nem Kamme*
*Und singt ein Lied dabei*
*Das hat eine wundersame*
*Gewalt'ge Melodei.*

3 *Den Schiffer in kleinem Schiffe*
*Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;*
*Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,*
*Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.*
*Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen,*
*Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;*
*Und das hat mit ihrem Singen*
*Die Lorelei gethan.*

# MISSOURI.

## UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF MISSOURI.

**Words by George Hauchope.**

QUARTET.

TENORS. (*Melody in 2d Tenor.*)

1. Old Mis - sou - ri, fair Mis - sou - ri, Dear old 'Var - si - ty, Ours are hearts that
2. Ev - 'ry stu - dent, man and maid - en, Swells the glad re - frain Till the breez - es,

BASSES.

CHORUS.

fond - ly love thee, Here's a health to thee. Proud art thou in Clas - sic beau - ty
mu - sic la - den, Waft it back a - gain.

Of thy no - ble past, With thy watch-words, hon-or, du - ty, Thy high fame shall last.

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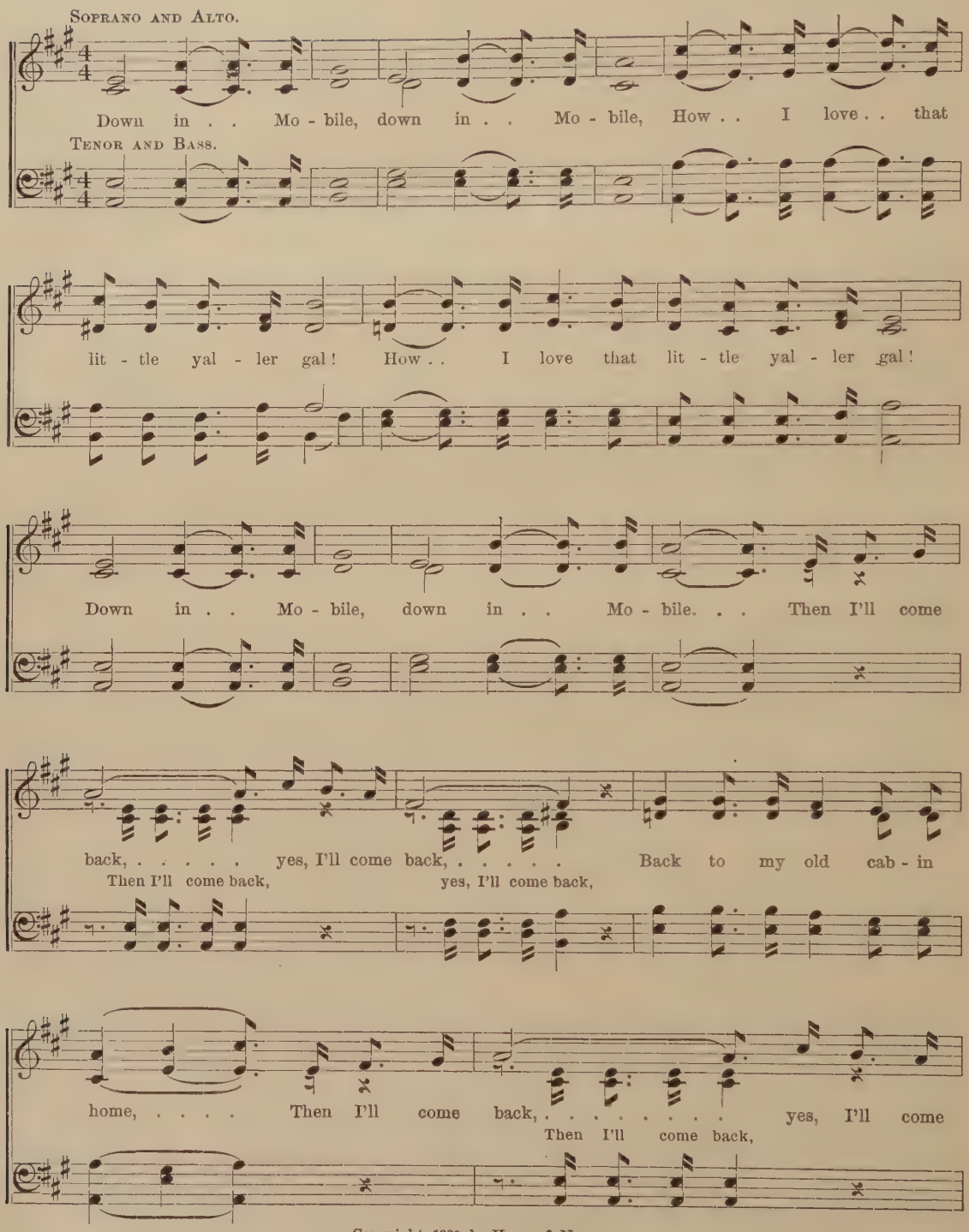
# DOWN IN MOBILE.

Arranged by Lloyd Adams.


Soprano and Alto.
Down in . . Mo - bile, down in . . Mo - bile, How . . I love . . that
Tenor and Bass.
lit - tle yal - ler gal! How . . I love that lit - tle yal - ler gal!
Down in . . Mo - bile, down in . . Mo - bile. . . Then I'll come
back, . . . . . yes, I'll come back, . . . . . Back to my old cab - in
Then I'll come back, yes, I'll come back,
home, . . . . Then I'll come back, . . . . . yes, I'll come
Then I'll come back,

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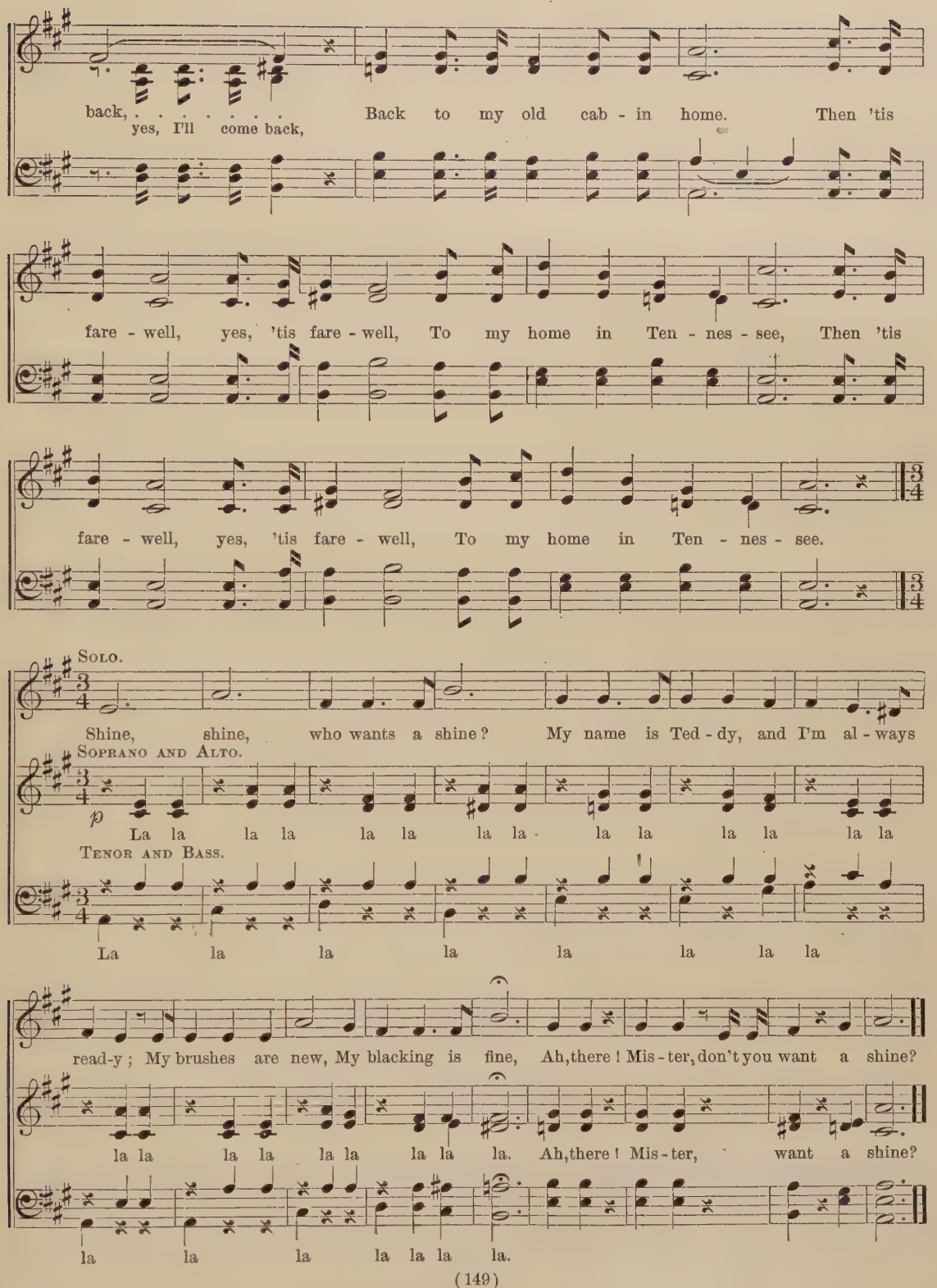
## DOWN IN MOBILE.


back, yes, I'll come back, Back to my old cab - in home. Then 'tis
fare - well, yes, 'tis fare - well, To my home in Ten - nes - see, Then 'tis
fare - well, yes, 'tis fare - well, To my home in Ten - nes - see.
Solo.
Shine, shine, who wants a shine? My name is Ted - dy, and I'm al - ways
Soprano and Alto.
p
La la la la la la la la - la la la la la la
Tenor and Bass.
La la la la la la la la
read-y; My brushes are new, My blacking is fine, Ah, there! Mis - ter, don't you want a shine?
la la la la la la la la la. Ah, there! Mis - ter, want a shine?
la la la la la la la.

# THE A. AND M. COLLEGE SONG.

## OKLAHOMA AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL COLLEGE.

Music by A. C. Scott.

With spirit.
Tenors.
1. Oh, . . . we . . . are the stu - dents of the A. M. C.! Ki
2. We oc - ca - sion - al - ly go . . . to a pink, pink, tea, Ki
3. We are loy - al to our col - lege, where - so - e'er we be, Ki
Basses.
Yi! (Ki Yi!) Ki Ye! (Ki Ye!) The . . wear - ers of the black and the
Yi! (Ki Yi!) Ki Ye! (Ki Ye!) But we hard - ly ev - er get . . on a
Yi! (Ki Yi!) Ki Ye! (Ki Ye!) A . . . health to all who love her and a
or - ange, we, Rip Zip! (Rip Zip!) Hoo - ray! We . . haven't a - ny great ex -
jam - bo - ree, Rip Zip! (Rip Zip!) Hoo - ray! We are ver - y well ac-quainted with the
three times three! Rip Zip! (Rip Zip!) Hoo - ray! May she live . . for - ev - er! so we
cess of cash, Yell A. (Yell A.) M. C.! (M. C.!) And . . that's why we don't do . .
mid-night lamp, Yell A. (Yell A.) M. C.! (M. C.!) Till our brains they . . tot - ter and they
all do say! Yell A. (Yell A.) M. C.! (M. C.!) Pros - per - i - ty at - tend her to the
Chorus.*
an - y - thing rash, O. K. (O. K.) L. A.! Ki Yi! Ki Ye! Rip Zip! Hoo-ray! Hoo -
crack and cramp, O. K. (O. K.) L. A.!
lat - est day! O. K. (O. K.) L. A.!

* College yell: Ki Yi! Ki Ye! Rip Zip! Hooray! Yell A. M. C.! O. K. L. A.!

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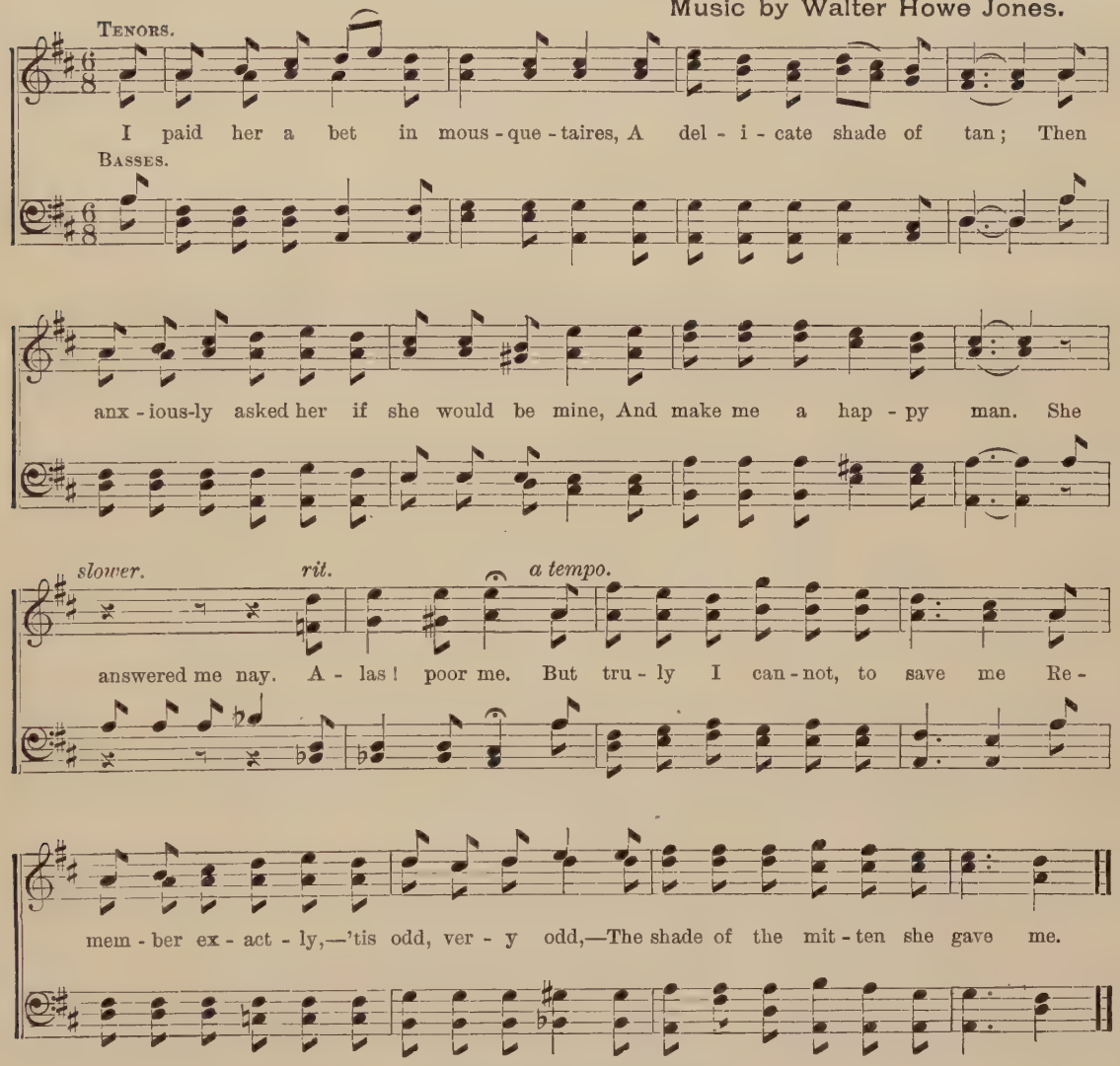
# SHE ANSWERED ME NAY.

Music by Walter Howe Jones.


Tenors.
I paid her a bet in mous - que - taires, A del - i - cate shade of tan; Then
Basses.
anx - ious-ly asked her if she would be mine, And make me a hap - py man. She
slower.
rit.
a tempo.
answered me nay. A - las! poor me. But tru - ly I can - not, to save me Re -
mem - ber ex - act - ly,—'tis odd, ver - y odd,—The shade of the mit - ten she gave me.

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# DRINKING SONG.

Words of 3d verse by Arthur Thomas.

TENORS.
1. My com - rades, when I'm no more drink - ing, But sick with gout or pal - sy
2. And when me to my grave you're bring - ing, Then fol - low aft - er, man by
BASSES.
lie, Ex - haust - ed on my sick-bed sink - ing, Be - lieve me, then my end is
man; Let no sad fun - 'ral bells be ring - ing, But tink - ling glass - es be ur
nigh. But die I this day or to - mor - row, My tes - ta-ment's al - read - y
plan. And on my tomb-stone be in - scrib - ed, "This man was born, lived, drank, and
made; My bur - ial from your hands I'll bor - row, But with - out splen-dor or pa - rade.
died; And now he lies here who im - bib - ed In all life's joy the pur - ple - tide."

3 Should any ask you why I quitted,
So soon have handed in my checks;
Just tell them simply that I flitted,—
Their honest souls I would not vex!
Of course you know the real reason,—
A rule or two I had defied!
If my demise *is* out of season,
Just tell 'em — well — I — up and died!

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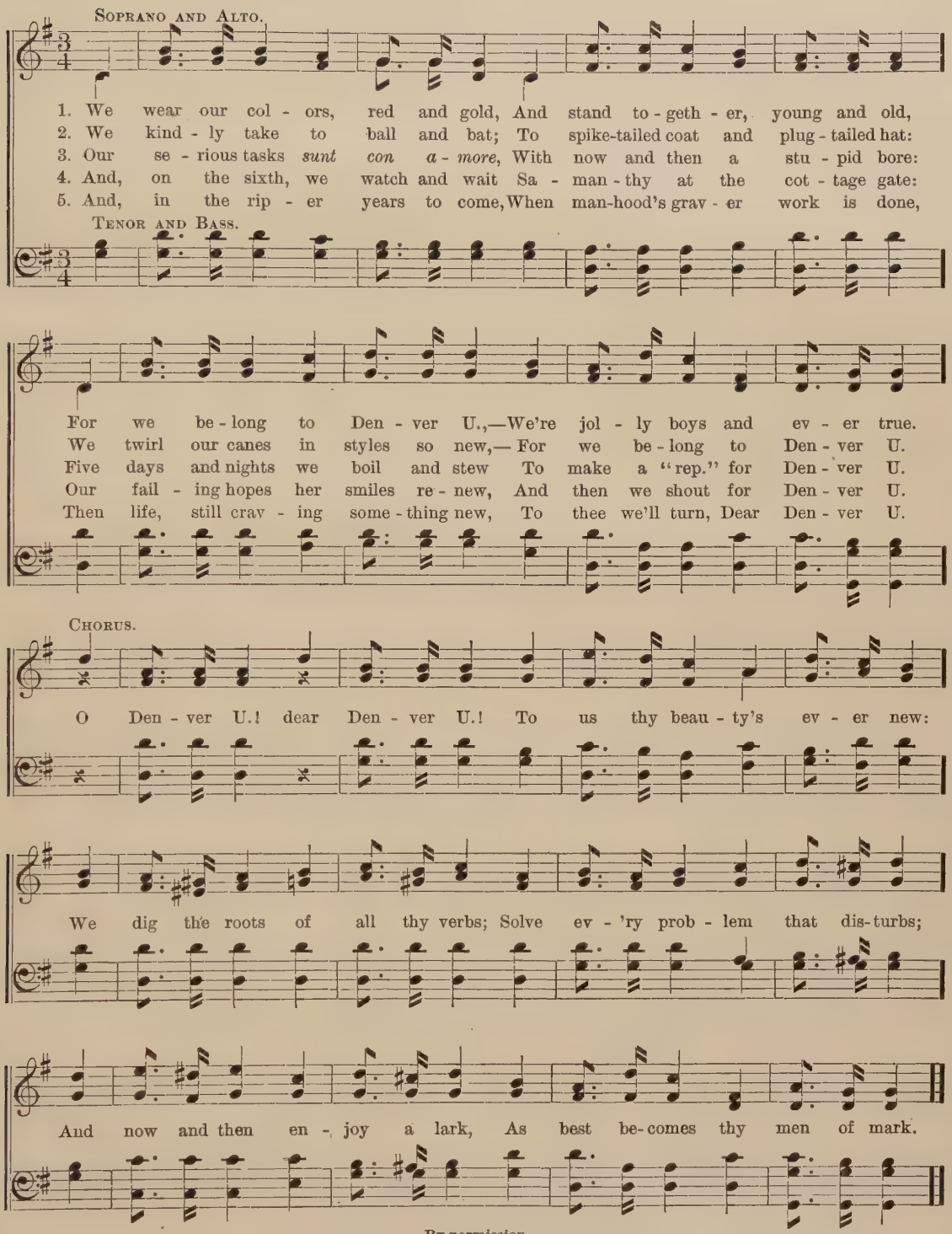
# WE WEAR OUR COLORS, RED AND GOLD.

## UNIVERSITY OF DENVER.


Soprano and Alto.
1. We wear our col - ors, red and gold, And stand to - geth - er, young and old,
2. We kind - ly take to ball and bat; To spike-tailed coat and plug - tailed hat:
3. Our se - rious tasks *sunt con a - more*, With now and then a stu - pid bore:
4. And, on the sixth, we watch and wait Sa - man - thy at the cot - tage gate:
5. And, in the rip - er years to come, When man-hood's grav - er work is done,
Tenor and Bass.
For we be - long to Den - ver U.,—We're jol - ly boys and ev - er true.
We twirl our canes in styles so new,— For we be - long to Den - ver U.
Five days and nights we boil and stew To make a "rep." for Den - ver U.
Our fail - ing hopes her smiles re - new, And then we shout for Den - ver U.
Then life, still crav - ing some - thing new, To thee we'll turn, Dear Den - ver U.
Chorus.
O Den - ver U.! dear Den - ver U.! To us thy beau - ty's ev - er new:
We dig the roots of all thy verbs; Solve ev - 'ry prob - lem that dis-turbs;
And now and then en - joy a lark, As best be-comes thy men of mark.

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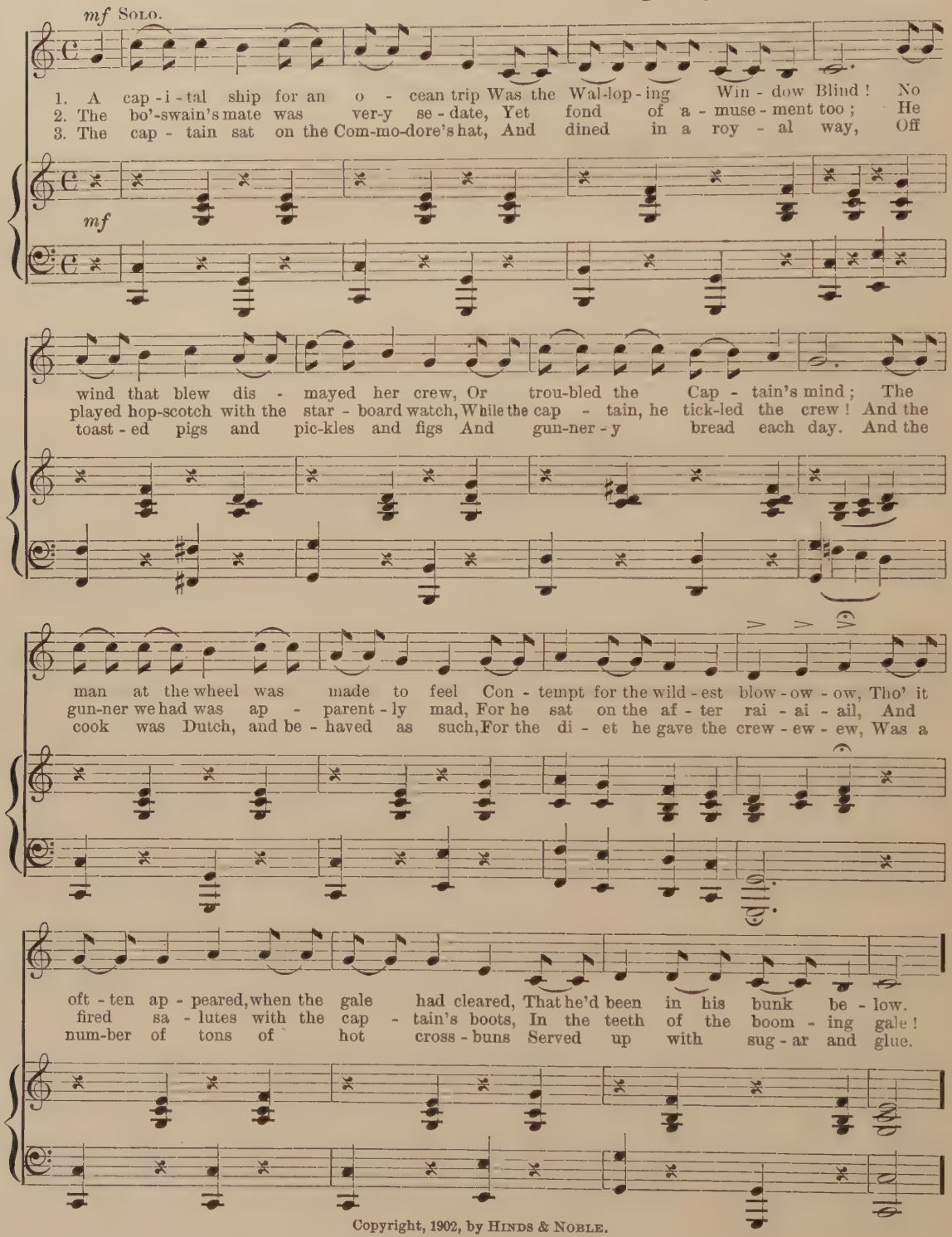
# BLOW, YE WINDS, HEIGH-HO!

Arranged by James Kendrick.


mf Solo.
1. A cap - i - tal ship for an o - cean trip Was the Wal-lop - ing Win - dow Blind! No
2. The bo'-swain's mate was ver-y se - date, Yet fond of a - muse - ment too; He
3. The cap - tain sat on the Com-mo-dore's hat, And dined in a roy - al way, Off
mf
wind that blew dis - mayed her crew, Or trou-bled the Cap - tain's mind; The
played hop-scotch with the star - board watch, While the cap - tain, he tick-led the crew! And the
toast - ed pigs and pic-kles and figs And gun-ner - y bread each day. And the
man at the wheel was made to feel Con - tempt for the wild - est blow - ow - ow, Tho' it
gun-ner we had was ap - parent - ly mad, For he sat on the af - ter rai - ai - ail, And
cook was Dutch, and be - haved as such, For the di - et he gave the crew - ew - ew, Was a
oft - ten ap - peared, when the gale had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk be - low.
fired sa - lutes with the cap - tain's boots, In the teeth of the boom - ing gale!
num-ber of tons of hot cross - buns Served up with sug - ar and glue.

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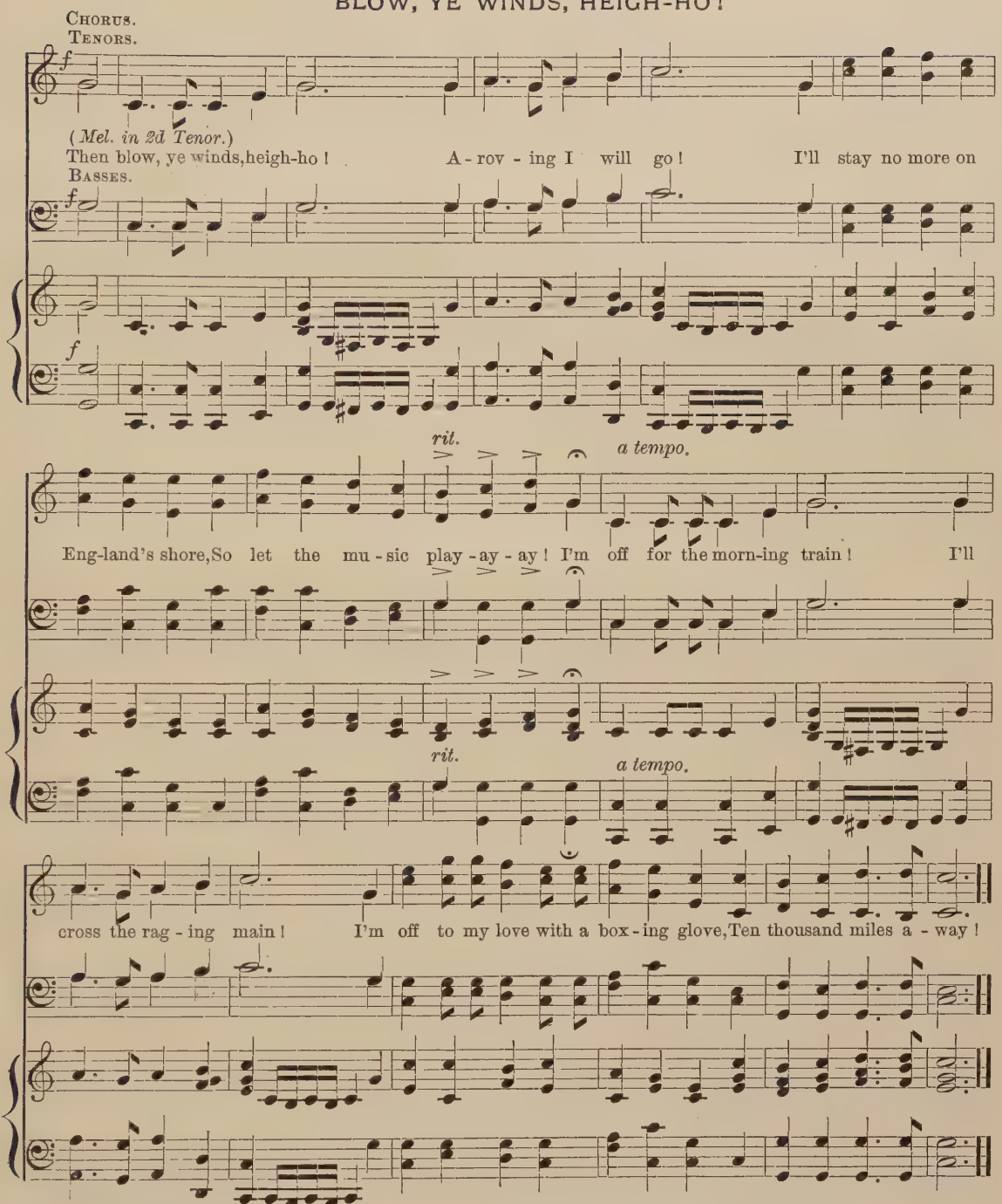
## BLOW, YE WINDS, HEIGH-HO!

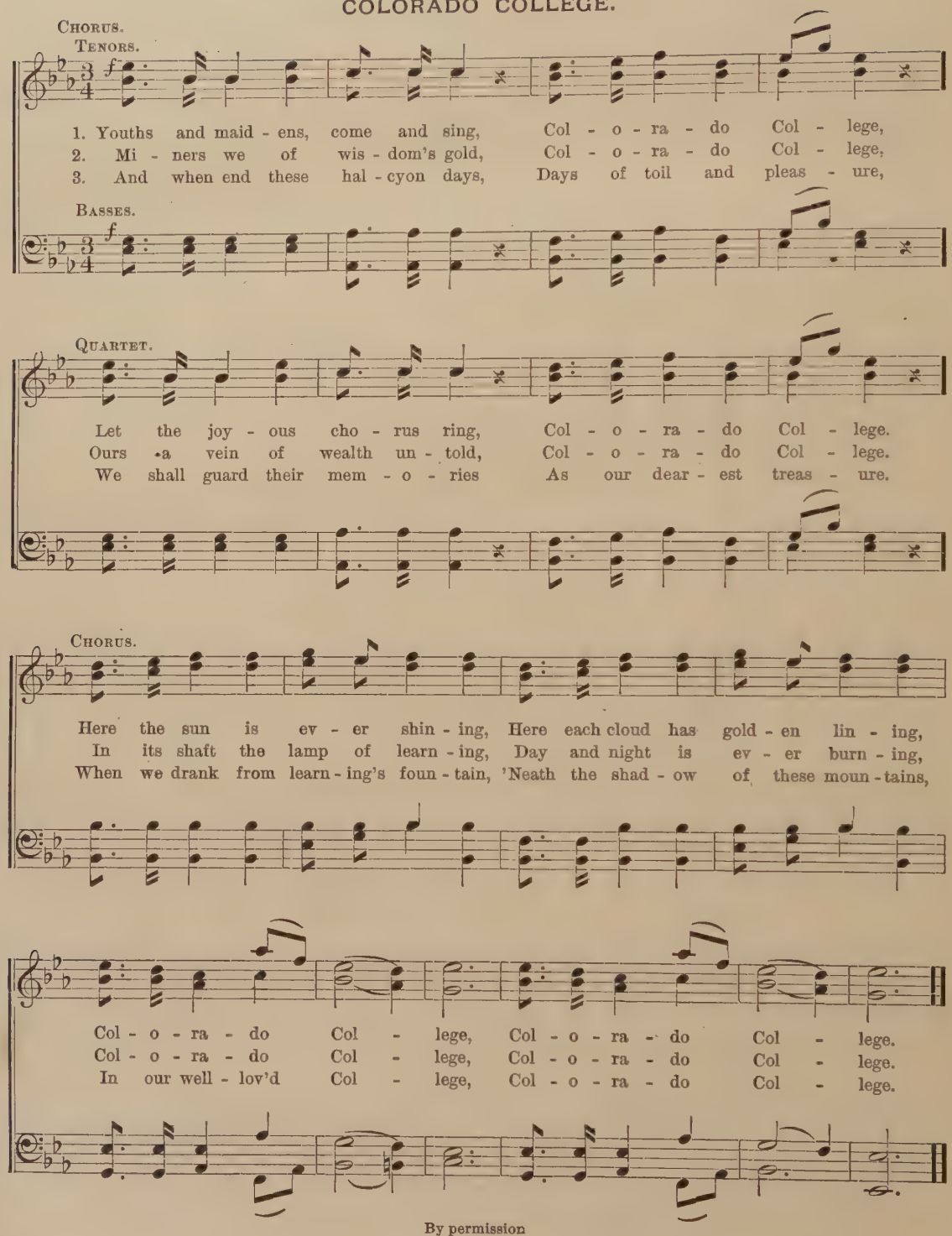

Chorus.
Tenors.
f
(Mel. in 2d Tenor.)
Then blow, ye winds, heigh-ho! A-rov-ing I will go! I'll stay no more on
Basses.
f
f
rit.
a tempo.
Eng-land's shore, So let the mu-sic play-ay-ay! I'm off for the morn-ing train! I'll
rit.
a tempo.
cross the rag-ing main! I'm off to my love with a box-ing glove, Ten thousand miles a-way!

4 All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we ran the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poopoo smiles,
And the rubbly Ubdugs roar.
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee;
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shiny sea.
Then blow, etc.

5 On Rugbug bark, from morn till dark,
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk; when a Chinese junk
Came up from the Torriby Zone.
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care,
So we cheerily put to sea-ee-ee;
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the Rugbug tree.
Then blow, etc.

# COLORADO COLLEGE SONG.

## COLORADO COLLEGE.


Chorus.
Tenors.
1. Youths and maid - ens, come and sing, Col - o - ra - do Col - lege,
2. Mi - ners we of wis - dom's gold, Col - o - ra - do Col - lege,
3. And when end these hal - cyon days, Days of toil and pleas - ure,
Basses.
Quartet.
Let the joy - ous cho - rus ring, Col - o - ra - do Col - lege.
Ours a vein of wealth un - told, Col - o - ra - do Col - lege.
We shall guard their mem - o - ries As our dear - est treas - ure.
Chorus.
Here the sun is ev - er shin - ing, Here each cloud has gold - en lin - ing,
In its shaft the lamp of learn - ing, Day and night is ev - er burn - ing,
When we drank from learn - ing's foun - tain, 'Neath the shad - ow of these moun - tains,
Col - o - ra - do Col - lege, Col - o - ra - do Col - lege.
Col - o - ra - do Col - lege, Col - o - ra - do Col - lege.
In our well - lov'd Col - lege, Col - o - ra - do Col - lege.

By permission

# SILVER AND GOLD.

## UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO.

*With animation.*

Music by Balfe.

TENORS. (Melody in 2d Tenor.)
1. Sing to the col - ors that float in the light, Hur -
2. Sil - ver - white bil - lows that bow to the sun, When
3. Here's to the col - lege whose col - ors we wear, . . .
BASSES.
rah for the Sil - ver and Gold. Sil - ver the stars that . .
yel - low - robed morn - ing is due. Sil - ver the cur - tain that
Here's to the hearts that are true; Here's to the maid with . .
ride thro' the night, A rol - lick - ing crew and bold. Gold - en the fields where
eve - ning has spun, The slum - bers of Phoe-bus to woo. Sil - ver - tipped peaks the . .
gold - en . . hair, . . Here's to the maid - en we woo. Gar-lands of sil - ver-white
rip - ens the grain, And gold - en the moon on the har - vest wain. Hail!
bright earth a - dorn, That wel - come with joy the . . gold - en morn, Hail!
lil - ies en - twined, And hearts that are true and . . voi - ces com-bined, Hail!
rit.
Hail to the col - ors that float in the light, Hur - rah for the Sil - ver and Gold.
Hail to the rib - bons that Na - ture has spun: Hur - rah for the Sil - ver and Gold.
Hail to the col - lege whose col - ors we wear, Hur - rah for the Sil - ver and Gold.

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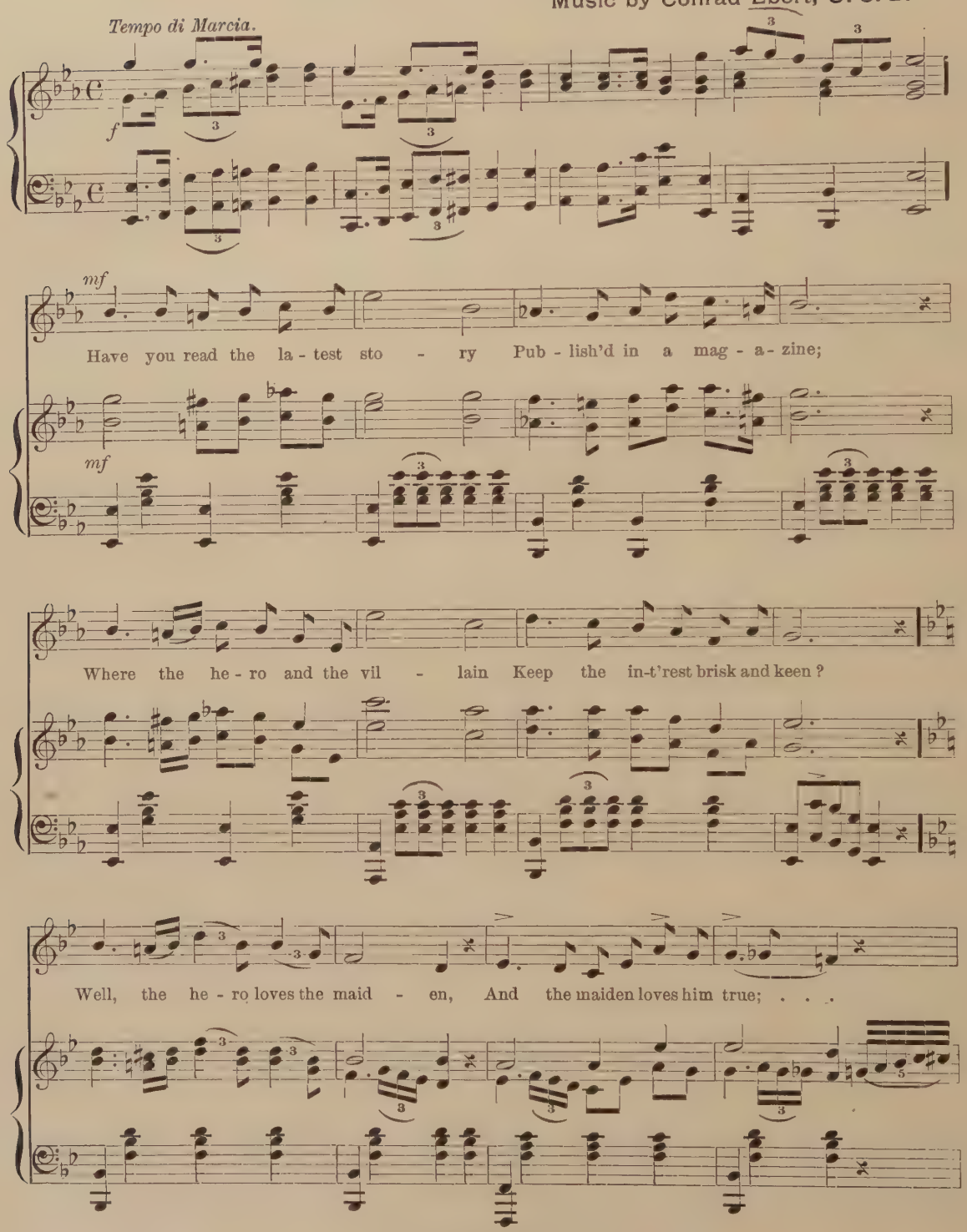
CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Music by Conrad Ebert, O. S. B.


Tempo di Marcia.
f
mf
Have you read the la - test sto - ry Pub - lish'd in a mag - a - zine;
mf
Where the he - ro and the vil - lain Keep the in-t'rest brisk and keen ?
Well, the he - ro loves the maid - en, And the maiden loves him true; . . .

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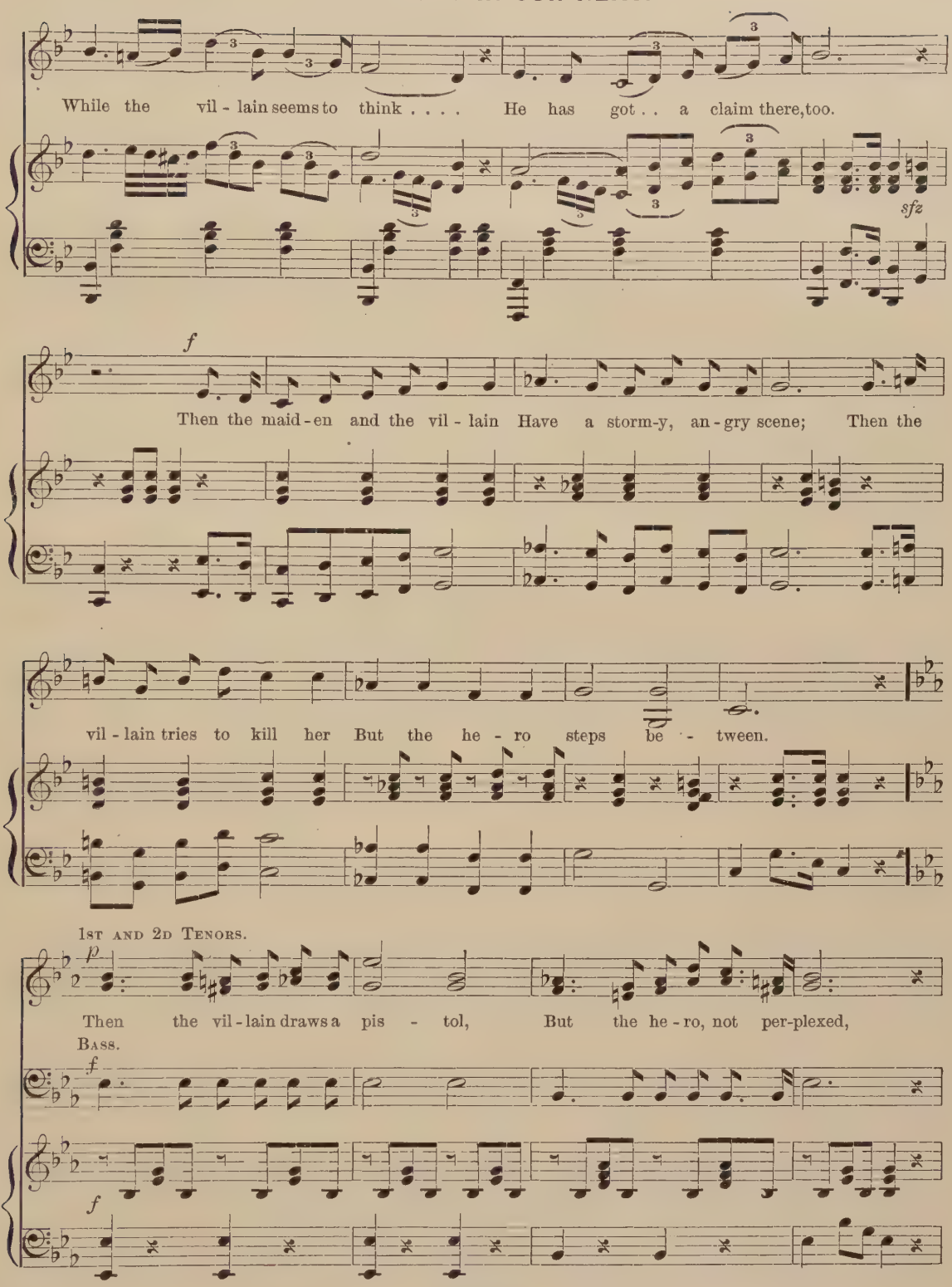
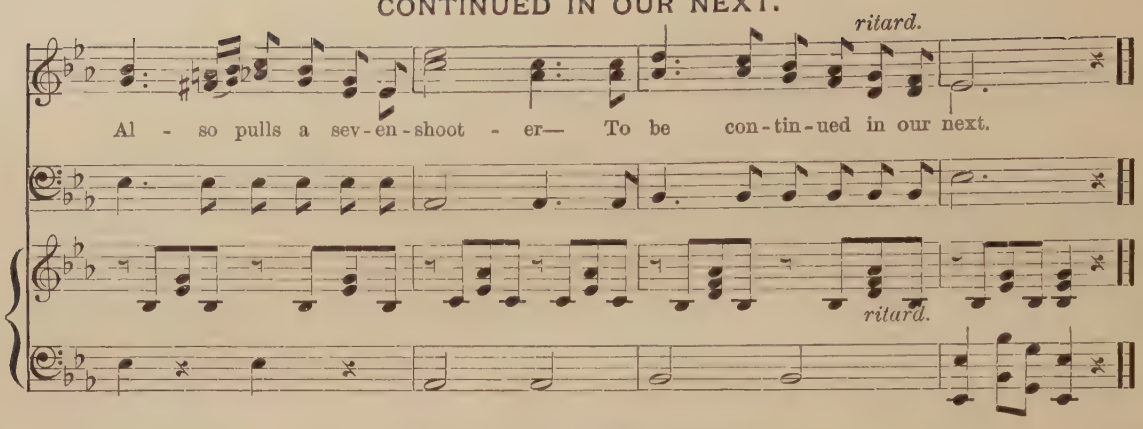
CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

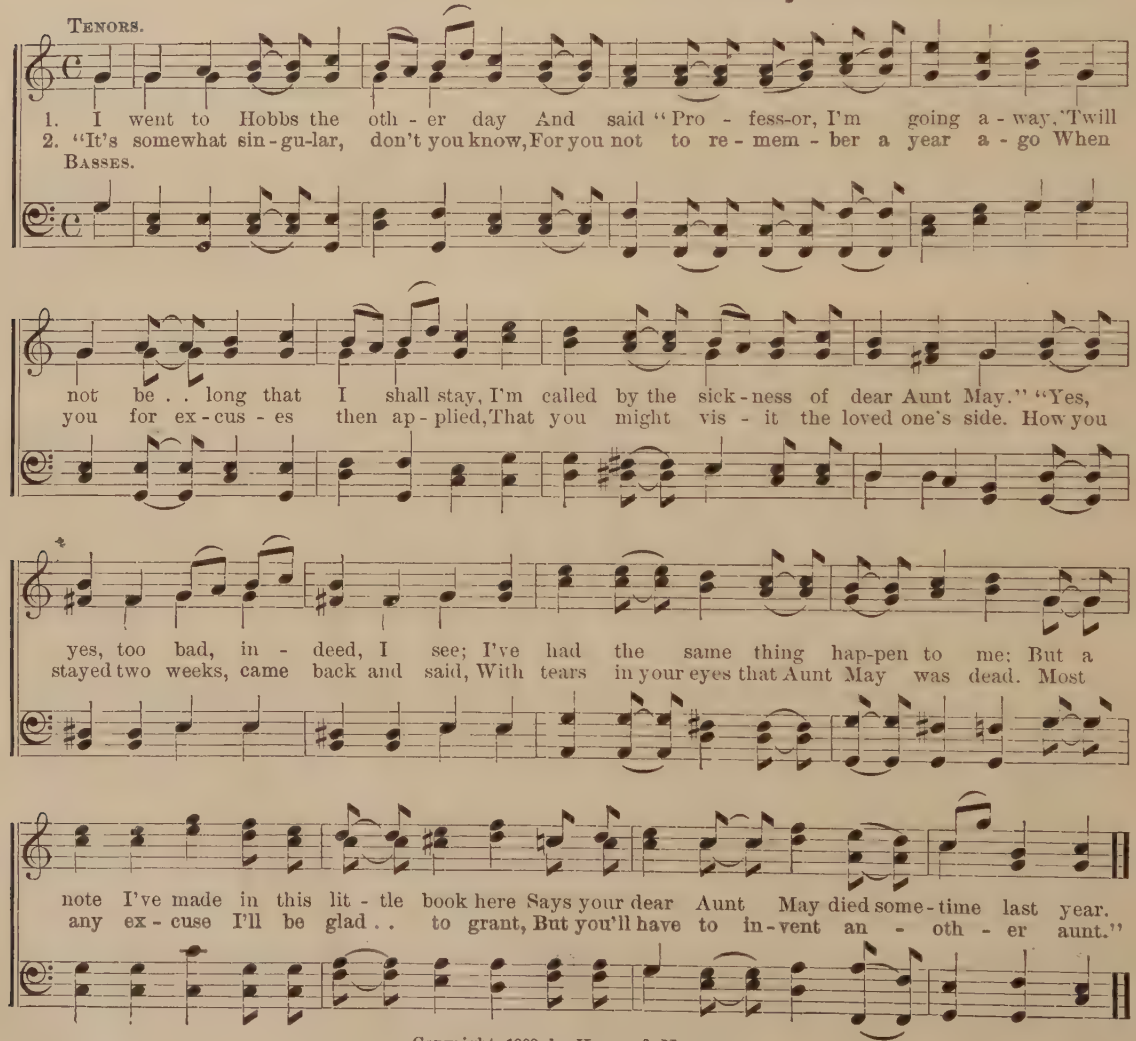

While the vil - lain seems to think . . . . He has got . . a claim there, too.
sfz
f
Then the maid - en and the vil - lain Have a storm-y, an - gry scene; Then the
vil - lain tries to kill her But the he - ro steps be - tween.
1st and 2d Tenors.
p
Then the vil - lain draws a pis - tol, But the he - ro, not per-plexed,
Bass.
f
f

CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.




# DEAR AUNT MAY.

Music by Walter Howe Jones.


Tenors.
1. I went to Hobbs the oth - er day And said "Pro - fess-or, I'm going a - way, 'Twill
2. "It's somewhat sin-gu-lar, don't you know, For you not to re - mem - ber a year a - go When
Basses.
not be . . long that I shall stay, I'm called by the sick-ness of dear Aunt May." "Yes,
you for ex-cus - es then ap-plied, That you might vis - it the loved one's side. How you
yes, too bad, in - deed, I see; I've had the same thing hap-pen to me: But a
stayed two weeks, came back and said, With tears in your eyes that Aunt May was dead. Most
note I've made in this lit - tle book here Says your dear Aunt May died some-time last year.
any ex-cuse I'll be glad . . to grant, But you'll have to in-vent an - oth - er aunt."

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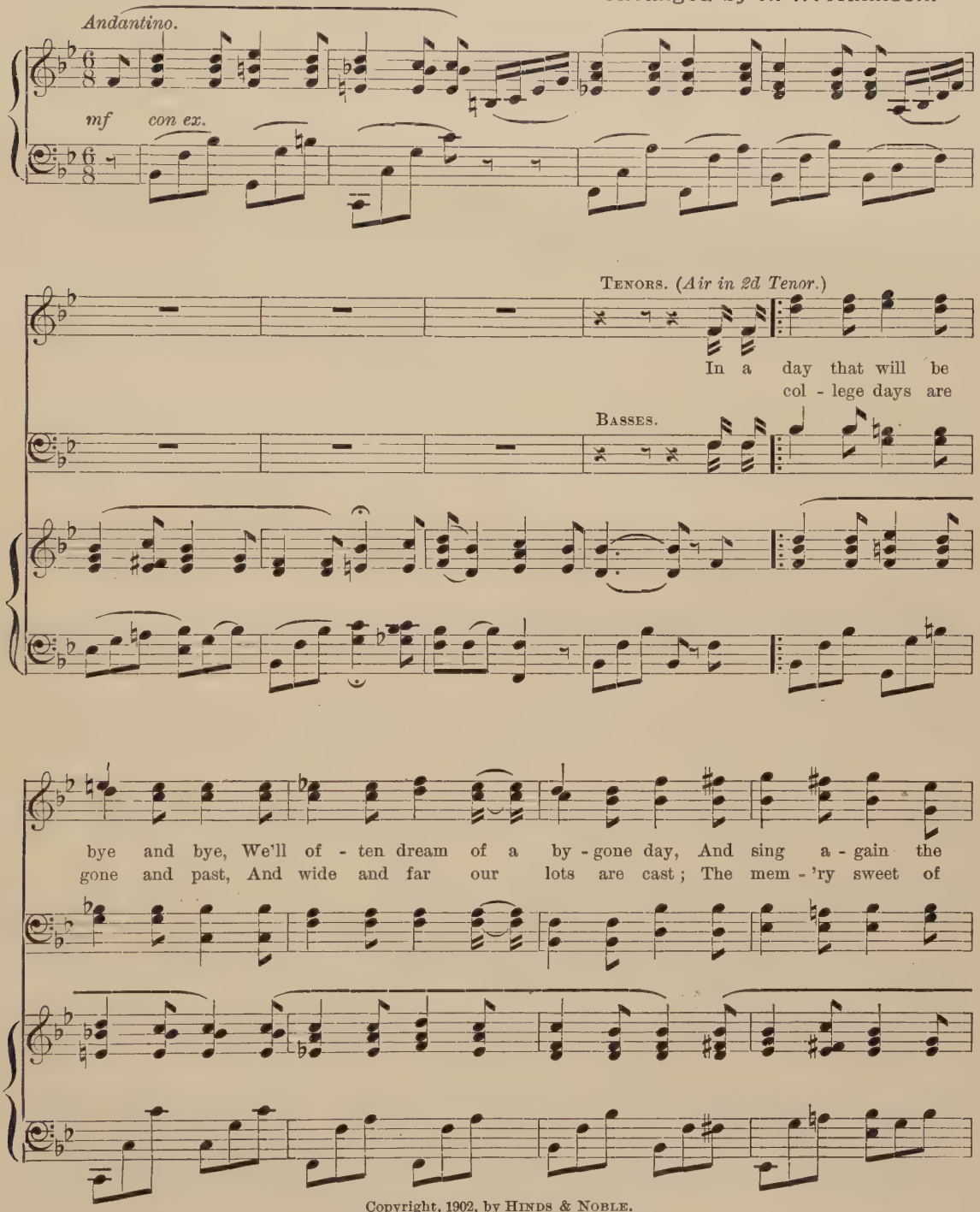
# N. S. U. SO GAY.

## NEVADA STATE UNIVERSITY.

Music by Lester R. Merrill. Arranged by R. W. Atkinson.


Andantino.
mf con ex.
Tenors. (Air in 2d Tenor.)
In a day that will be
col - lege days are
Basses.
bye and bye, We'll of - ten dream of a by - gone day, And sing a - gain the
gone and past, And wide and far our lots are cast; The mem - 'ry sweet of

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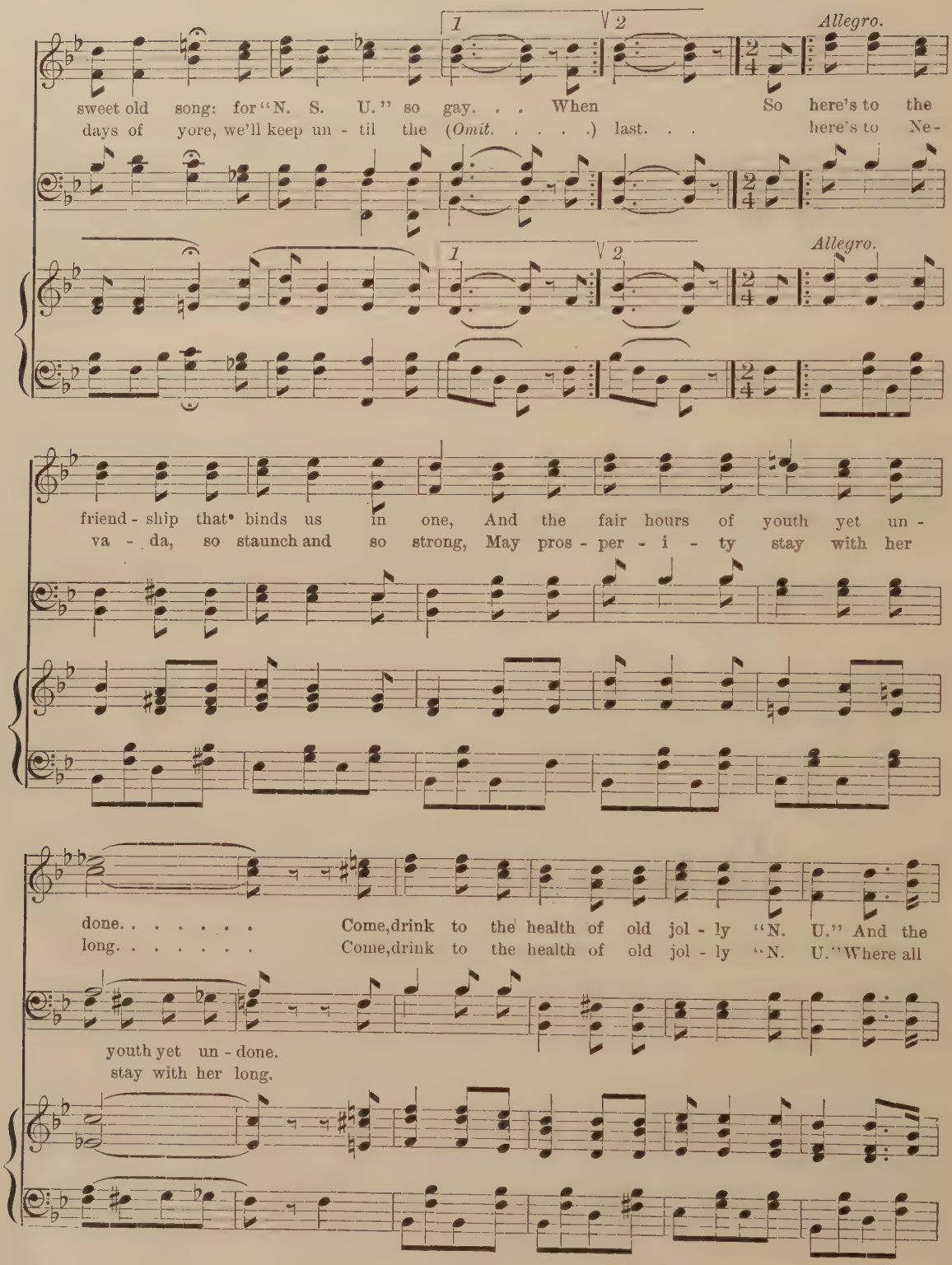
# N. S. U. SO GAY.


1
2
Allegro.
sweet old song: for "N. S. U." so gay. . . When So here's to the
days of yore, we'll keep un - til the (Omit. . . . .) last. . . here's to Ne -
1
2
Allegro.
friend - ship that binds us in one, And the fair hours of youth yet un -
va - da, so staunch and so strong, May pros - per - i - ty stay with her
done. . . . . Come, drink to the health of old jol - ly "N. U." And the
long. . . . . Come, drink to the health of old jol - ly "N. U." Where all
youth yet un - done.
stay with her long.

## N. S. U. SO GAY.

# O TCHE SE NO DE KE.

AN INDIAN SONG.

Air. Vivace.
Sing: O tche se no de ke *Rum in see game, Bar ba To ta li hei! Hei! Hei!
Tenor.
1st Bass.
Bar ba To ta li hei! Hei! Hei!
2d Bass.
Tet - tel - ti, watch-et - ty Bar - ba To - ta - li; Hei! Hei! Hei! Bar - ba To - ta - li hei!
Tet tel - ti, watch-et - ty Bar - ba To - ta - li; Hei! Hei! Hei! Bar - ba To - ta - li hei!

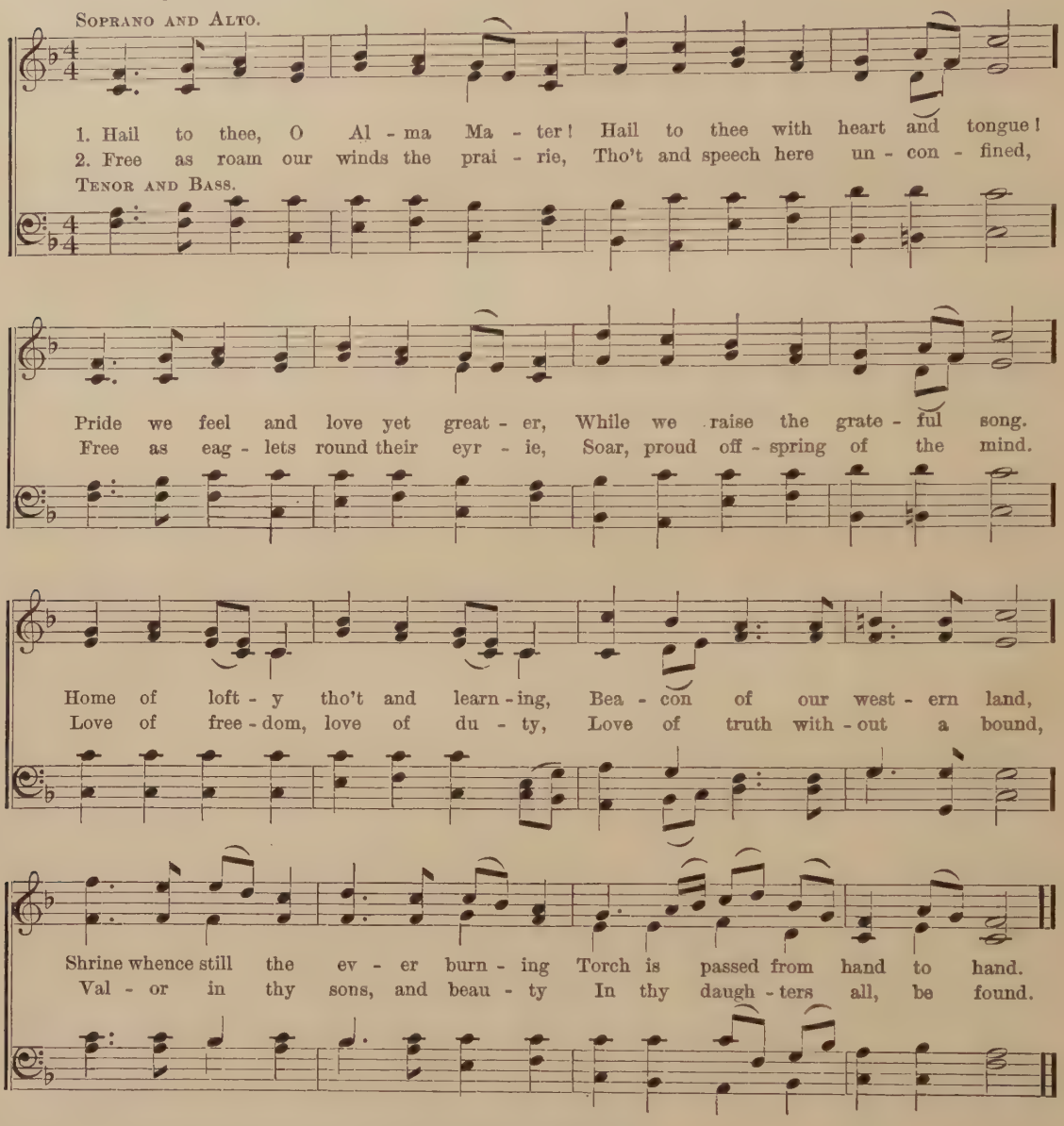
Note. There are forty-nine verses to this Indian song, and a chorus to each one; and all the same. Sometimes only *forty-eight* are sung.

* The "*e*" is pronounced like *u* in but.

By permission.

# ALMA MATER.—UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA.

Words by John Macnie.


Soprano and Alto.
1. Hail to thee, O Al - ma Ma - ter! Hail to thee with heart and tongue!
2. Free as roam our winds the prai - rie, Tho't and speech here un - con - fined,
Tenor and Bass.
Pride we feel and love yet great - er, While we raise the grate - ful song.
Free as eag - lets round their eyr - ie, Soar, proud off - spring of the mind.
Home of loft - y tho't and learn - ing, Bea - con of our west - ern land,
Love of free - dom, love of du - ty, Love of truth with - out a bound,
Shrine whence still the ev - er burn - ing Torch is passed from hand to hand.
Val - or in thy sons, and beau - ty In thy daugh - ters all, be found.

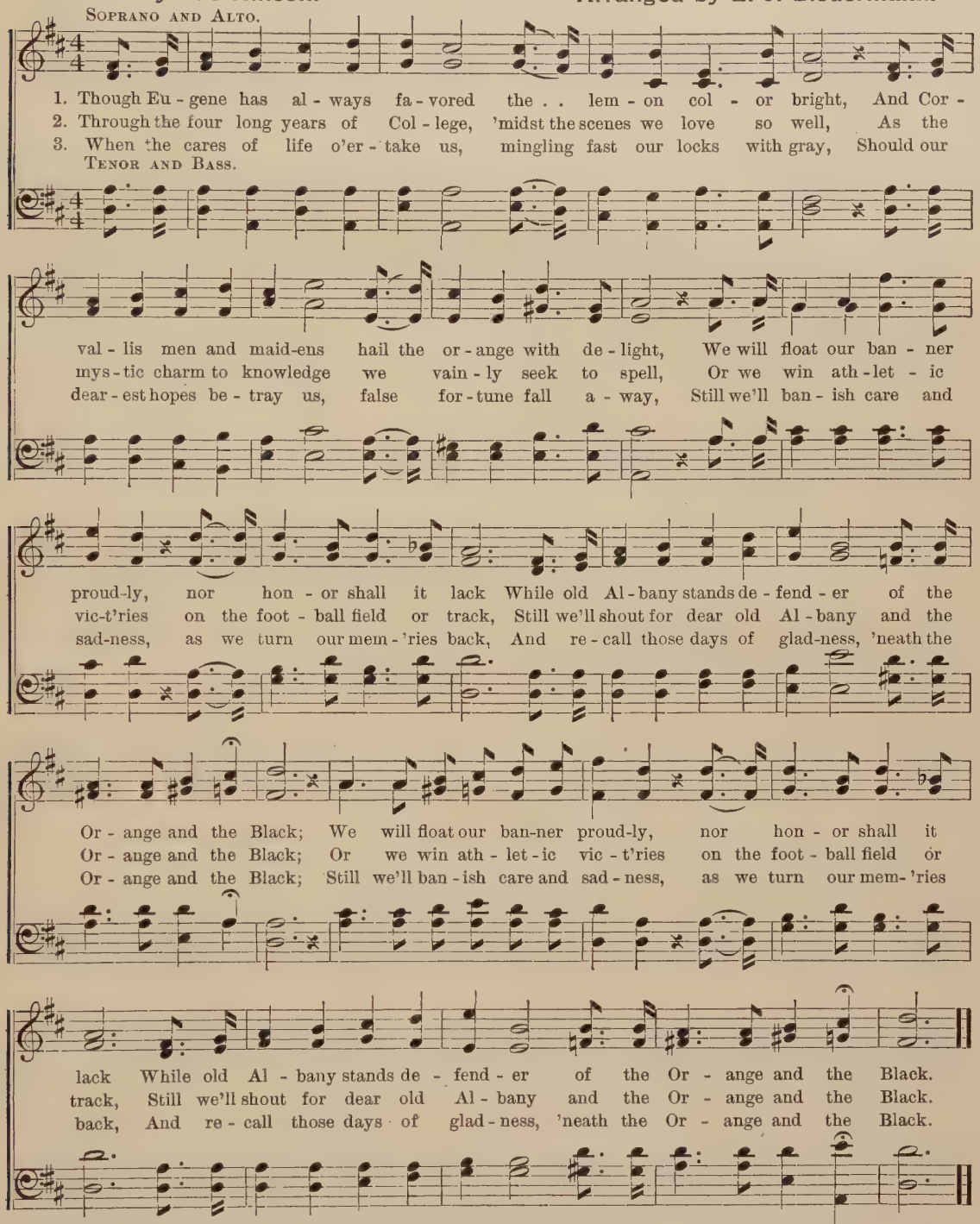
3 Alma Mater! thine the glory,
If or thought of ours or deed,
Find a place in song or story,
Win endeavor's glorious meed.
Prosper ever, fostering mother!
Down the ages long resound,
Loud thy fame, while many another
Finds in thee what we have found.

By permission.

# THE ORANGE AND THE BLACK.

## ALBANY COLLEGE.

Words by Otis Hinson. Arranged by E. J. Biedermann.


Soprano and Alto.
1. Though Eu - gene has al - ways fa - vored the . . lem - on col - or bright, And Cor -
2. Through the four long years of Col - lege, 'midst the scenes we love so well, As the
3. When the cares of life o'er - take us, mingling fast our locks with gray, Should our
Tenor and Bass.
val - lis men and maid-ens hail the or - ange with de - light, We will float our ban - ner
mys - tic charm to knowledge we vain - ly seek to spell, Or we win ath - let - ic
dear - est hopes be - tray us, false for - tune fall a - way, Still we'll ban - ish care and
proud-ly, nor hon - or shall it lack While old Al - bany stands de - fend - er of the
vic-t'ries on the foot - ball field or track, Still we'll shout for dear old Al - bany and the
sad-ness, as we turn our mem - 'ries back, And re - call those days of glad-ness, 'neath the
Or - ange and the Black; We will float our ban-ner proud-ly, nor hon - or shall it
Or - ange and the Black; Or we win ath - let - ic vic - t'ries on the foot - ball field or
Or - ange and the Black; Still we'll ban - ish care and sad - ness, as we turn our mem - 'ries
lack While old Al - bany stands de - fend - er of the Or - ange and the Black.
track, Still we'll shout for dear old Al - bany and the Or - ange and the Black.
back, And re - call those days of glad - ness, 'neath the Or - ange and the Black.

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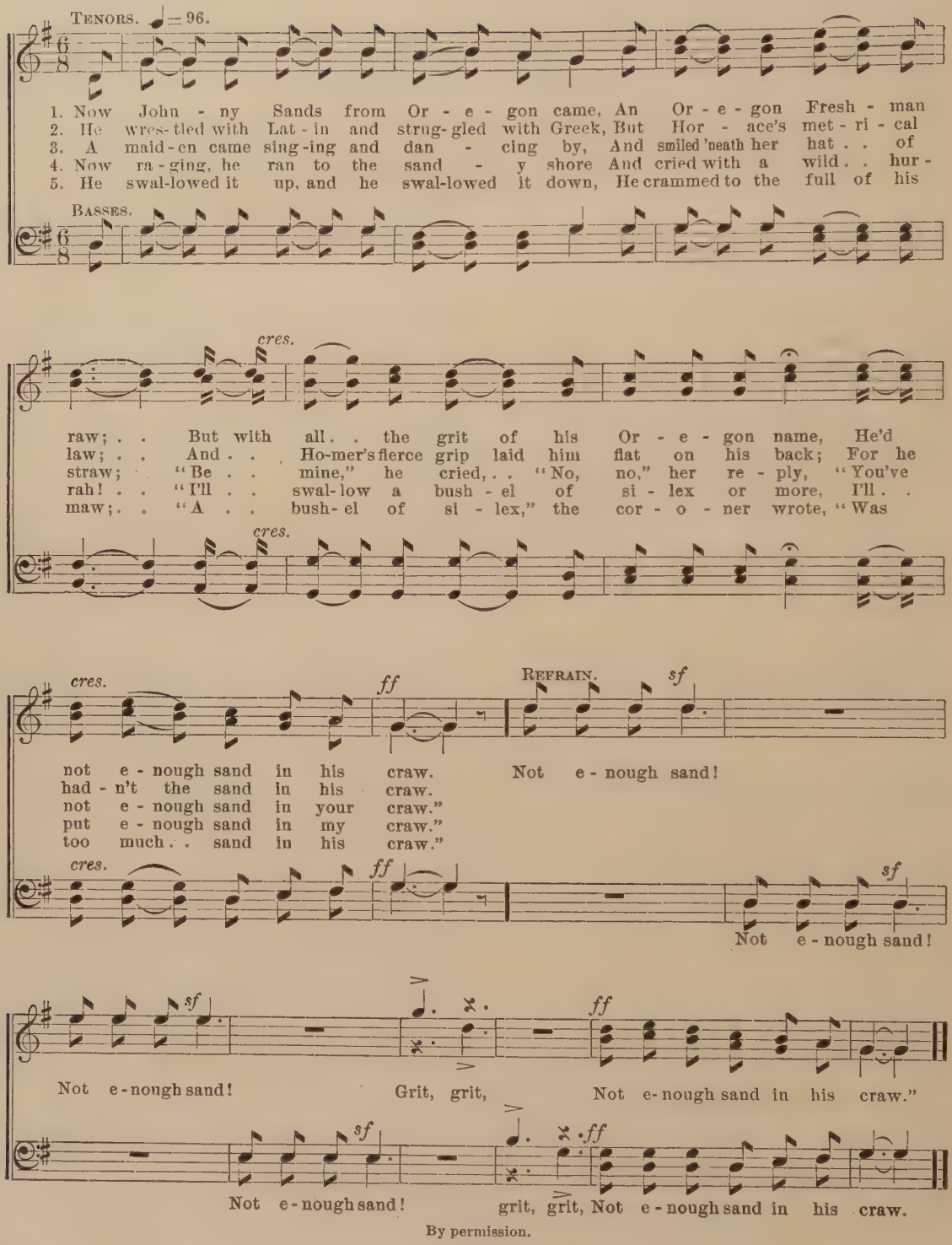
# GRIT.

C. D. Merrill. W. W. Sleeper.


Tenors. ♩ = 96.
1. Now John - ny Sands from Or - e - gon came, An Or - e - gon Fresh - man
2. He wres - tled with Lat - in and strug - gled with Greek, But Hor - ace's met - ri - cal
3. A maid - en came sing - ing and dan - cing by, And smiled 'neath her hat . . of
4. Now ra - ging, he ran to the sand - y shore And cried with a wild . . hur -
5. He swal-lowed it up, and he swal-lowed it down, He crammed to the full of his
Basses.
cres.
raw; . . But with all . . the grit of his Or - e - gon name, He'd
law; . . And . . Ho-mer's fierce grip laid him flat on his back; For he
straw; "Be . . mine," he cried, . . "No, no," her re - ply, "You've
rah! . . "I'll . . swal-low a bush - el of si - lex or more, I'll . .
maw; . . "A . . bush - el of si - lex," the cor - o - ner wrote, "Was
cres.
cres.
ff
Refrain.
sf
not e - nough sand in his craw. Not e - nough sand!
had - n't the sand in his craw.
not e - nough sand in your craw."
put e - nough sand in my craw."
too much . . sand in his craw."
cres.
ff
sf
Not e - nough sand!
sf
ff
Not e - nough sand! Grit, grit, Not e - nough sand in his craw."
sf
ff
Not e - nough sand! grit, grit, Not e - nough sand in his craw.

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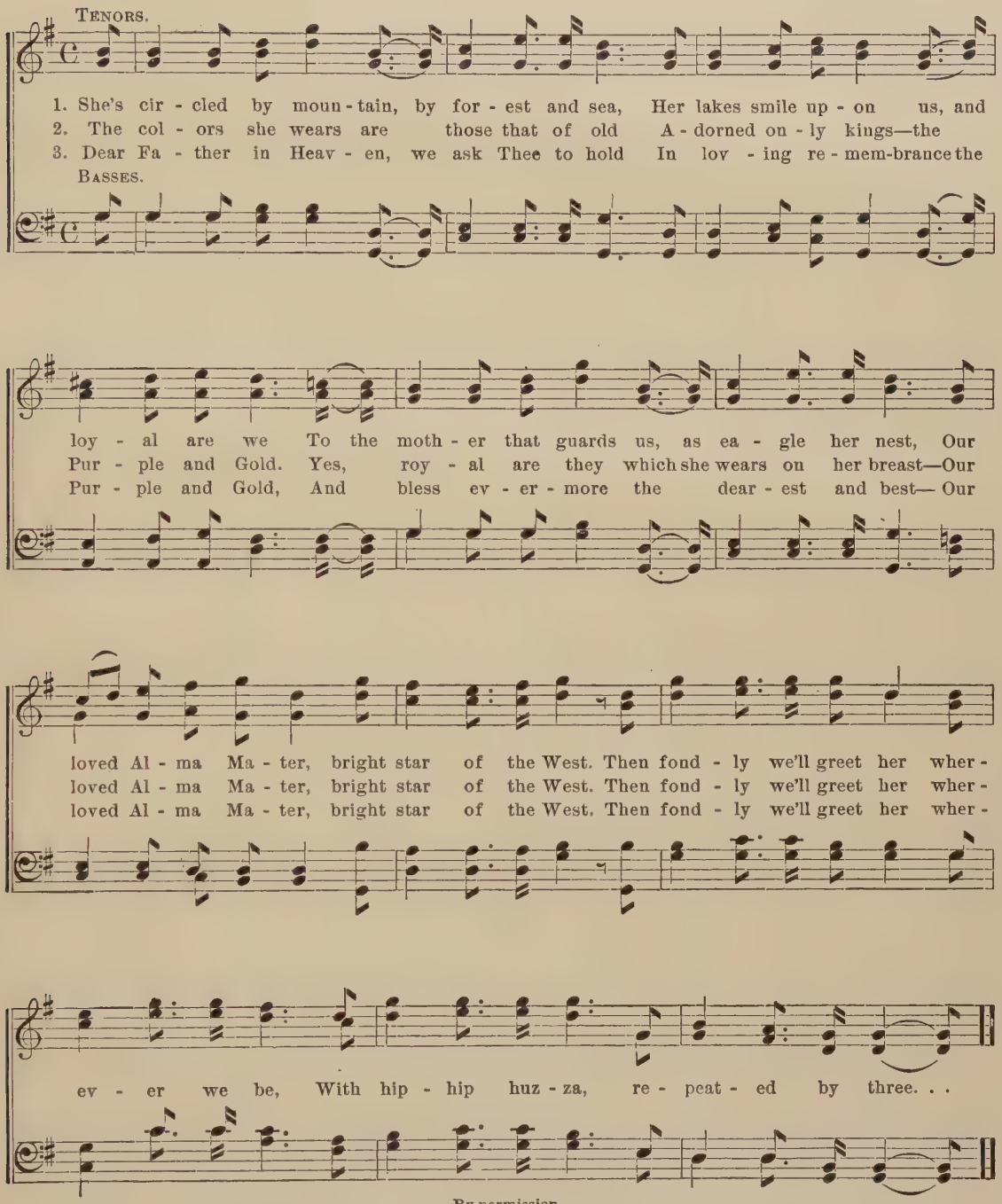
# THE PURPLE AND GOLD.

## UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON.

Words by Sarah E. Sprague.

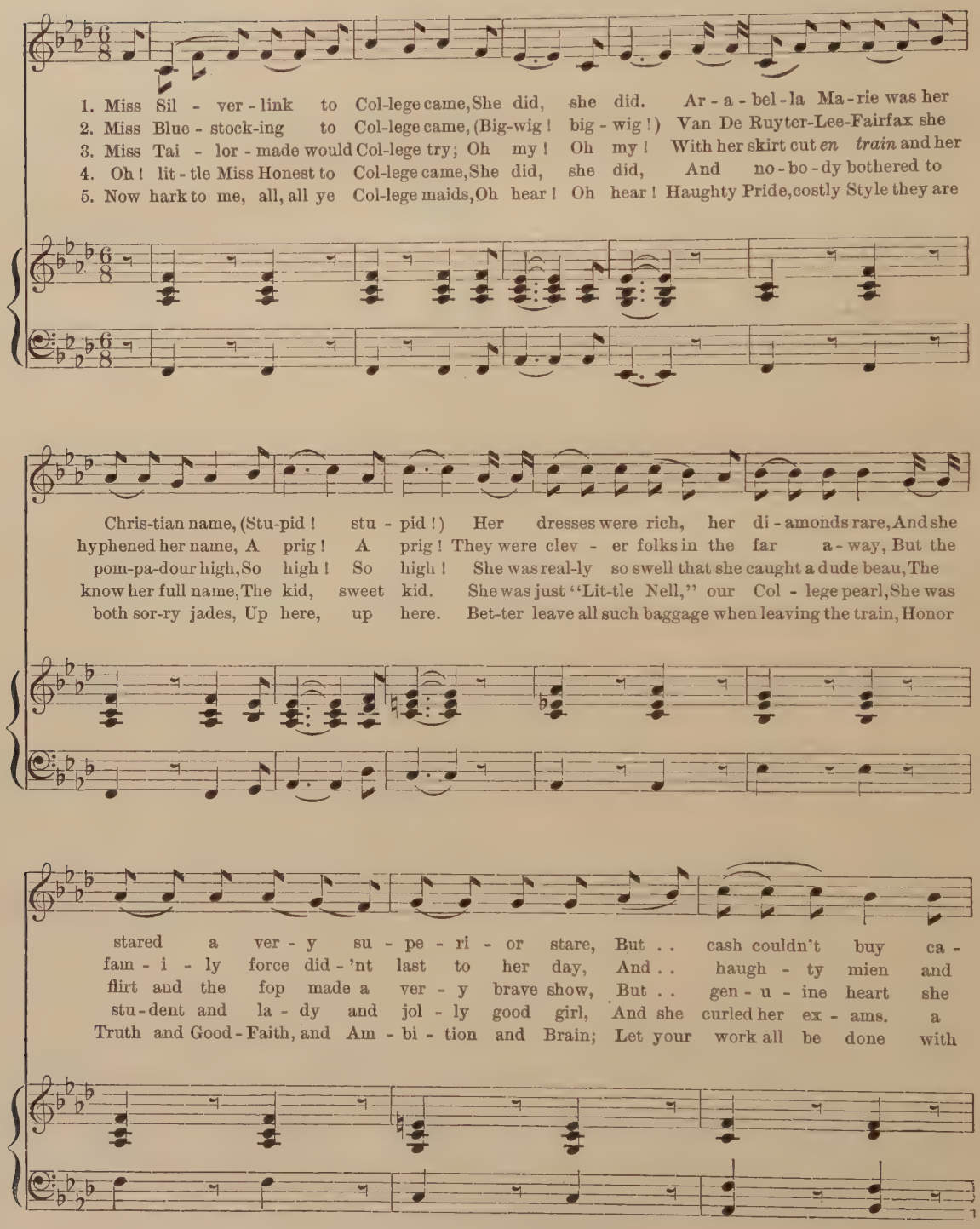
Music by Mrs. Julia L. Schultz.
Arranged by Charles E. Engelhard.


TENORS.
1. She's cir - cled by moun - tain, by for - est and sea, Her lakes smile up - on us, and
2. The col - ors she wears are those that of old A - dorned on - ly kings—the
3. Dear Fa - ther in Heav - en, we ask Thee to hold In lov - ing re - mem-brance the
BASSES.
loy - al are we To the moth - er that guards us, as ea - gle her nest, Our
Pur - ple and Gold. Yes, roy - al are they which she wears on her breast—Our
Pur - ple and Gold, And bless ev - er - more the dear - est and best— Our
loved Al - ma Ma - ter, bright star of the West. Then fond - ly we'll greet her wher -
loved Al - ma Ma - ter, bright star of the West. Then fond - ly we'll greet her wher -
loved Al - ma Ma - ter, bright star of the West. Then fond - ly we'll greet her wher -
ev - er we be, With hip - hip huz - za, re - peat - ed by three. . .

By permission.

# OUR COLLEGE UPPER TEN.

Arranged by Lloyd Adams.


1. Miss Sil - ver - link to Col-lege came, She did, she did. Ar - a - bel - la Ma - rie was her
2. Miss Blue - stock-ing to Col-lege came, (Big-wig ! big - wig !) Van De Ruyter-Lee-Fairfax she
3. Miss Tai - lor - made would Col-lege try; Oh my ! Oh my ! With her skirt cut *en train* and her
4. Oh ! lit - tle Miss Honest to Col-lege came, She did, she did, And no - bo - dy bothered to
5. Now hark to me, all, all ye Col-lege maids, Oh hear ! Oh hear ! Haughty Pride, costly Style they are
Chris-tian name, (Stu-pid ! stu - pid !) Her dresses were rich, her di - amonds rare, And she
hyphened her name, A prig ! A prig ! They were clev - er folks in the far a - way, But the
pom-pa-dour high, So high ! So high ! She was real-ly so swell that she caught a dude beau, The
know her full name, The kid, sweet kid. She was just "Lit-tle Nell," our Col - lege pearl, She was
both sor-ry jades, Up here, up here. Bet-ter leave all such baggage when leaving the train, Honor
stared a ver - y su - pe - ri - or stare, But . . cash couldn't buy ca -
fam - i - ly force did - 'nt last to her day, And . . haugh - ty mien and
flirt and the fop made a ver - y brave show, But . . gen - u - ine heart she
stu - dent and la - dy and jol - ly good girl, And she curled her ex - ams. a
Truth and Good - Faith, and Am - bi - tion and Brain; Let your work all be done with

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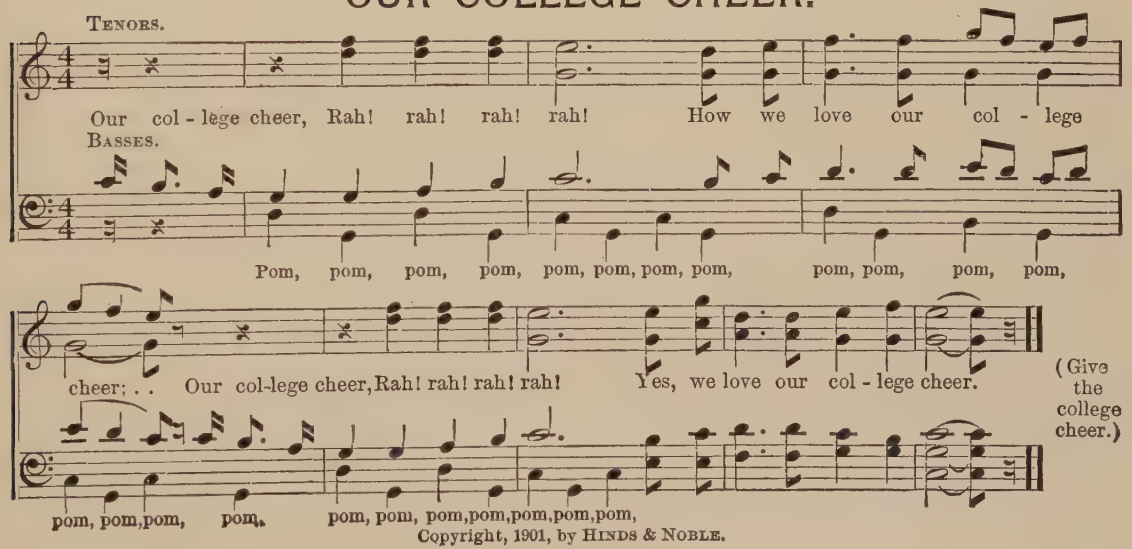
## OUR COLLEGE UPPER TEN.

pa - ci - ty there, Nor e - lect to the Up - per Ten. . . She
snob - bish way Don't e - lect to our Up - per Ten. . . She
had none, and so She was not of our Up - per Ten. . . For
beau - ti - ful curl. She's the sort for our Up - per Ten. . . She's a
might and main, To stand with the Up - per Ten. . . Here
stared a ver - y su - pe - ri - or stare, But was not of the Up - per Ten. . .
hyphened her name in a lord - ly way, But was not of our Up - per Ten. . .
a skirt *en train* and a pom - pa - dour Don't e - lect to our Up - per Ten. . .
prin-cess in soul, and fit for an earl, And she leads our Up - per Ten. . .
Worth and Work and Tal - ent reign, And make our Up - per Ten. . .

## "OUR COLLEGE CHEER."


Tenors.
Our col - lege cheer, Rah! rah! rah! rah! How we love our col - lege
Basses.
Pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom,
cheer: . . Our col-lege cheer, Rah! rah! rah! rah! Yes, we love our col - lege cheer.
(Give the college cheer.)
pom, pom, pom, pom. pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom,

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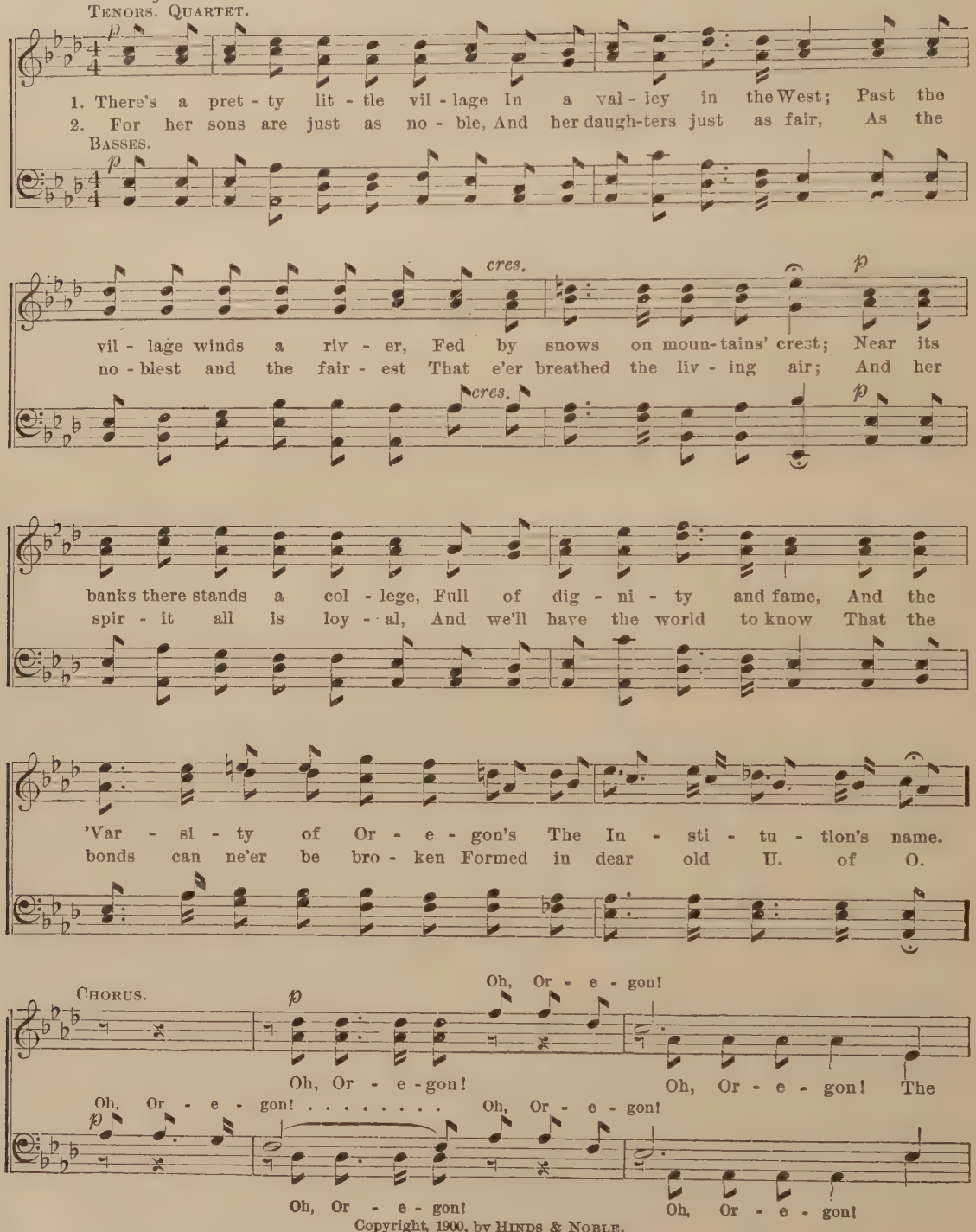
# OH, OREGON! OH, OREGON!

## UNIVERSITY OF OREGON.

Words by I. M. Glen. Music by Frank Strong.

*Not too fast.*


TENORS. QUARTET.
p
1. There's a pret - ty lit - tle vil - lage In a val - ley in the West; Past the
2. For her sons are just as no - ble, And her daugh-ters just as fair, As the
BASSES.
p
cres.
p
vil - lage winds a riv - er, Fed by snows on moun-tains' crest; Near its
no - blest and the fair - est That e'er breathed the liv - ing air; And her
cres.
p
banks there stands a col - lege, Full of dig - ni - ty and fame, And the
spir - it all is loy - al, And we'll have the world to know That the
'Var - si - ty of Or - e - gon's The In - sti - tu - tion's name.
bonds can ne'er be bro - ken Formed in dear old U. of O.
CHORUS.
p
Oh, Or - e - gon!
Oh, Or - e - gon!
Oh, Or - e - gon! The
Oh, Or - e - gon!
p
Oh, Or - e - gon! . . . . . Oh, Or - e - gon!
Oh, Or - e - gon!
Oh, Or - e - gon!

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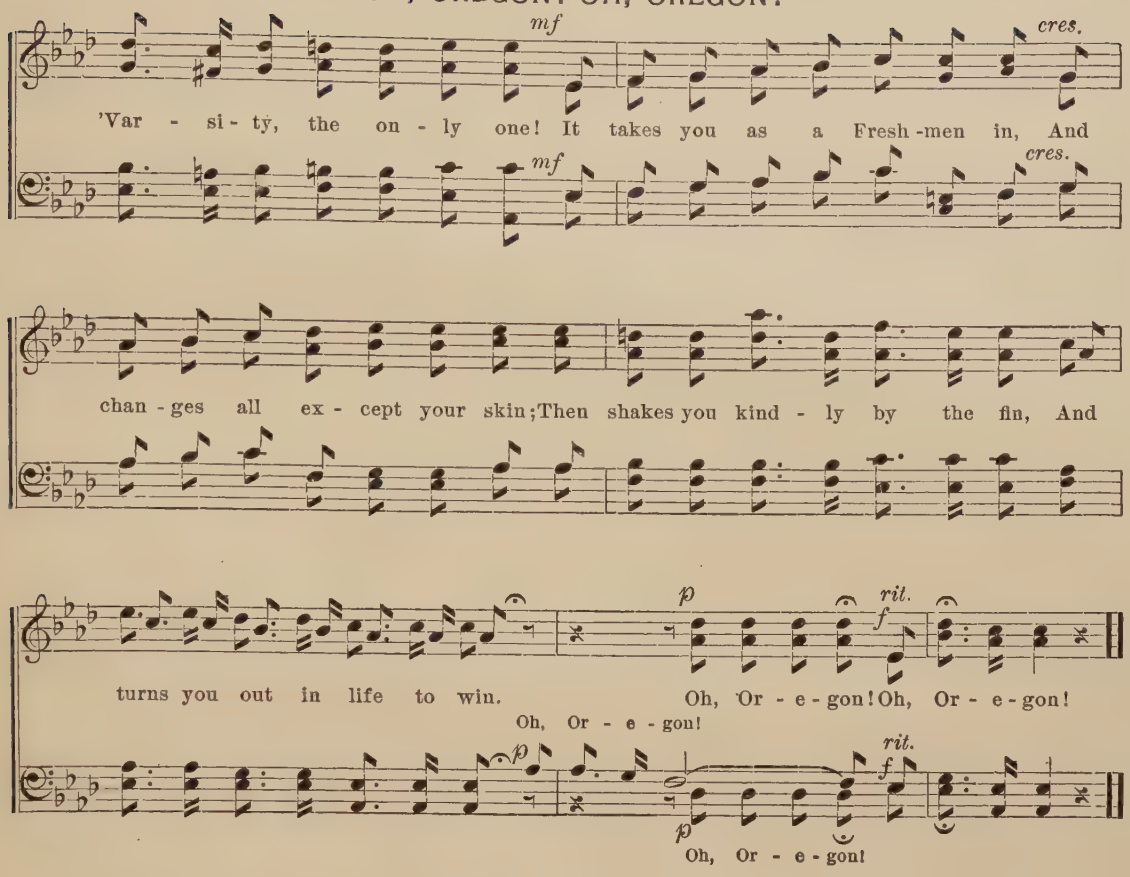
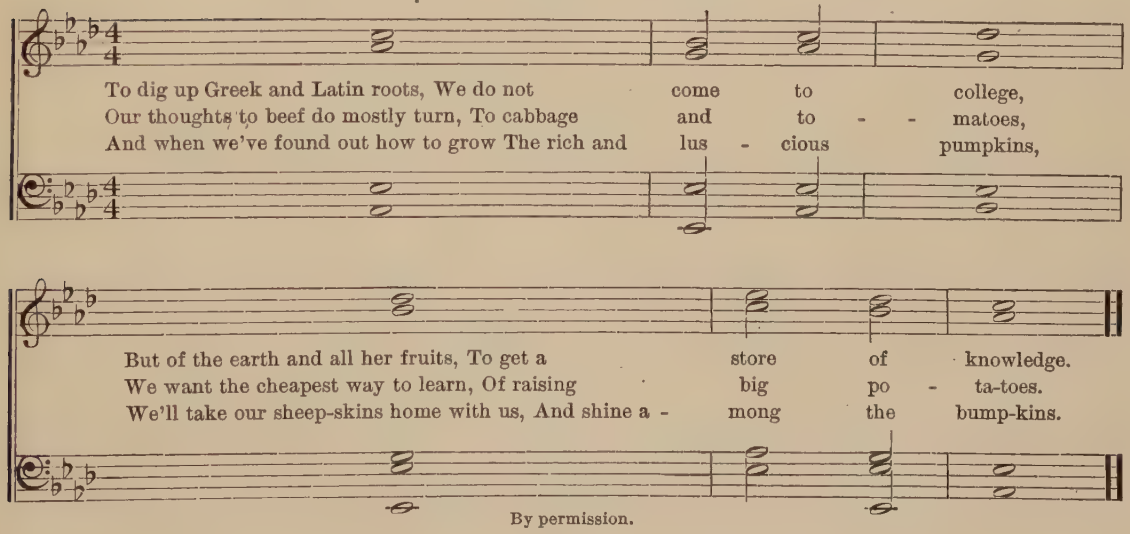
## OH, OREGON! OH, OREGON!

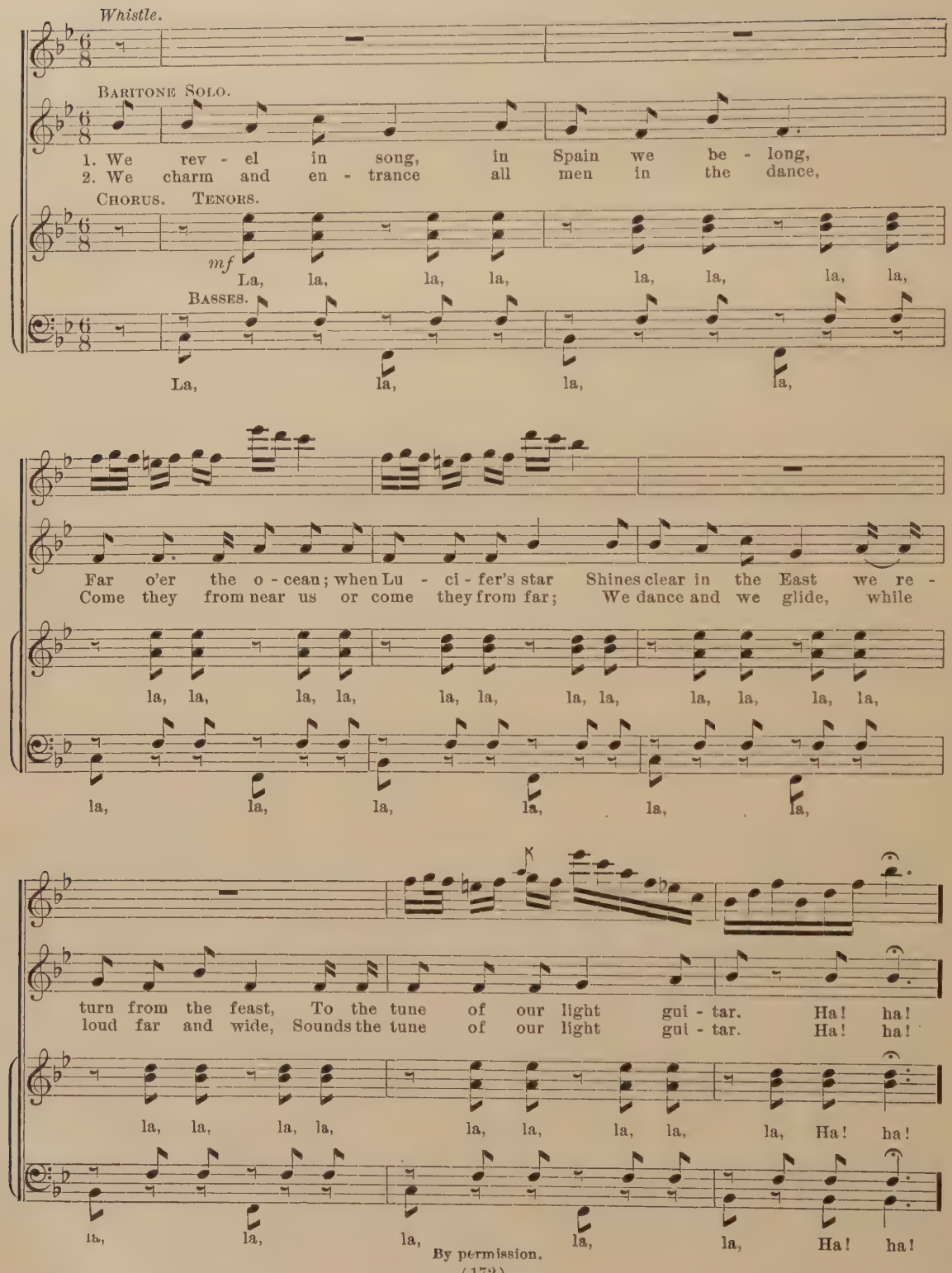

mf
cres.
'Var - si - ty, the on - ly one! It takes you as a Fresh -men in, And
chan - ges all ex - cept your skin; Then shakes you kind - ly by the fin, And
p
rit.
f
turns you out in life to win.
Oh, Or - e - gon! Oh, Or - e - gon!
Oh, Or - e - gon!
Oh, Or - e - gon!

## CHANT OF THE "SHORT AGS."


To dig up Greek and Latin roots, We do not come to college,
Our thoughts to beef do mostly turn, To cabbage and to - - matoes,
And when we've found out how to grow The rich and lus - cious pumpkins,
But of the earth and all her fruits, To get a store of knowledge.
We want the cheapest way to learn, Of raising big po - ta-toes.
We'll take our sheep-skins home with us, And shine a - mong the bump-kins.

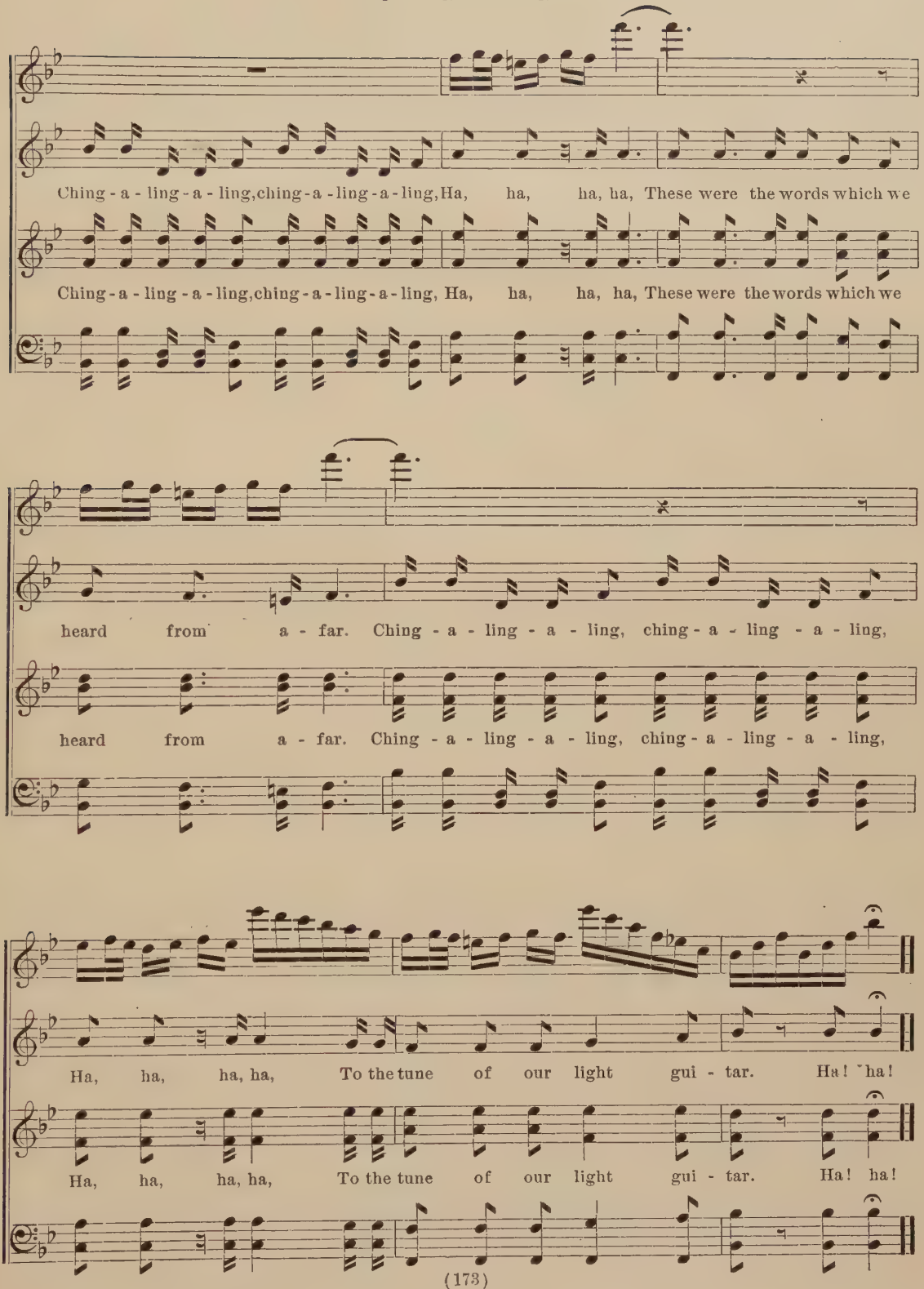
By permission.

# CHING-A-LING.


Whistle.
Baritone Solo.
1. We rev - el in song, in Spain we be - long,
2. We charm and en - trance all men in the dance,
Chorus. Tenors.
mf
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Basses.
La, la, la, la,
Far o'er the o - cean; when Lu - ci - fer's star Shines clear in the East we re -
Come they from near us or come they from far; We dance and we glide, while
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la,
turn from the feast, To the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! ha!
loud far and wide, Sounds the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! ha!
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Ha! ha!
la, la, la, la, la, Ha! ha!

By permission.

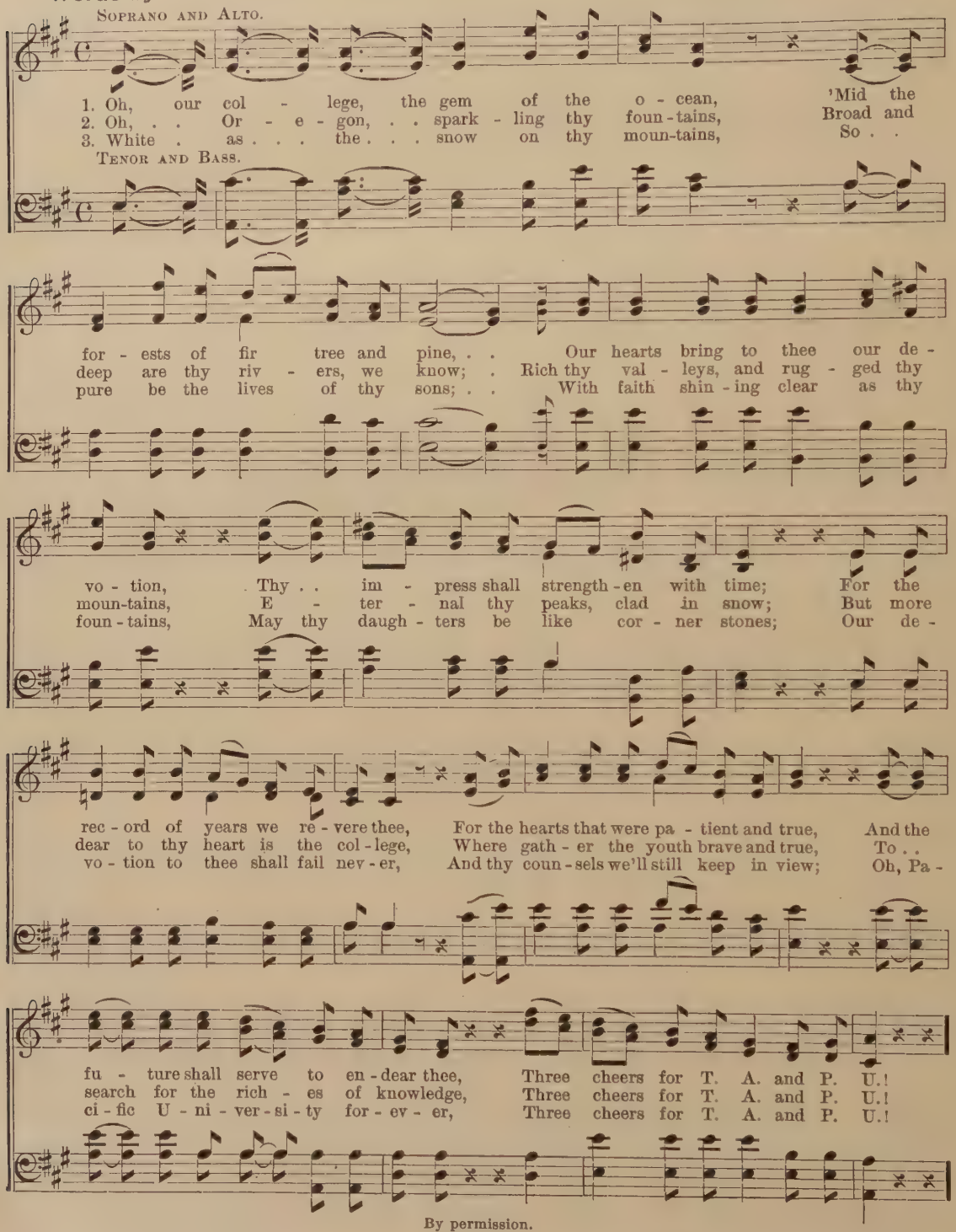
## CHING-A-LING.


Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling, Ha, ha, ha, ha, These were the words which we
Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling, Ha, ha, ha, ha, These were the words which we
heard from a - far. Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling,
heard from a - far. Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, To the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! ha!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, To the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! ha!

# THREE CHEERS FOR T. A. AND P. U.

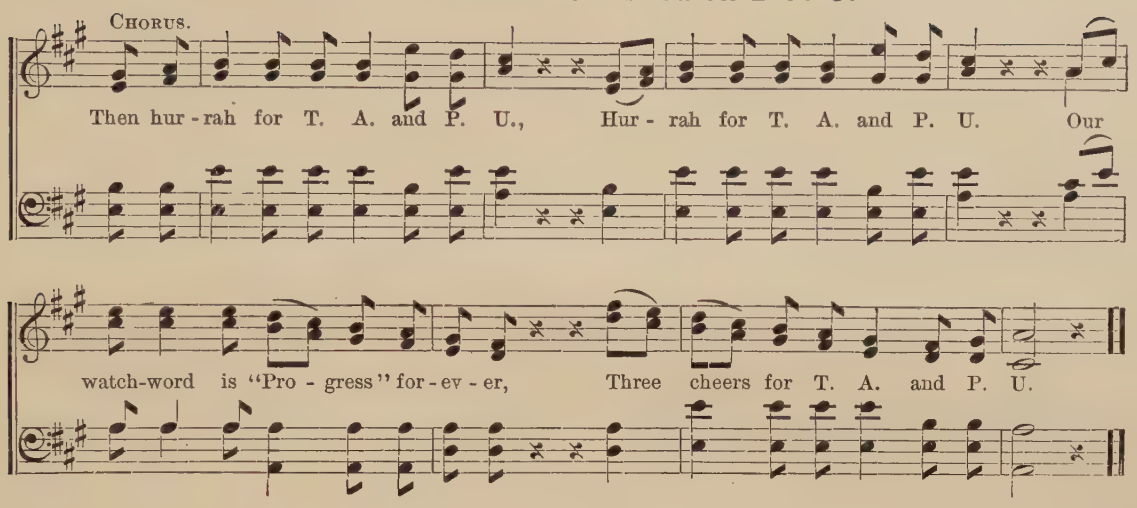
## PACIFIC UNIVERSITY.

Words by Helen Brooks. Music by D. T. Shaw.


Soprano and Alto.
1. Oh, our col - lege, the gem of the o - cean, 'Mid the
2. Oh, . . Or - e - gon, . . spark - ling thy foun - tains, Broad and
3. White . as . . . the . . . snow on thy moun-tains, So . .
Tenor and Bass.
for - ests of fir tree and pine, . . Our hearts bring to thee our de -
deep are thy riv - ers, we know; . Rich thy val - leys, and rug - ged thy
pure be the lives of thy sons; . . With faith shin - ing clear as thy
vo - tion, Thy . . im - press shall strength - en with time; For the
moun-tains, E - ter - nal thy peaks, clad in snow; But more
foun - tains, May thy daugh - ters be like cor - ner stones; Our de -
rec - ord of years we re - vere thee, For the hearts that were pa - tient and true, And the
dear to thy heart is the col - lege, Where gath - er the youth brave and true, To . .
vo - tion to thee shall fail nev - er, And thy coun - sels we'll still keep in view; Oh, Pa -
fu - ture shall serve to en - dear thee, Three cheers for T. A. and P. U.!
search for the rich - es of knowledge, Three cheers for T. A. and P. U.!
ci - fic U - ni - ver - si - ty for - ev - er, Three cheers for T. A. and P. U.!

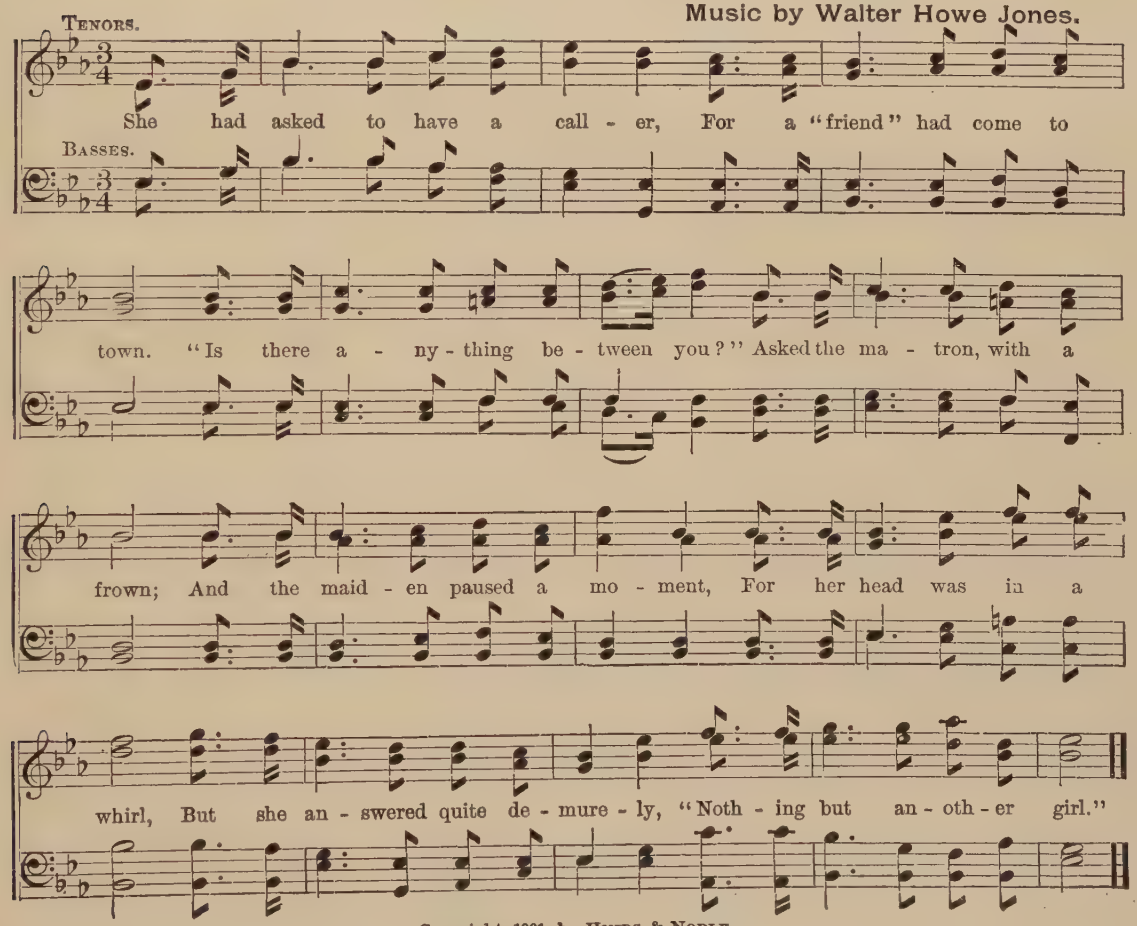
By permission.

## THREE CHEERS FOR T. A. AND P. U.




## NOTHING—BUT ANOTHER GIRL.

Music by Walter Howe Jones.


Tenors.
Basses.
She had asked to have a call - er, For a "friend" had come to
town. "Is there a - ny - thing be - tween you?" Asked the ma - tron, with a
frown; And the maid - en paused a mo - ment, For her head was in a
whirl, But she an - swered quite de - mure - ly, "Noth - ing but an - oth - er girl."

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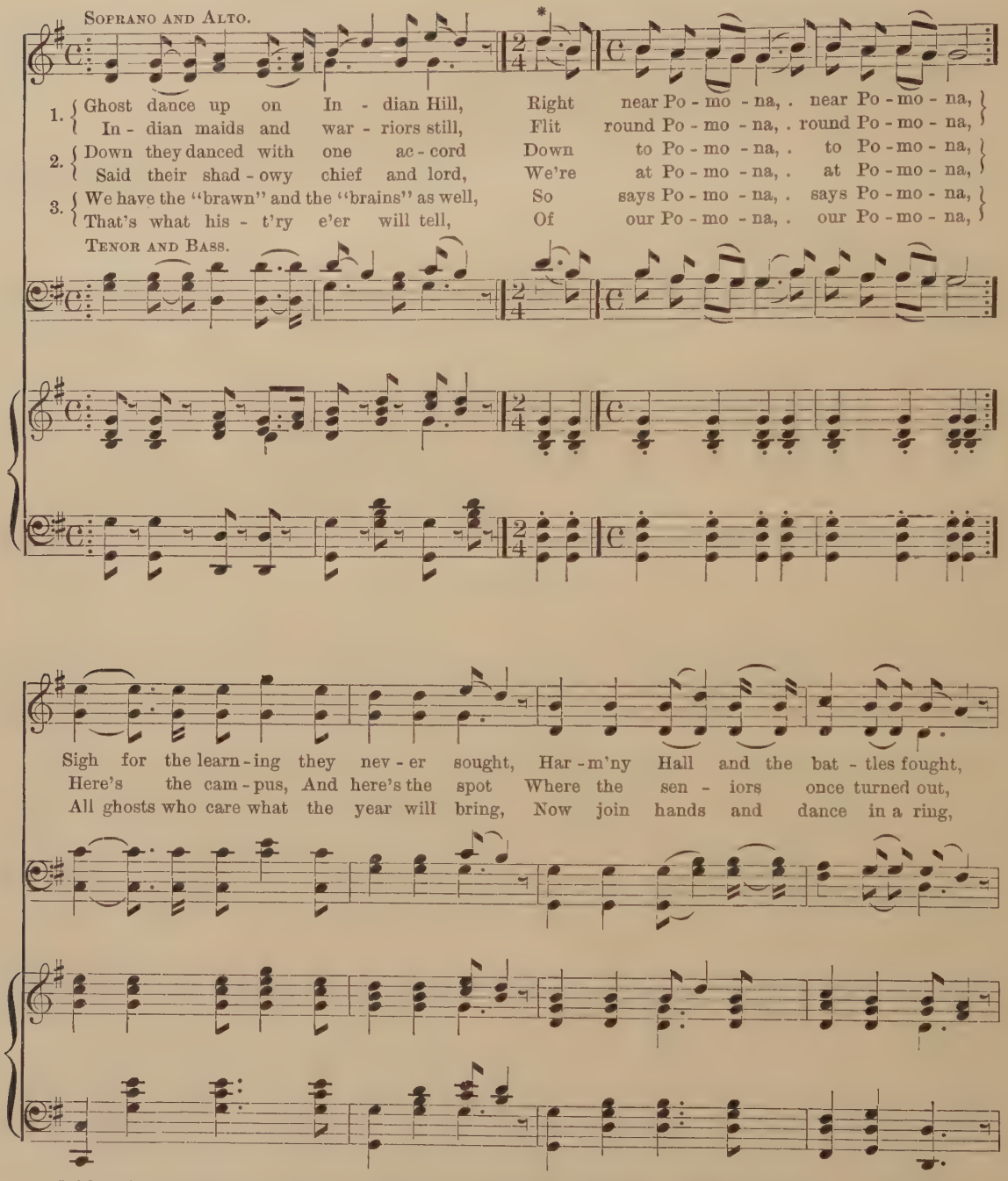
# THE GHOST-DANCE.

## POMONA COLLEGE.

Words by Fannie Fulkerson. Music by A. D. Bissell.


Soprano and Alto.
1. Ghost dance up on In - dian Hill, Right near Po - mo - na, . near Po - mo - na,
In - dian maids and war - riors still, Flit round Po - mo - na, . round Po - mo - na,
2. Down they danced with one ac - cord Down to Po - mo - na, . to Po - mo - na,
Said their shad - owy chief and lord, We're at Po - mo - na, . at Po - mo - na,
3. We have the "brawn" and the "brains" as well, So says Po - mo - na, . says Po - mo - na,
That's what his - t'ry e'er will tell, Of our Po - mo - na, . our Po - mo - na,
Tenor and Bass.
Sigh for the learn - ing they nev - er sought, Har - m'ny Hall and the bat - tles fought,
Here's the cam - pus, And here's the spot Where the sen - iors once turned out,
All ghosts who care what the year will bring, Now join hands and dance in a ring,

* Adapted from a song of the Cochuilla Indians on the San Jacinto Reservation in Southern California. Refrain to be sung after each verse, and twice after the last.

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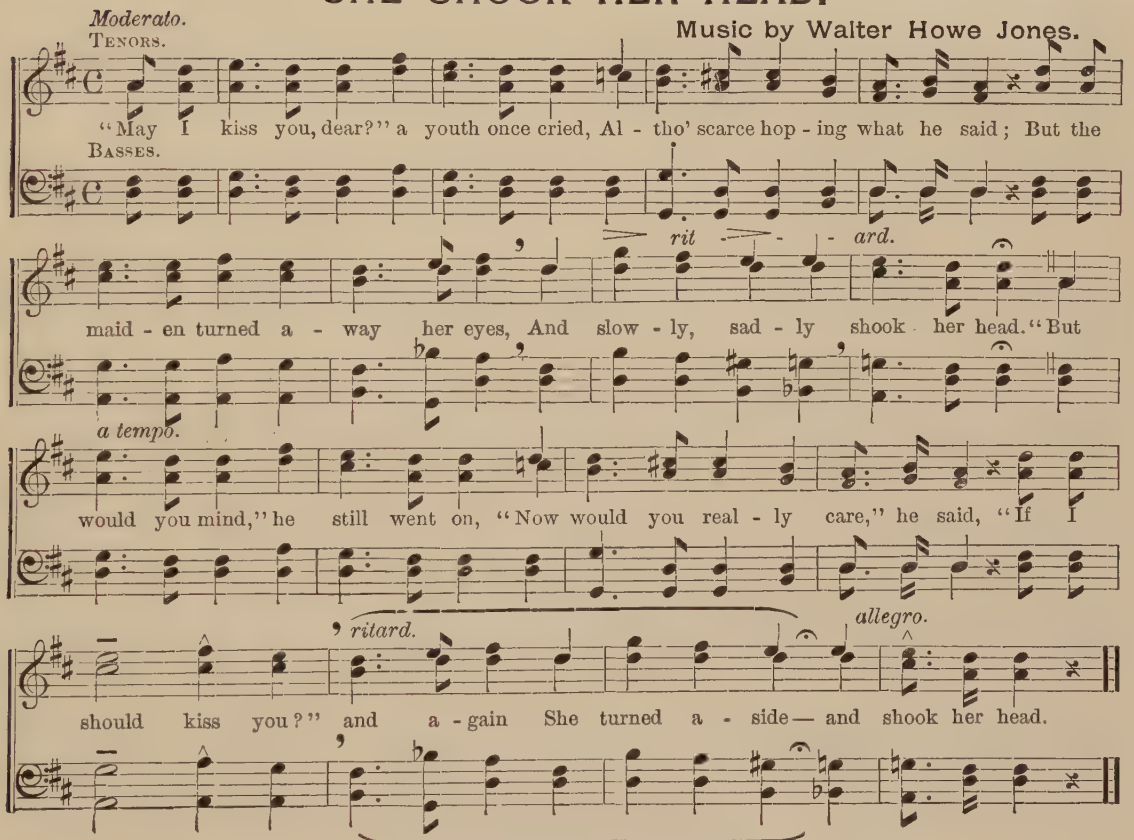
## THE GHOST-DANCE.

And for the pop they nev - er bought Down at Po - mo - na, . at Po - mo - na.
Where they made things just red hot Here at Po - mo - na, . at Po - mo - na.
And for this dear old Col - lege sing, Long live Po - mo - na, . live Po - mo - na.
Second time. He ne te - ra to - ma, ne te - ra to - ma.

## SHE SHOOK HER HEAD.

Music by Walter Howe Jones.


Moderato.
Tenors.
"May I kiss you, dear?" a youth once cried, Al - tho' scarce hop - ing what he said; But the
Basses.
rit - - - ard.
maid - en turned a - way her eyes, And slow - ly, sad - ly shook her head. "But
a tempo.
would you mind," he still went on, "Now would you real - ly care," he said, "If I
ritard.
allegro.
should kiss you?" and a - gain She turned a - side — and shook her head.

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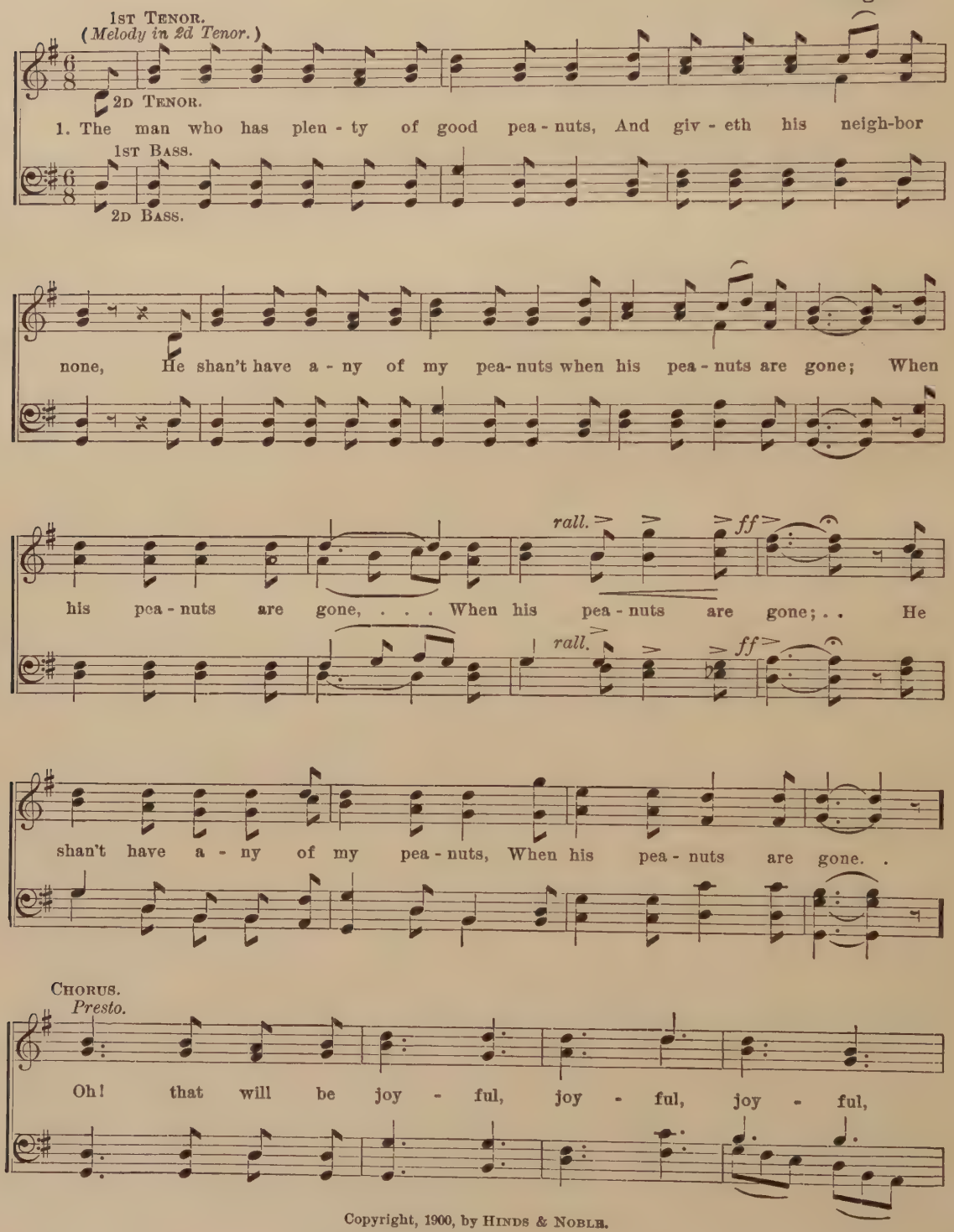
# THE MAN WHO HAS PLENTY OF GOOD PEANUTS.

Arranged.


1st Tenor.
(Melody in 2d Tenor.)
2d Tenor.
1st Bass.
2d Bass.
1. The man who has plen - ty of good pea - nuts, And giv - eth his neigh-bor
none, He shan't have a - ny of my pea-nuts when his pea - nuts are gone; When
rall.
ff
his pea - nuts are gone, . . . When his pea - nuts are gone; . . He
shan't have a - ny of my pea - nuts, When his pea - nuts are gone. .
Chorus.
Presto.
Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful,

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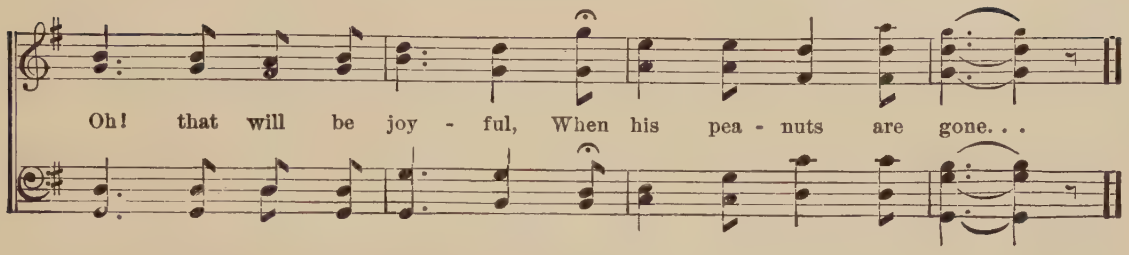
## THE MAN WHO HAS PLENTY OF GOOD PEANUTS.




The man who has plenty of nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry short cake,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry short cake,
When his nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry short cake is gone.

The man who has plenty of St. Jacob's Oil, for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my St. Jacob's Oil, for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains,
When his St. Jacob's Oil, for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains is gone.

The man who has plenty of Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations,
When his Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations are gone.

The man who has plenty of John Wanamaker's endurable, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em, patent restorable, operatic plug hats,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my John Wanamaker's endurable, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em, patent restorable, operatic plug hats,
When his John Wanamaker's endurable, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em, patent restorable, operatic plug hats are gone.

The man who has plenty of soft, sweet soda-crackers,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my soft, sweet soda-crackers,
When his soft, sweet soda-crackers are gone.

The man who has plenty of de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money,
When his de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money is gone.

### MORAL.

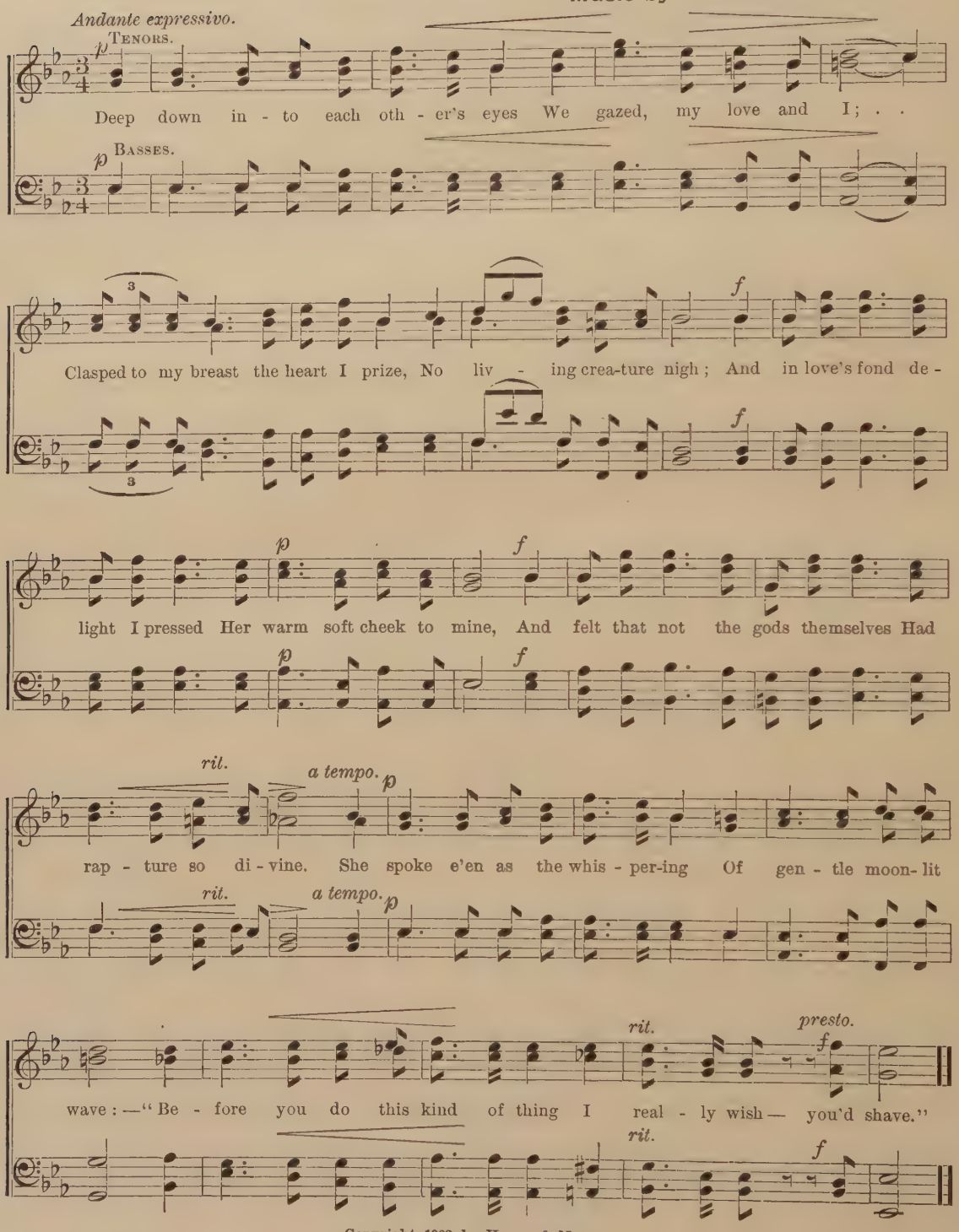
The man who has plenty of good peanuts,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry shortcake,
When his St. Jacob's Oil for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains is gone;
When his Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations are gone;
When his John Wanamaker's endurable, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em patent restorable, operatic plug hats are gone.
He shan't have any of my soft, sweet, soda crackers,
When his de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money is gone.

### CHORUS.

Oh! won't that be joyful, joyful, joyful, Oh! won't that be joyful,
When all of his good things are gone.

# "I WISH YOU'D SHAVE."

Music by Walter Howe Jones.


Andante expressivo.
p
Tenors.
Deep down in - to each oth - er's eyes We gazed, my love and I; . .
p
Basses.
3
3
Clasped to my breast the heart I prize, No liv - ing crea-ture nigh; And in love's fond de -
f
f
light I pressed Her warm soft cheek to mine, And felt that not the gods themselves Had
p
f
p
f
rit.
a tempo.
p
rap - ture so di - vine. She spoke e'en as the whis - per-ing Of gen - tle moon- lit
rit.
a tempo.
p
rit.
presto.
f
wave: — "Be - fore you do this kind of thing I real - ly wish — you'd shave."
rit.
f

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# A NEW MEDLEY.

Arranged by R. W. Atkinson.

Allegro. Solo.
mf
Come, let us all go
Mis - ter Noo - dle
Tenors.
f
Come, let us go, Come, come, Come, m (Humming.) . . .
Basses. f
Come, let us go, . . .
see the sol - diers, see the sol - diers, see the sol - diers; Come, let us all go
plays the bu - gle, doo - dle, doo - dle, dee dle, de - oo - dle, Big bass drum goes
m . . . . . .
1
2
see the sol - diers, see the sol - diers play.
bom, bom, bom, bom - pe - ty, bom - pe - ty, (Omit. . . . ) bom, bom, bom.
m . . . . . (Omit 2d time.) . . . bom, bom.
Andante. mp
A ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye; . . We
mp

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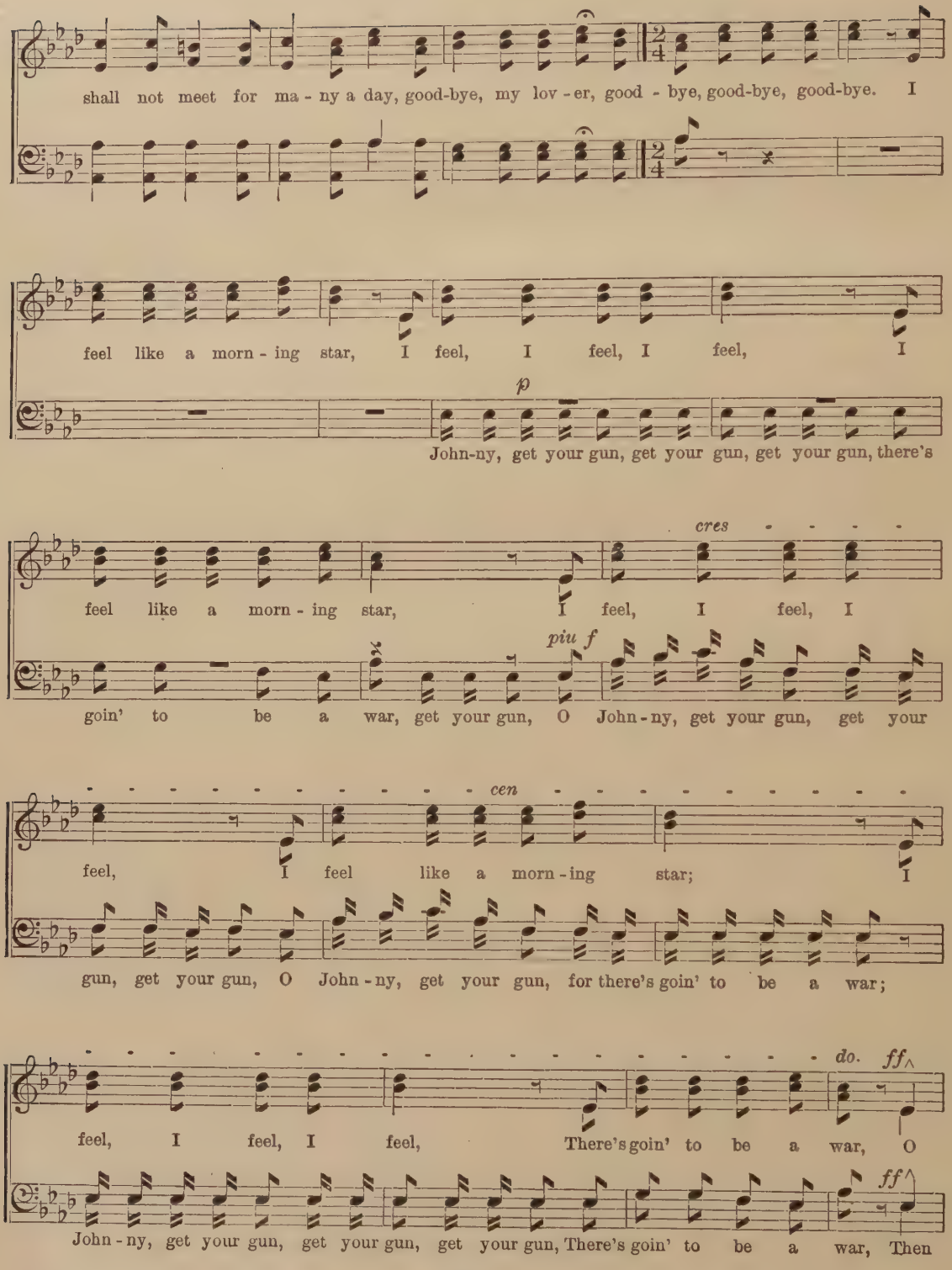
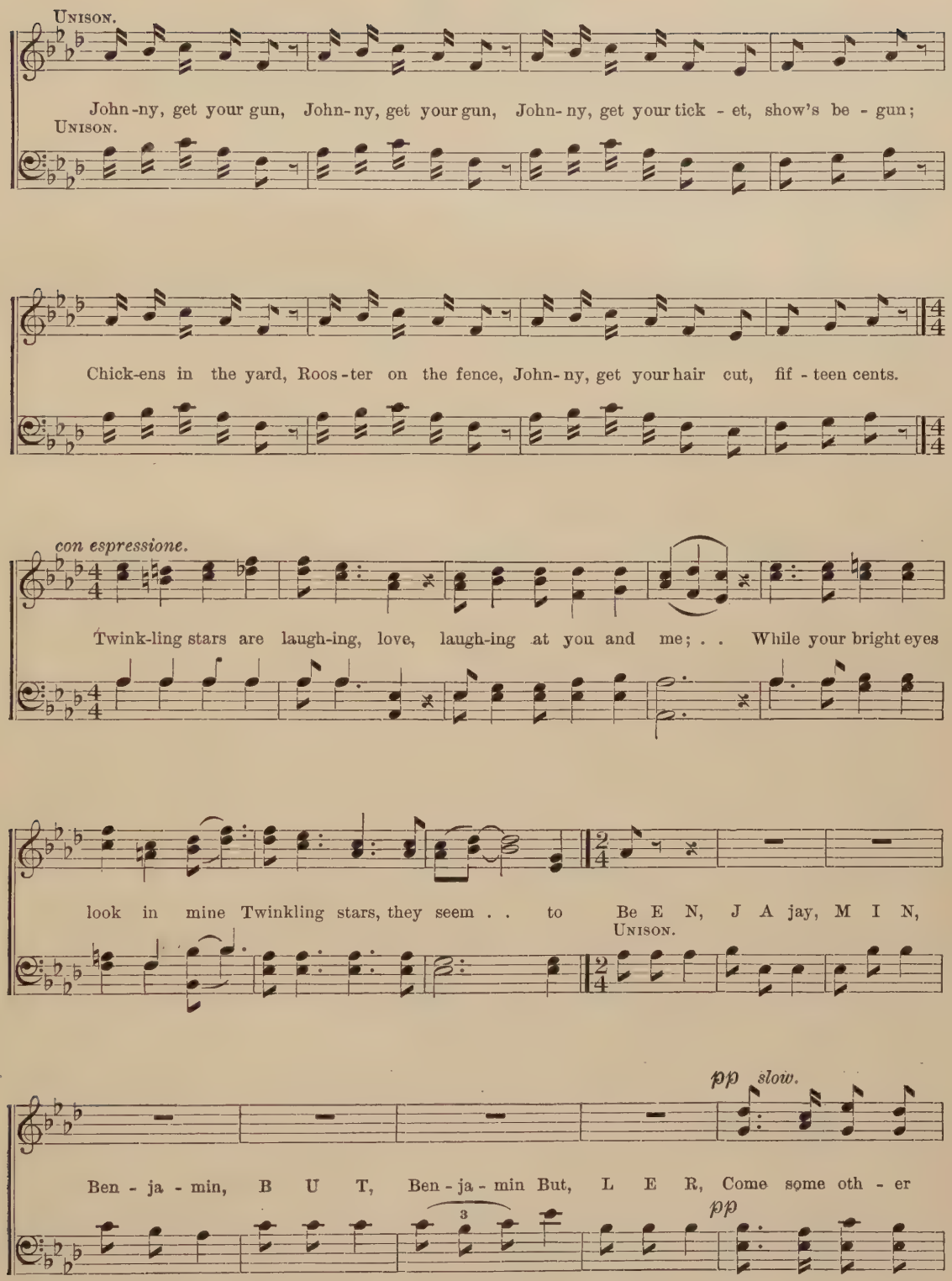
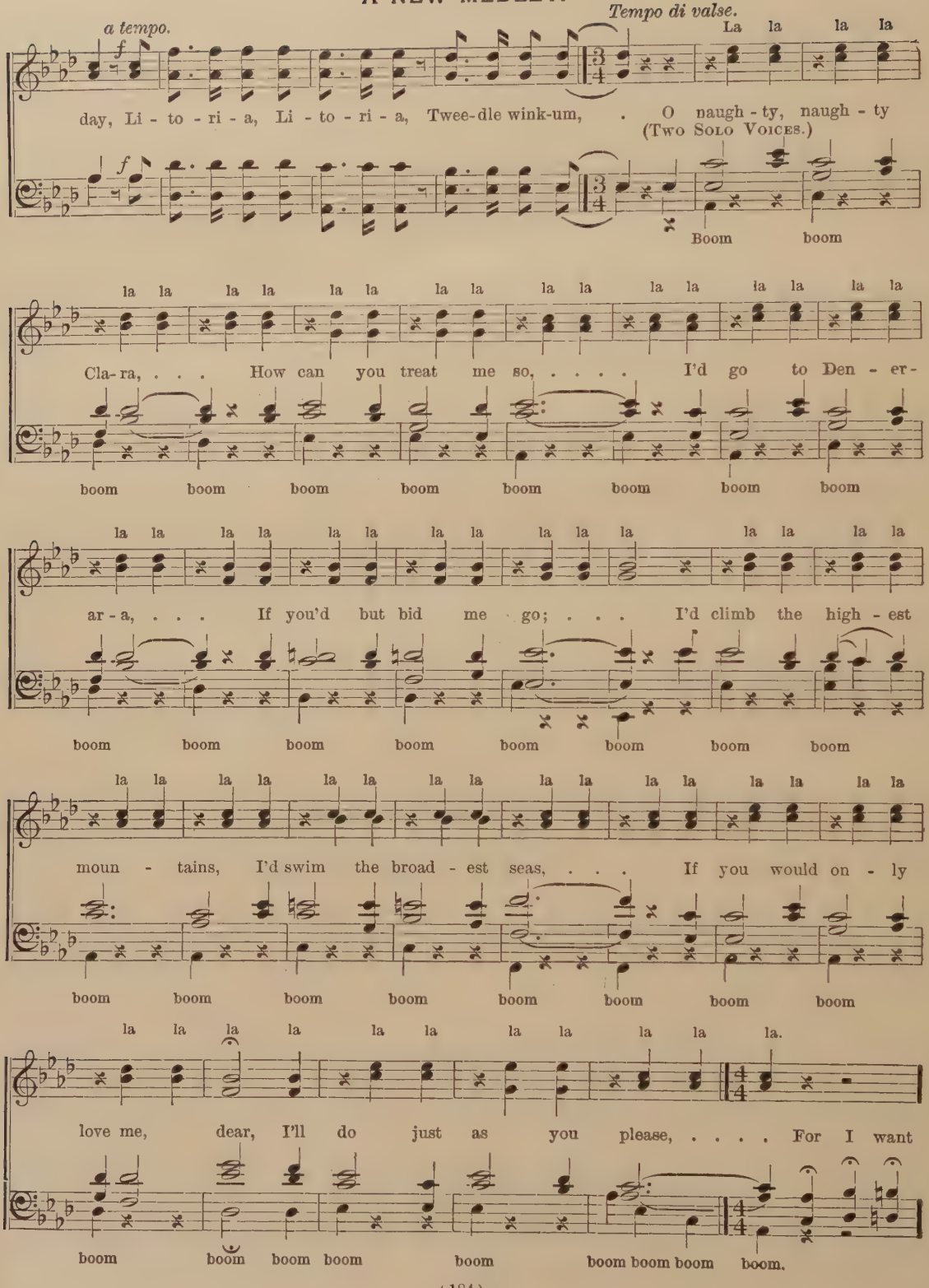

shall not meet for ma - ny a day, good-bye, my lov - er, good - bye, good-bye, good-bye. I
feel like a morn - ing star, I feel, I feel, I feel, I
p
John-ny, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun, there's
cres
feel like a morn - ing star, I feel, I feel, I
piu f
goin' to be a war, get your gun, O John - ny, get your gun, get your
cen
feel, I feel like a morn - ing star; I
gun, get your gun, O John - ny, get your gun, for there's goin' to be a war;
do. ff
feel, I feel, I feel, There's goin' to be a war, O
ff
John - ny, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun, There's goin' to be a war, Then

# A NEW MEDLEY.


Unison.
John-ny, get your gun, John-ny, get your gun, John-ny, get your tick-et, show's be-gun;
Unison.
Chick-ens in the yard, Roos-ter on the fence, John-ny, get your hair cut, fif-teen cents.
con espressione.
Twink-ling stars are laugh-ing, love, laugh-ing at you and me; . . While your bright eyes
look in mine Twinkling stars, they seem . . to Be E N, J A jay, M I N,
Unison.
pp slow.
Ben-ja-min, B U T, Ben-ja-min But, L E R, Come some oth-er
pp

## A NEW MEDLEY.

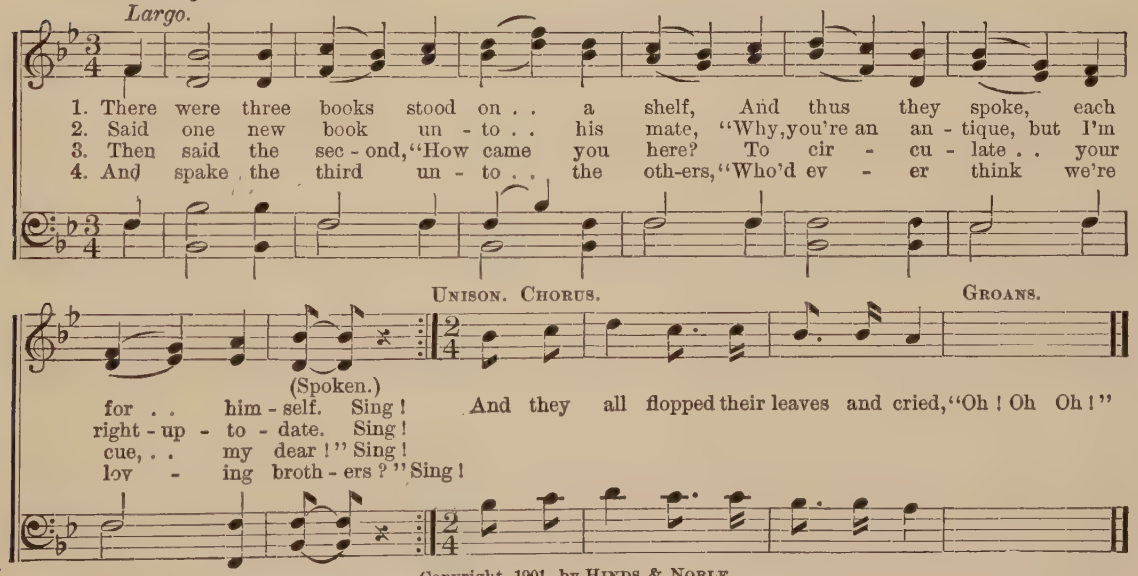

a tempo.
f
Tempo di valse.
La la la la
day, Li - to - ri - a, Li - to - ri - a, Twee-dle wink-um, . O naugh - ty, naugh - ty
(Two Solo Voices.)
Boom boom
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
Cla-ra, . . . How can you treat me so, . . . . I'd go to Den - er-
boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom
ar - a, . . . If you'd but bid me go; . . . I'd climb the high - est
moun - tains, I'd swim the broad - est seas, . . . If you would on - ly
love me, dear, I'll do just as you please, . . . . For I want
boom boom boom boom boom boom boom.

## A NEW MEDLEY.

Chorus.
Allegro.
la la la la la la la,
one kiss more, one kiss more, Give it me at once, or I shall say that you're a dunce, For I want
la la la la la la la.
f Largo.
Sostenuto.
one kiss more, one kiss more. Ah, . . . . . Gau - de - a - mus ig - i - tur
f
Presto.
(Spoken.)
ju - ve - nes dum su - mus, Gau - de - a - mus ig - i - tur. [1. 2. 3. 4.] one, two, three, we're out.

## THERE WERE THREE BOOKS.

Words by Arthur Nash.


Largo.
1. There were three books stood on . . a shelf, And thus they spoke, each
2. Said one new book un - to . . his mate, "Why, you're an an - tique, but I'm
3. Then said the sec - ond, "How came you here? To cir - cu - late . . your
4. And spake the third un - to . . the oth-ers, "Who'd ev - er think we're
Unison. Chorus.
Groans.
(Spoken.)
for . . him - self. Sing!
right - up - to - date. Sing!
cue, . . my dear!" Sing!
lov - ing broth - ers?" Sing!
And they all flopped their leaves and cried, "Oh! Oh Oh!"

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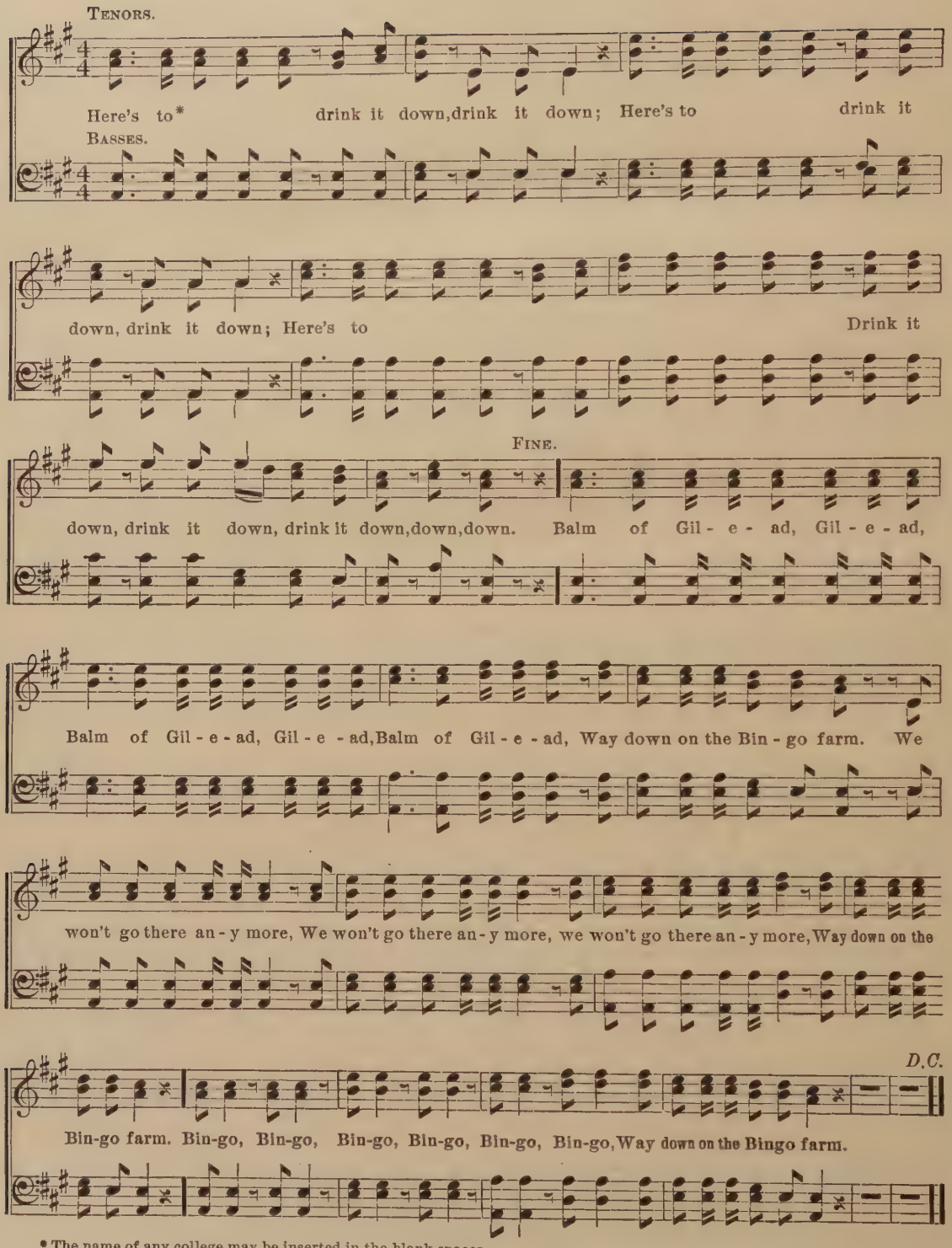
# BINGO.


Tenors.
Here's to* drink it down, drink it down; Here's to drink it
Basses.
down, drink it down; Here's to Drink it
Fine.
down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down. Balm of Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad,
Balm of Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad, Balm of Gil - e - ad, Way down on the Bin - go farm. We
won't go there an - y more, We won't go there an - y more, we won't go there an - y more, Way down on the
D.C.
Bin-go farm. Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Way down on the Bingo farm.

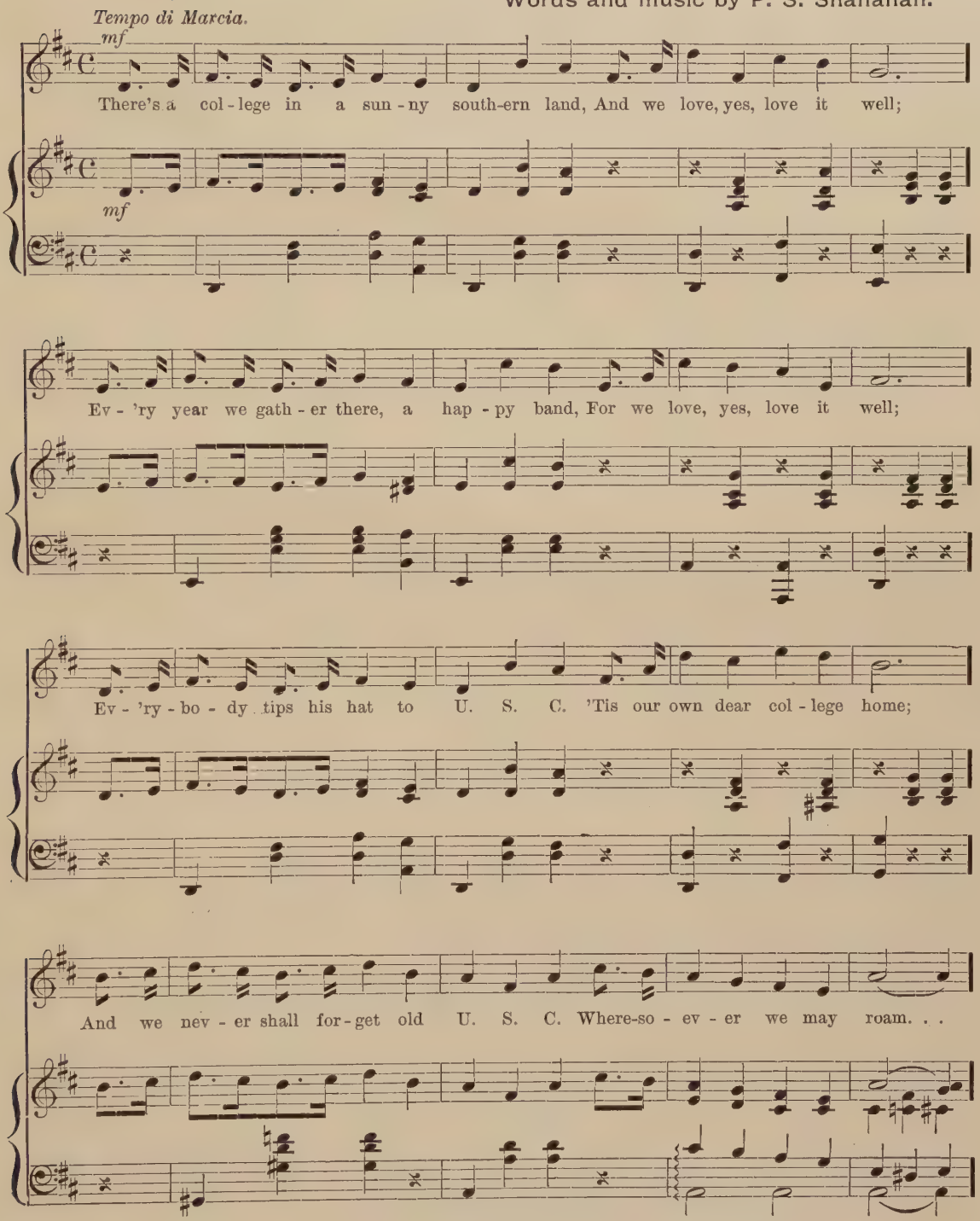
* The name of any college may be inserted in the blank spaces.

By permission.

# CLEAR THE WAY FOR U. S. C.

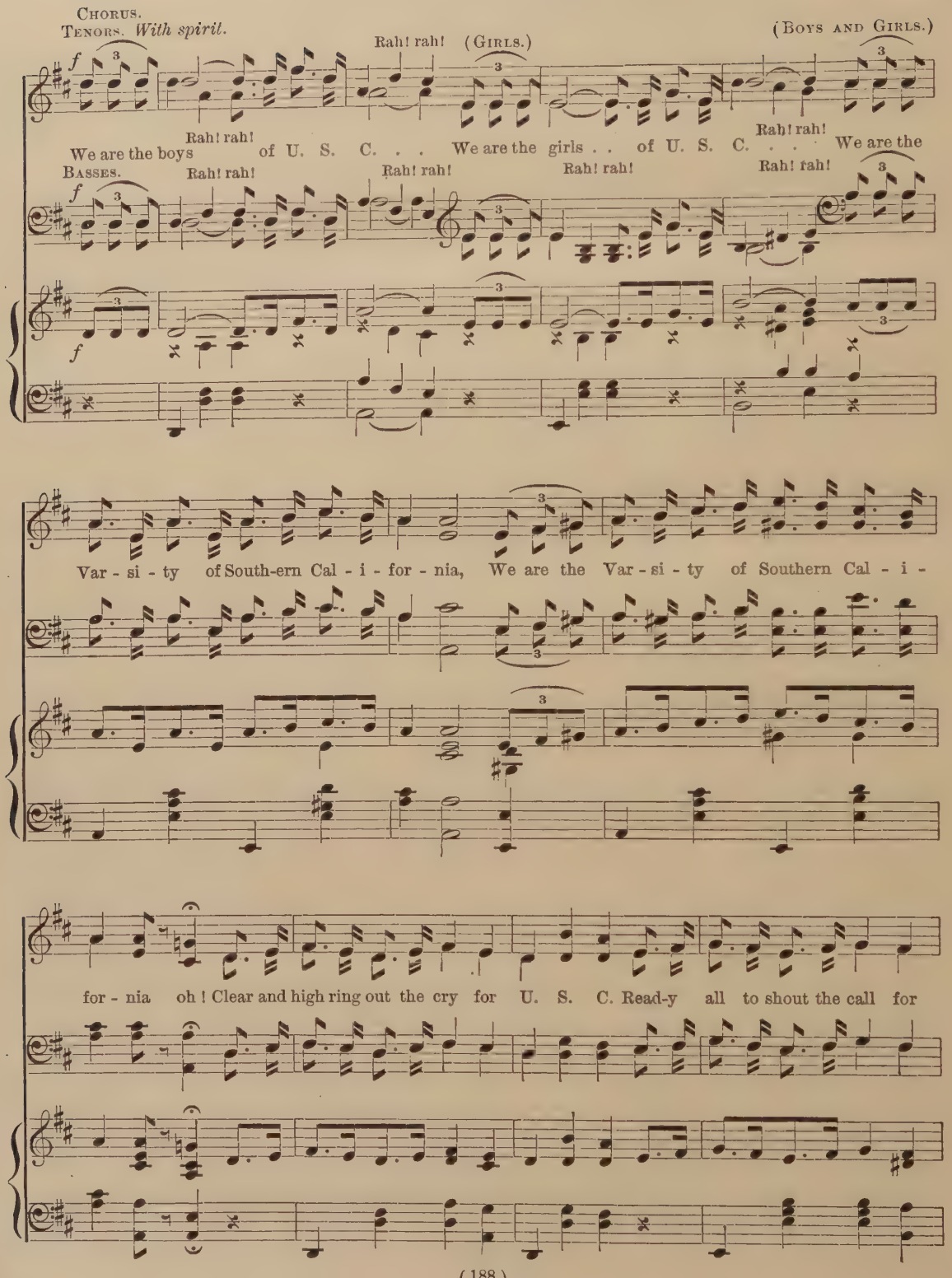
## UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Words and music by P. S. Shanahan.

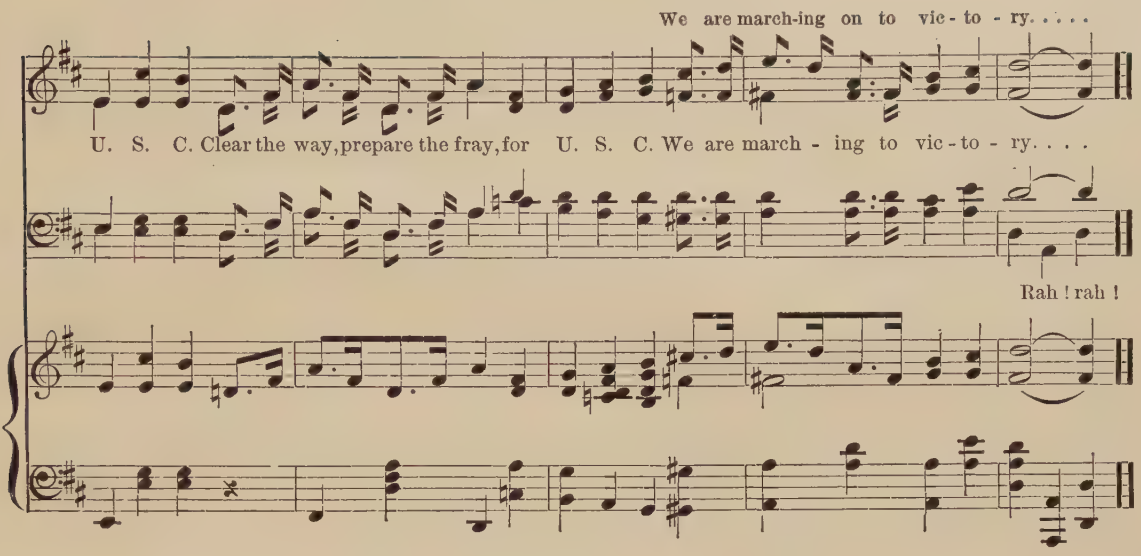

Tempo di Marcia.
mf
There's a col - lege in a sun - ny south-ern land, And we love, yes, love it well;
mf
Ev - 'ry year we gath - er there, a hap - py band, For we love, yes, love it well;
Ev - 'ry - bo - dy tips his hat to U. S. C. 'Tis our own dear col - lege home;
And we nev - er shall for - get old U. S. C. Where-so - ev - er we may roam. . .

By permission.

# CLEAR THE WAY FOR U. S. C.


Chorus.
Tenors. With spirit.
(Boys and Girls.)
Rah! rah!
(Girls.)
Rah! rah!
We are the boys of U. S. C. . . We are the girls . . of U. S. C. . . We are the
Basses.
Rah! rah!
Rah! rah!
Rah! rah!
Rah! rah!
Rah! rah!
Var - si - ty of South-ern Cal - i - for - nia, We are the Var - si - ty of Southern Cal - i -
for - nia oh ! Clear and high ring out the cry for U. S. C. Read-y all to shout the call for

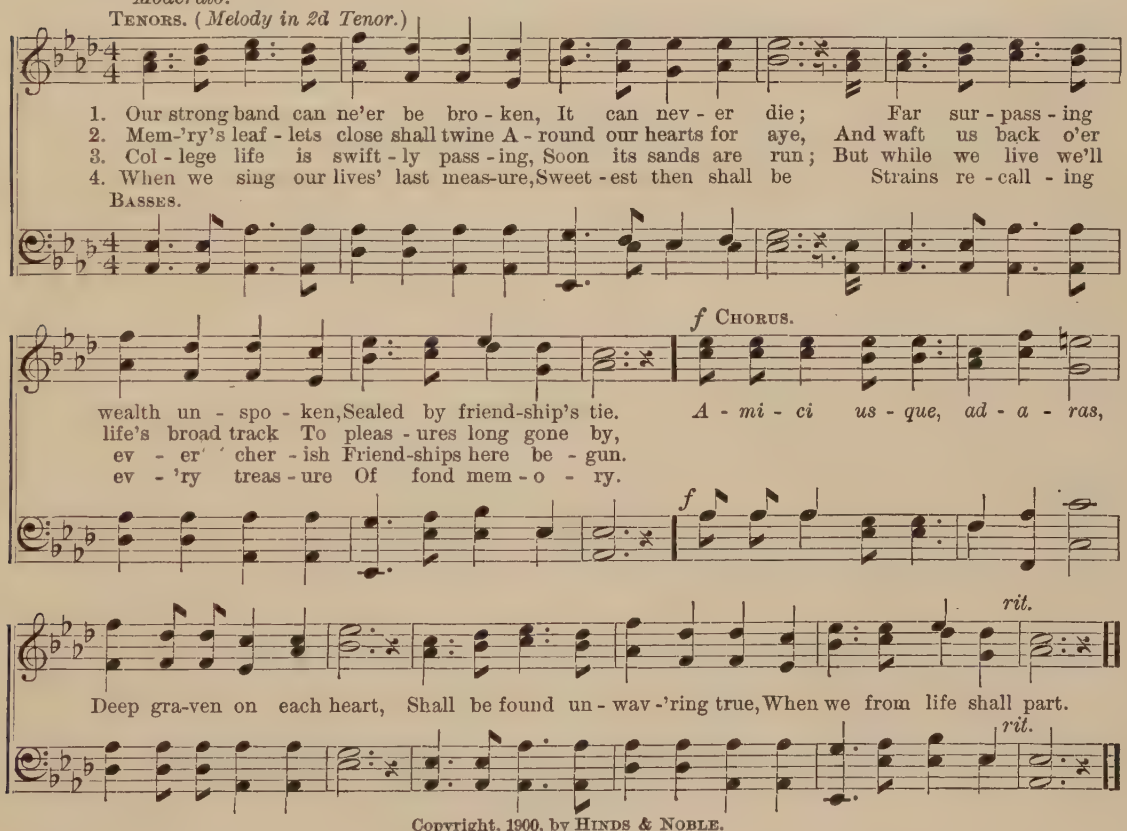
## CLEAR THE WAY FOR U. S. C.




# AMICI.

Words of 4th verse by Arthur Rogers.

*Moderato.*


TENORS. (*Melody in 2d Tenor.*)
1. Our strong band can ne'er be bro - ken, It can nev - er die; Far sur - pass - ing
2. Mem-'ry's leaf - lets close shall twine A - round our hearts for aye, And waft us back o'er
3. Col - lege life is swift - ly pass - ing, Soon its sands are run; But while we live we'll
4. When we sing our lives' last meas-ure, Sweet - est then shall be Strains re - call - ing
BASSES.
*f* CHORUS.
wealth un - spo - ken, Sealed by friend-ship's tie. *A - mi - ci us - que, ad - a - ras,*
life's broad track To pleas - ures long gone by,
ev - er' cher - ish Friend-ships here be - gun.
ev - 'ry treas - ure Of fond mem - o - ry.
*f*
*rit.*
Deep gra-ven on each heart, Shall be found un - wav - 'ring true, When we from life shall part.
*rit.*

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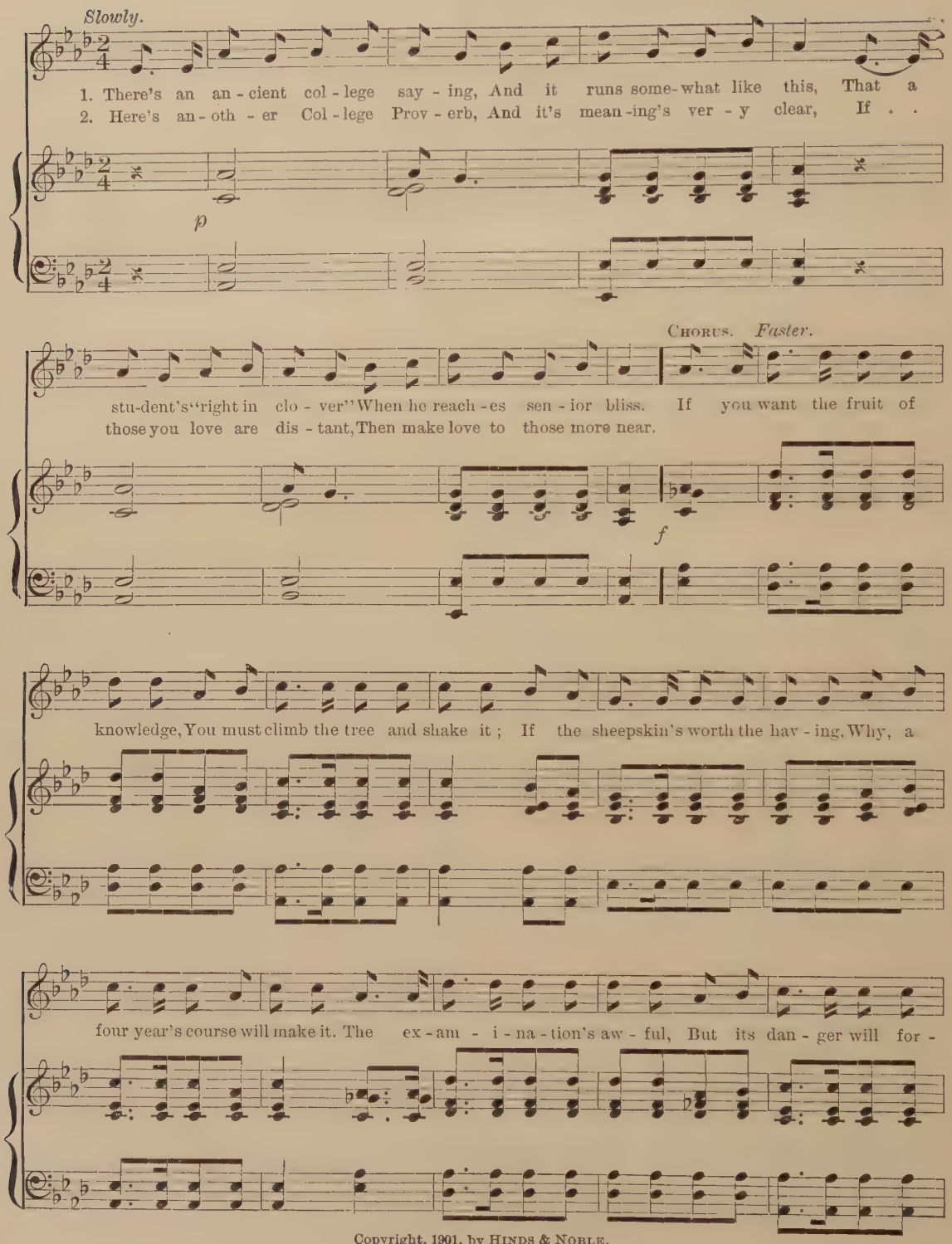
# A COLLEGE PROVERB.


Slowly.
1. There's an an - cient col - lege say - ing, And it runs some-what like this, That a
2. Here's an - oth - er Col - lege Prov - erb, And it's mean-ing's ver - y clear, If . .
p
Chorus. Faster.
stu-dent's "right in clo - ver" When he reach - es sen - ior bliss. If you want the fruit of
those you love are dis - tant, Then make love to those more near.
f
knowledge, You must climb the tree and shake it; If the sheepskin's worth the hav - ing, Why, a
four year's course will make it. The ex - am - i - na - tion's aw - ful, But its dan - ger will for -

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## A COLLEGE PROVERB.

## NUT BROWN MAIDEN.

*Moderato.*

TENORS.
mf
1. Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maid - en, Thou
2. Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut brown maid - en, Thou
3. Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a slen - der waist to clasp, Nut brown maid - en, Thou
4. Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast such pearl - y, pearl - y teeth, Nut brown maid - en, Thou
BASSES.
mf
hast a bright blue eye; A bright blue eye is thine, love! The
hast a ru - by lip; A ru - by lip is thine, love! The
hast a slen - der waist; A slen - der waist is thine, love! The
hast such pearl - y teeth; The pearl - y teeth are false, love! They
glance in it is mine, love! Nut brown maid - en, Thou
kiss - ing of it's mine, love! Nut brown maid - en, Thou
arm a - round it's mine, love! Nut brown maid - en, Thou
rat - tle when you waltz, love! Nut brown maid - en, Thou
hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a bright blue eye.
hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a ru - by lip.
hast a slen - der waist to clasp, Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast a slen - der waist.
hast such pearl - y, pearl - y teeth, Nut brown maid - en, Thou hast such pearl - y teeth.

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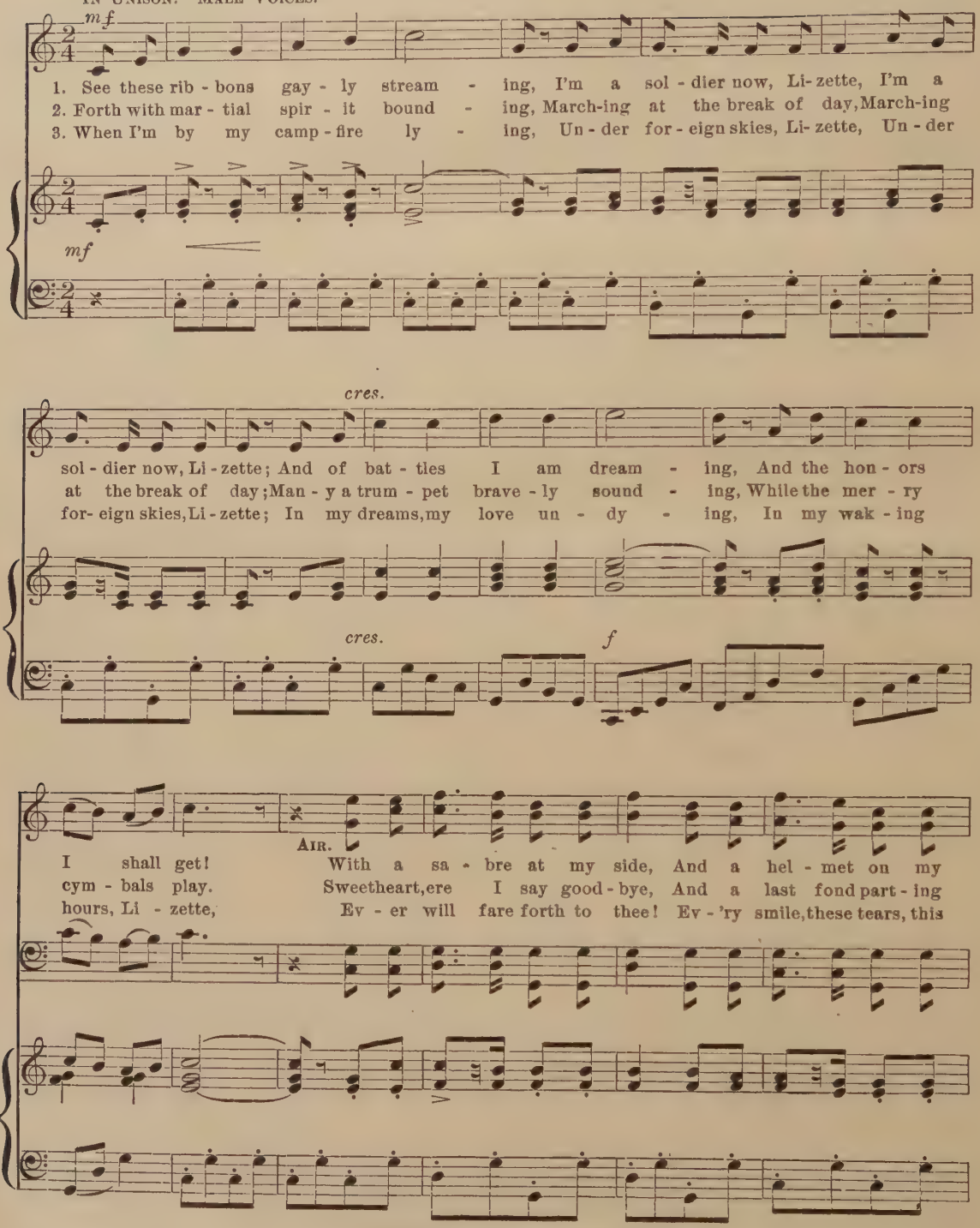
# LIZETTE.

Words of 2d and 3d verses by Arthur Nash. Kücken.

In Unison. Male Voices.


mf
1. See these rib - bons gay - ly stream - ing, I'm a sol - dier now, Li- zette, I'm a
2. Forth with mar - tial spir - it bound - ing, March-ing at the break of day, March-ing
3. When I'm by my camp - fire ly - ing, Un - der for - eign skies, Li- zette, Un - der
mf
cres.
sol - dier now, Li - zette; And of bat - tles I am dream - ing, And the hon - ors
at the break of day; Man - y a trum - pet brave - ly sound - ing, While the mer - ry
for- eign skies, Li - zette; In my dreams, my love un - dy - ing, In my wak - ing
cres.
f
Air.
I shall get! With a sa - bre at my side, And a hel - met on my
cym - bals play. Sweetheart, ere I say good - bye, And a last fond part - ing
hours, Li - zette, Ev - er will fare forth to thee! Ev - 'ry smile, these tears, this

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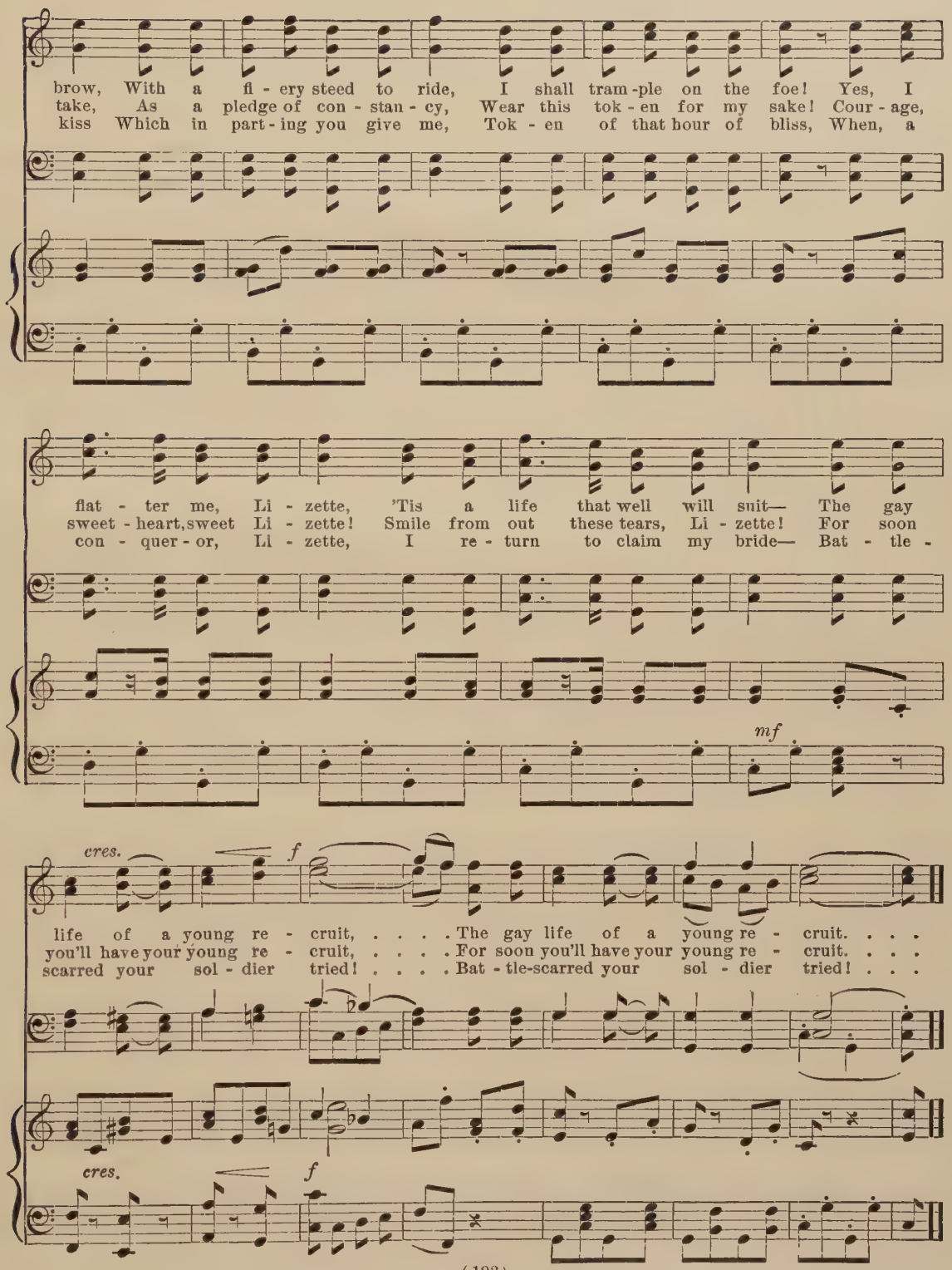
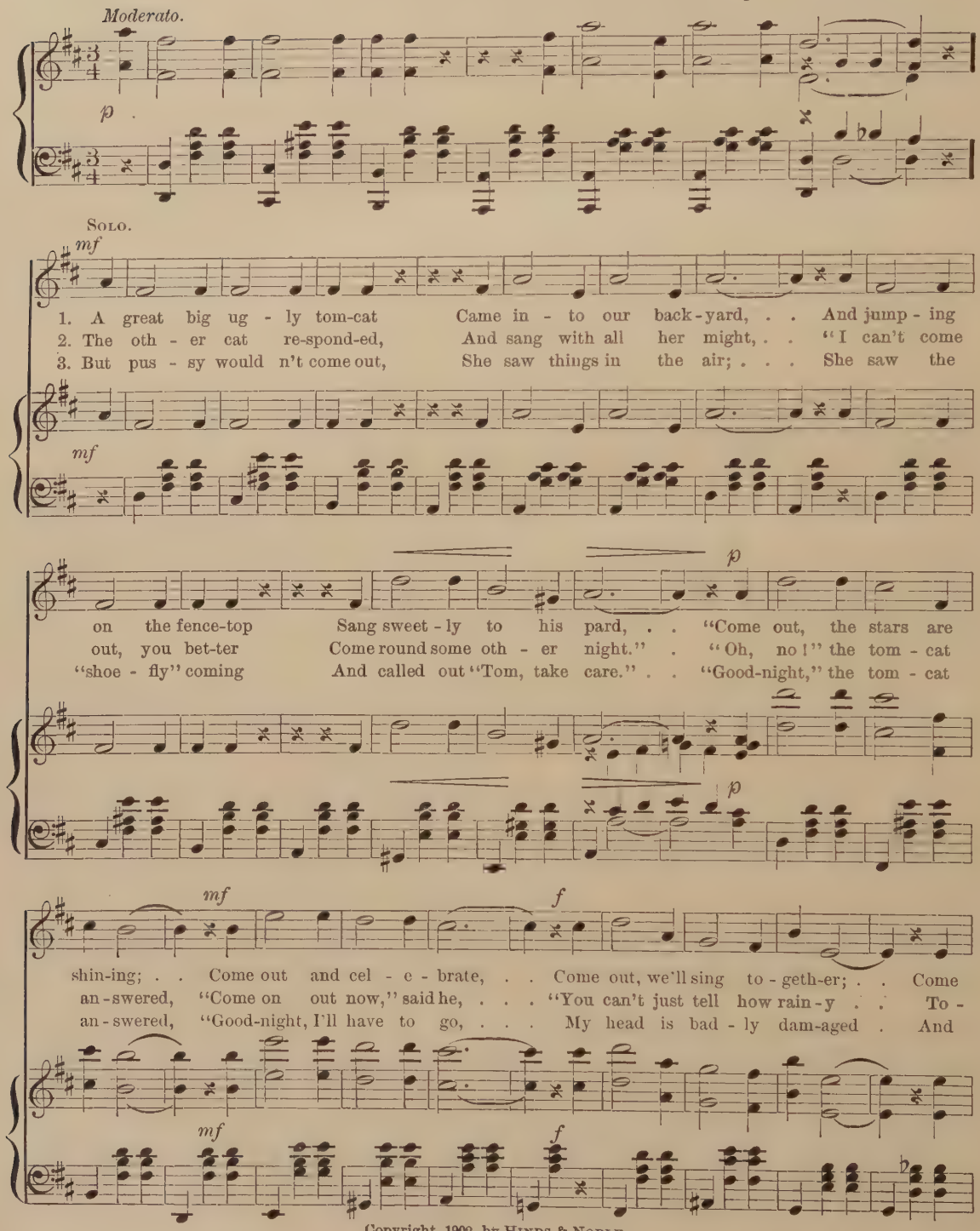

brow, With a fi - ery steed to ride, I shall tram-ple on the foe! Yes, I
take, As a pledge of con - stan - cy, Wear this tok - en for my sake! Cour - age,
kiss Which in part - ing you give me, Tok - en of that hour of bliss, When, a
flat - ter me, Li - zette, 'Tis a life that well will suit— The gay
sweet - heart, sweet Li - zette! Smile from out these tears, Li - zette! For soon
con - quer - or, Li - zette, I re - turn to claim my bride— Bat - tle -
mf
cres.
f
life of a young re - cruit, . . . . The gay life of a young re - cruit. . . .
you'll have your young re - cruit, . . . . For soon you'll have your young re - cruit. . . .
scarred your sol - dier tried! . . . . Bat - tle-scarred your sol - dier tried! . . .
cres.
f

# ZIP! BANG! IT HIT THE MARK.

## THE INTERRUPTED SERENADE.

Words and music by T. E. Scott, Jr.


Moderato.
p
Solo.
mf
1. A great big ug - ly tom-cat Came in - to our back-yard, . . And jump - ing
2. The oth - er cat re-spond-ed, And sang with all her might, . . "I can't come
3. But pus - sy would n't come out, She saw things in the air; . . . She saw the
mf
on the fence-top Sang sweet - ly to his pard, . . "Come out, the stars are
out, you bet-ter Come round some oth - er night." . "Oh, no!" the tom - cat
"shoe - fly" coming And called out "Tom, take care." . . "Good-night," the tom - cat
p
p
mf
f
shin-ing; . . Come out and cel - e - brate, . . Come out, we'll sing to - geth-er; . . Come
an - swered, "Come on out now," said he, . . . "You can't just tell how rain - y . . To -
an - swered, "Good-night, I'll have to go, . . . My head is bad - ly dam-aged . And
mf
f

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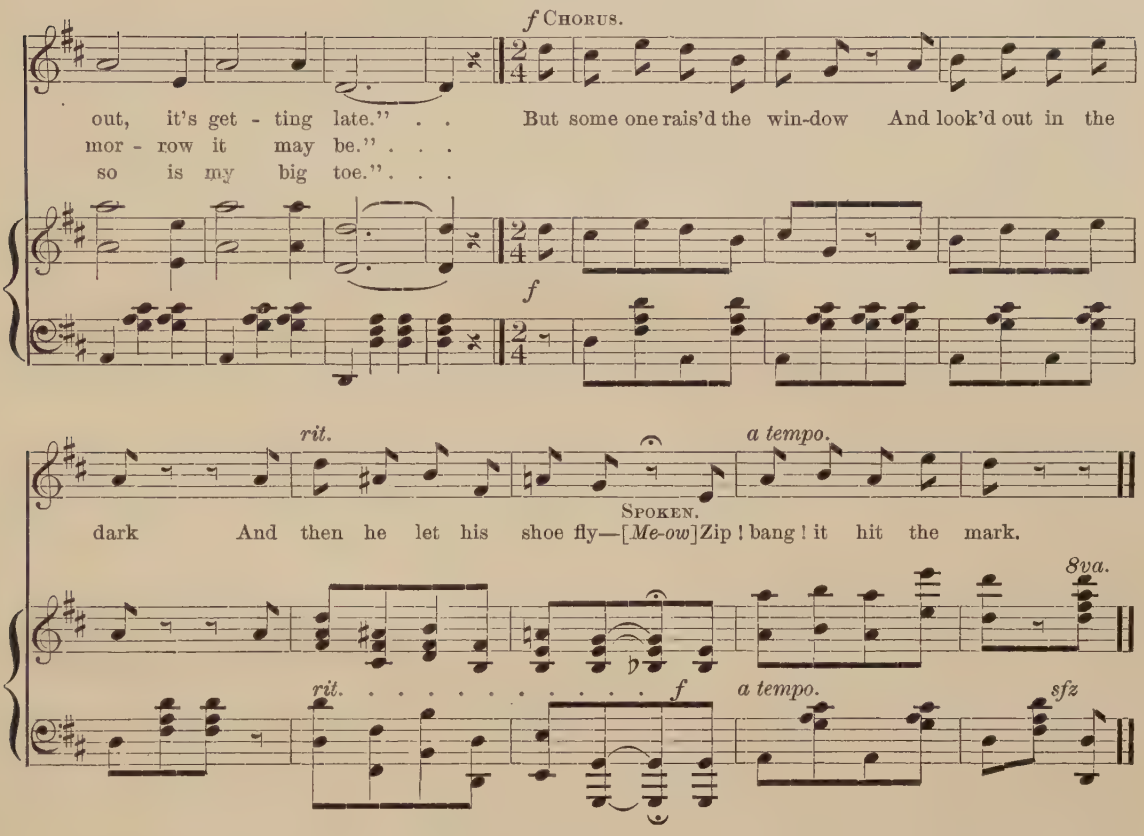
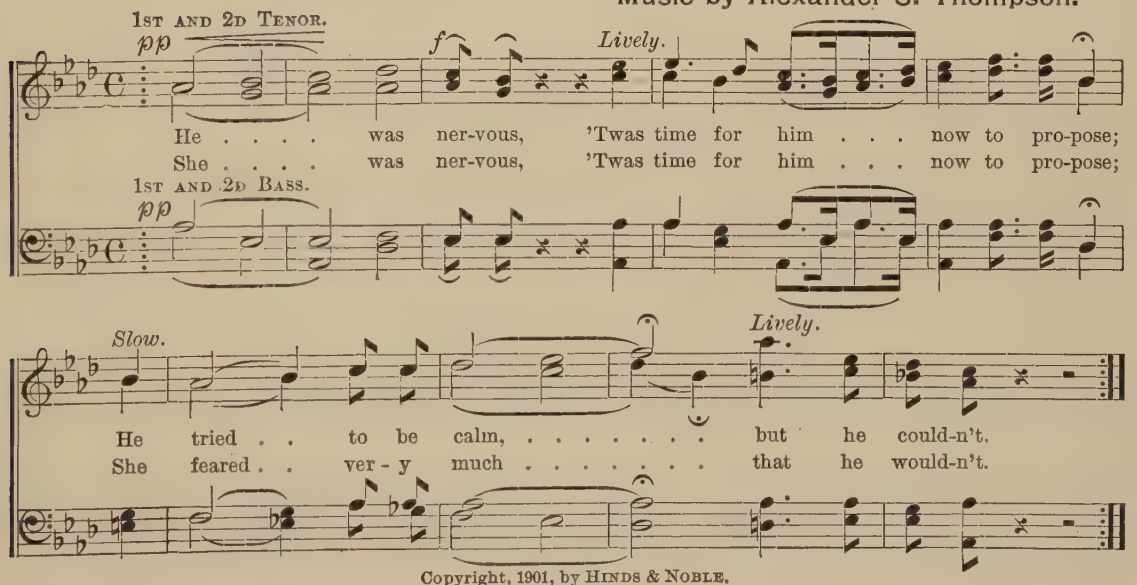
## ZIP! BANG! IT HIT THE MARK.


f Chorus.
out, it's get - ting late." . .
mor - row it may be." . . .
so is my big toe." . . .
But some one rais'd the win-dow And look'd out in the
f
rit.
a tempo.
Spoken.
dark And then he let his shoe fly—[Me-ow]Zip ! bang ! it hit the mark.
8va.
rit.
f
a tempo.
sfz

## HE WAS NERVOUS.

Music by Alexander S. Thompson.


1st and 2d Tenor.
pp
f
Lively.
He . . . . was ner-vous, 'Twas time for him . . . now to pro-pose;
She . . . . was ner-vous, 'Twas time for him . . . now to pro-pose;
1st and 2d Bass.
pp
Slow.
Lively.
He tried . . to be calm, . . . . . but he could-n't.
She feared . . ver - y much . . . . . that he would-n't.

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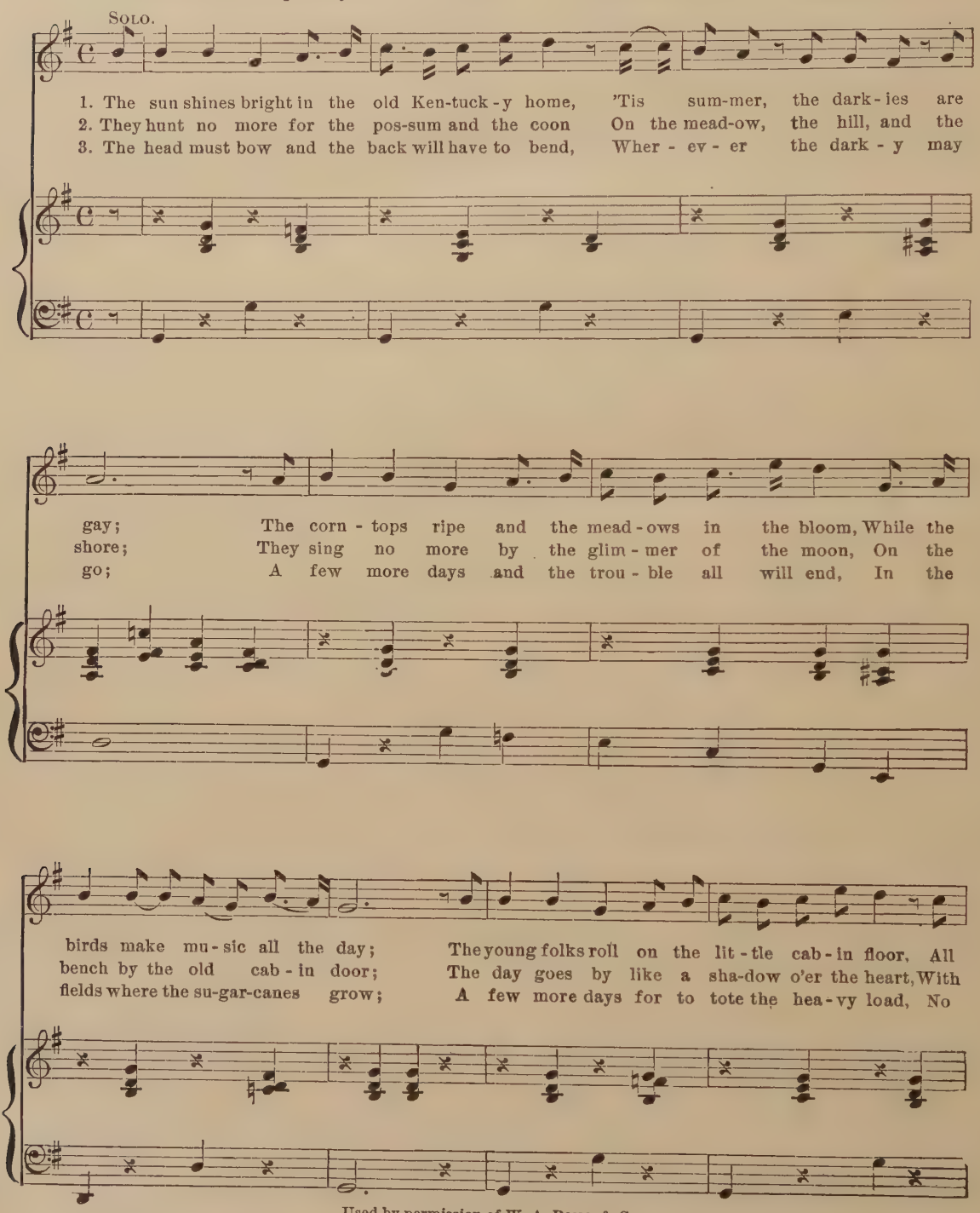
# MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster. Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.


Solo.
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the mead-ow, the hill, and the
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-y may
gay; The corn-tops ripe and the mead-ows in the bloom, While the
shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the
go; A few more days and the trou-ble all will end, In the
birds make mu-sic all the day; The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All
bench by the old cab-in door; The day goes by like a sha-dow o'er the heart, With
fields where the su-gar-canes grow; A few more days for to tote the hea-vy load, No

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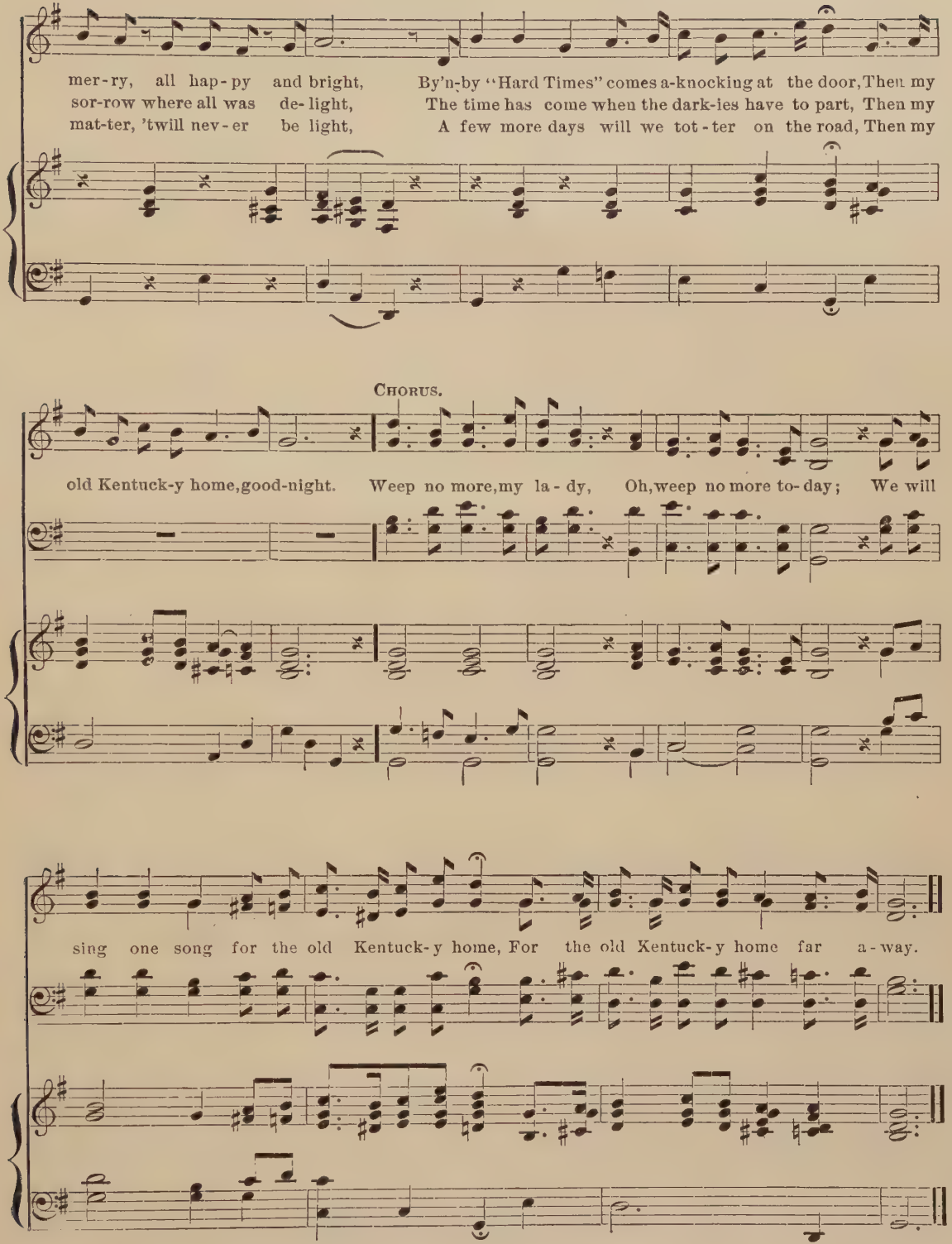
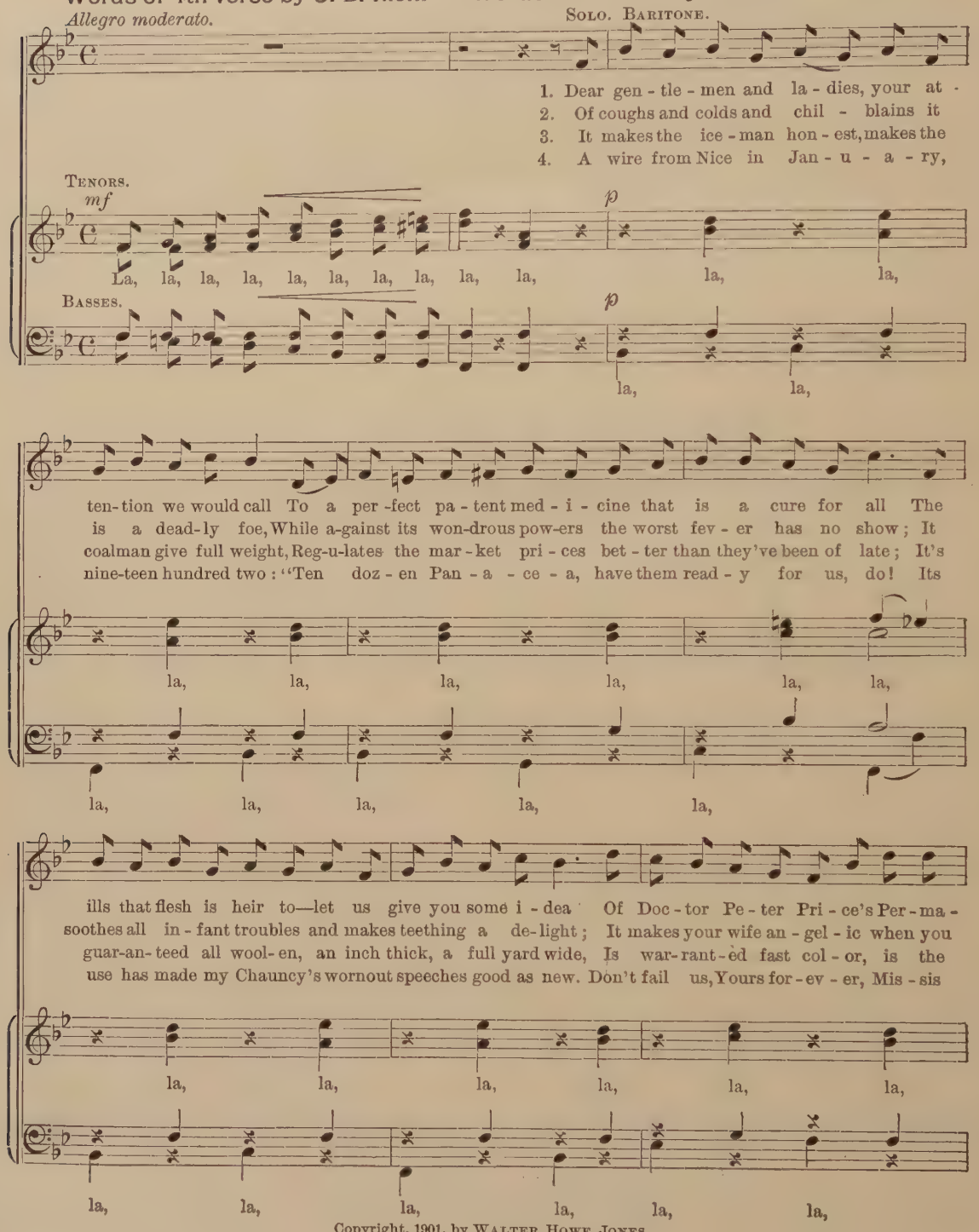
# MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.


mer-ry, all hap-py and bright, By'n-by "Hard Times" comes a-knocking at the door, Then my
sor-row where all was de-light, The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my
mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light, A few more days will we tot-ter on the road, Then my
Chorus.
old Kentuck-y home, good-night. Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh, weep no more to-day; We will
sing one song for the old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a-way.

# DOCTOR PETER PRICE'S PERMANENT PANACEA.

Words of 4th verse by C. B. Rich. Words and music by Walter Howe Jones.


Allegro moderato.
Solo. Baritone.
1. Dear gen - tle - men and la - dies, your at -
2. Of coughs and colds and chil - blains it
3. It makes the ice - man hon - est, makes the
4. A wire from Nice in Jan - u - a - ry,
Tenors.
mf
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
p
la, la,
Basses.
p
la, la,
ten-tion we would call To a per-fect pa - tent med - i - cine that is a cure for all The
is a dead-ly foe, While a-gainst its won-drous pow-ers the worst fev - er has no show; It
coalman give full weight, Reg-u-lates the mar - ket pri - ces bet - ter than they've been of late; It's
nine-teen hundred two: "Ten doz - en Pan - a - ce - a, have them read - y for us, do! Its
la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la,
ills that flesh is heir to—let us give you some i - dea Of Doc - tor Pe - ter Pri - ce's Per - ma -
soothes all in - fant troubles and makes teething a de-light; It makes your wife an - gel - ic when you
guar-an-teed all wool-en, an inch thick, a full yard wide, Is war-rant-ed fast col - or, is the
use has made my Chauncy's wornout speeches good as new. Don't fail us, Yours for - ev - er, Mis - sis
la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la,

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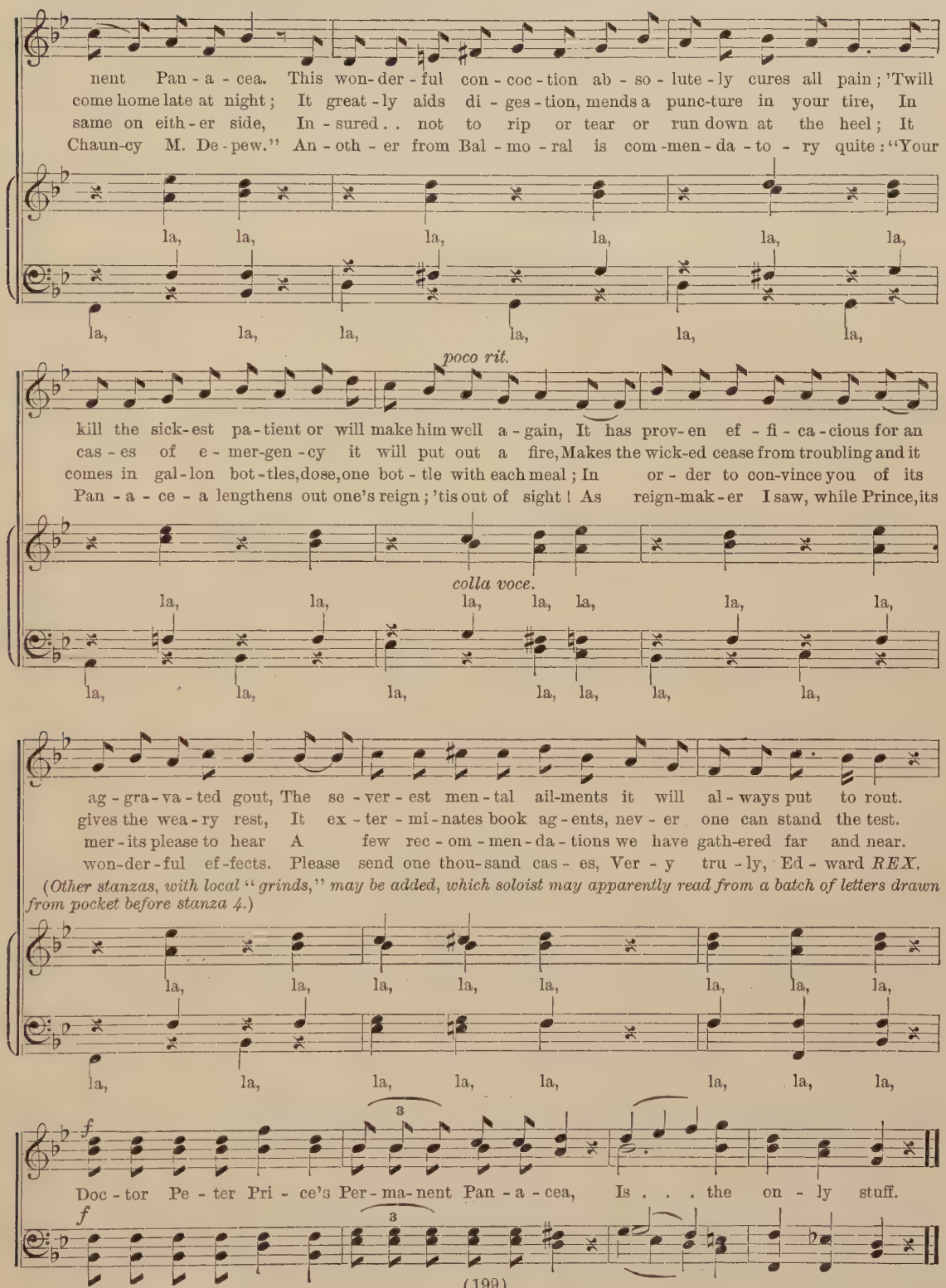
## DOCTOR PETER PRICE'S PERMANENT PANACEA.

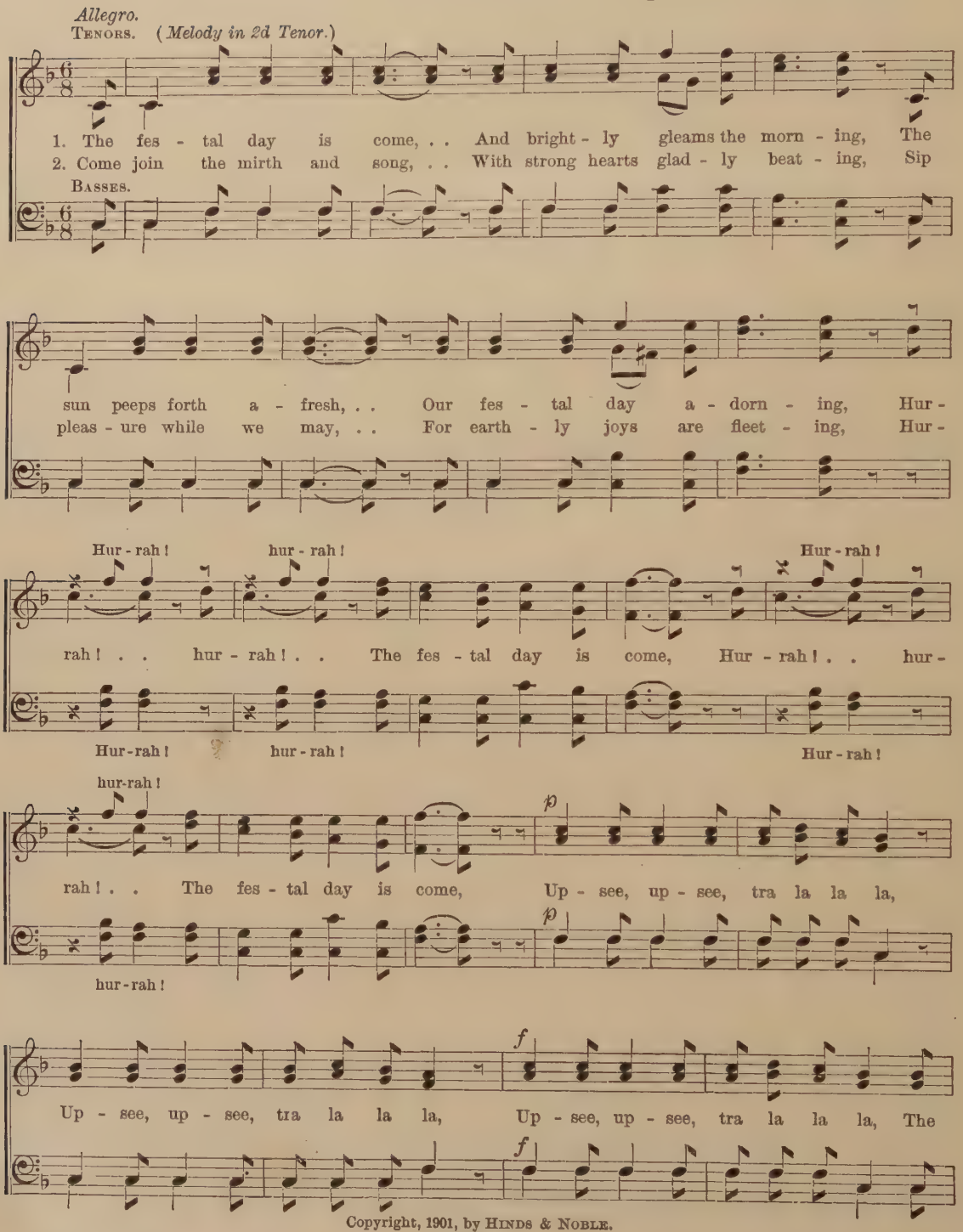

nent Pan - a - cea. This won - der - ful con - coc - tion ab - so - lute - ly cures all pain; 'Twill
come home late at night; It great - ly aids di - ges - tion, mends a punc-ture in your tire, In
same on eith - er side, In - sured . . not to rip or tear or run down at the heel; It
Chaun-cy M. De - pew." An - oth - er from Bal - mo - ral is com - men - da - to - ry quite: "Your
la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la,
poco rit.
kill the sick-est pa-tient or will make him well a - gain, It has prov-en ef - fi - ca - cious for an
cas - es of e - mer-gen - cy it will put out a fire, Makes the wick-ed cease from troubling and it
comes in gal-lon bot-tles, dose, one bot - tle with each meal; In or - der to con-vince you of its
Pan - a - ce - a lengthens out one's reign; 'tis out of sight! As reign-mak - er I saw, while Prince, its
colla voce.
la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
ag - gra - va - ted gout, The se - ver - est men - tal ail-ments it will al - ways put to rout.
gives the wea - ry rest, It ex - ter - mi - nates book ag - ents, nev - er one can stand the test.
mer - its please to hear A few rec - om - men - da - tions we have gath-ered far and near.
won-der-ful ef-fects. Please send one thou-sand cas - es, Ver - y tru - ly, Ed - ward REX.
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
f
3
Doc - tor Pe - ter Pri - ce's Per - ma - nent Pan - a - cea, Is . . . the on - ly stuff.
f
3

*(Other stanzas, with local "grinds," may be added, which soloist may apparently read from a batch of letters drawn from pocket before stanza 4.)*

# THE FESTAL DAY IS COME.

FRA DIAVOLO.

Arranged by R. W. Atkinson.


Allegro.
Tenors. (Melody in 2d Tenor.)
1. The fes - tal day is come, . . And bright - ly gleams the morn - ing, The
2. Come join the mirth and song, . . With strong hearts glad - ly beat - ing, Sip
Basses.
sun peeps forth a - fresh, . . Our fes - tal day a - dorn - ing, Hur -
pleas - ure while we may, . . For earth - ly joys are fleet - ing, Hur -
Hur - rah! hur - rah! Hur - rah!
rah! . . hur - rah! . . The fes - tal day is come, Hur - rah! . . hur -
Hur - rah! hur - rah! Hur - rah!
hur-rah!
rah! . . The fes - tal day is come, Up - see, up - see, tra la la la,
hur - rah!
Up - see, up - see, tra la la la, Up - see, up - see, tra la la la, The

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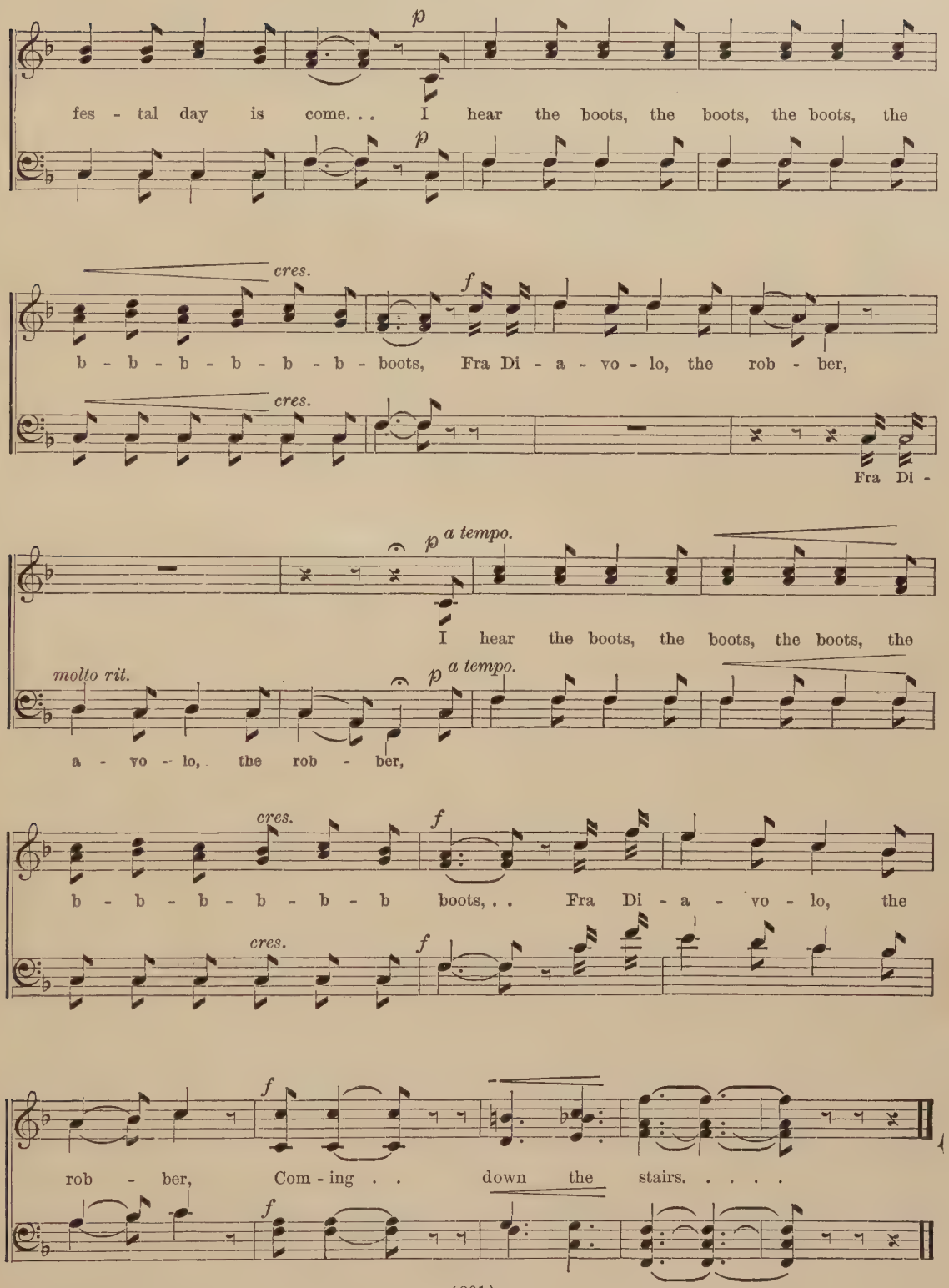
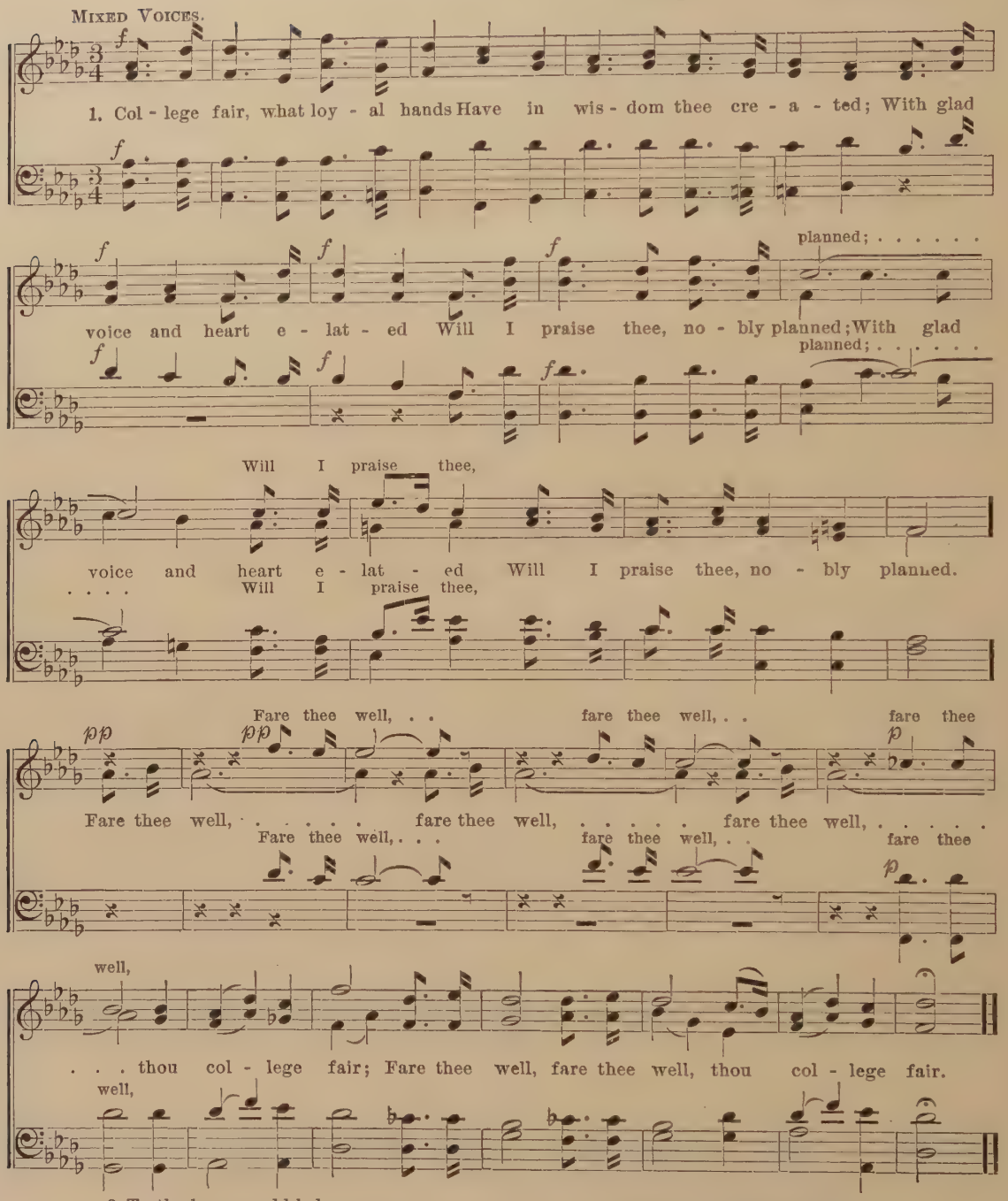
## THE FESTAL DAY IS COME.


p
fes - tal day is come. . . I hear the boots, the boots, the boots, the
p
cres.
f
b - b - b - b - b - b - b - boots, Fra Di - a - vo - lo, the rob - ber,
cres.
Fra Di -
p a tempo.
I hear the boots, the boots, the boots, the
molto rit.
p a tempo.
a - vo - lo, the rob - ber,
cres.
f
b - b - b - b - b - b - b boots, . . Fra Di - a - vo - lo, the
cres.
f
f
rob - ber, Com - ing . . down the stairs. . . . .
f

# THE STUDENT'S FAREWELL.

Arranged from Mendelssohn.


Mixed Voices.
1. Col - lege fair, what loy - al hands Have in wis - dom thee cre - a - ted; With glad
voice and heart e - lat - ed Will I praise thee, no - bly planned; With glad
planned;
Will I praise thee,
voice and heart e - lat - ed Will I praise thee, no - bly planned.
Will I praise thee,
Fare thee well, fare thee well, fare thee
Fare thee well, fare thee well, fare thee well,
Fare thee well, fare thee well, fare thee
well,
. . . thou col - lege fair; Fare thee well, fare thee well, thou col - lege fair.
well,

2 To the busy world below
Forth we go our friendships leaving,
Over misspent moments grieving,
Still to thee our hearts o'erflow;
Fare thee well, thou college fair.

3 Loyal love we pledge to-day
We will ever faithful cherish,
Never shall its memory perish,
Though our home be far away;
God protect thee, college fair.

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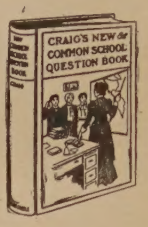


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